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THE  
JERNINGHAM LETTERS

(1780—1843)







Walker & Bostall P. Sc.

*The Hon. Lady Ferningham.*

London: Richard Bentley & Son 1896.



THE  
JERNINGHAM LETTERS

(1790-1843)

BEING EXCERPTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE AND  
DIARIES OF THE MARCHIONESS LADY JERNINGHAM  
AND OF HER DAUGHTER LADY GLENFELD



Edited, with Notes,

BY

BERTON CASTLE

M.A. F.R.S.

WITH PORTRAITS

OF THE VISCOUNTS VOL. II.

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen

1845



THE  
JERNINGHAM LETTERS

(1780—1843)

BEING EXCERPTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE AND  
DIARIES OF THE HONOURABLE LADY JERNINGHAM  
AND OF HER DAUGHTER LADY BEDINGFELD



*The Hon. Arthur Dillon  
1780—1843*

Edited, with Notes,  
BY  
EGERTON CASTLE  
M.A., F.S.A.

WITH PORTRAITS

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

LONDON  
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON  
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen  
1896

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# PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

## VOL. II.

	PAGE
I. THE HON. LADY JERNINGHAM <i>Frontispiece</i>	
II. THE HON. ARTHUR DILLON, ARCHBISHOP OF NARBONNE                              -                      - <i>Title-page</i> <i>From a miniature.</i>	
III. EDWARD JERNINGHAM, THIRD SON OF SIR WILLIAM JERNINGHAM, OF COSSEY <i>to face</i>	11
IV. HENRIETTA DILLON, COMTESSE DE LA TOUR DU PIN GOUVERNET. 1798                      - <i>to face</i> <i>From a miniature.</i>	72
V. A VIEW OF OXBURGH                      -                      - <i>to face</i> <i>From a water-colour sketch.</i>	90
VI. A TEA-PARTY AT GHENT IN 1820      - <i>to face</i> <i>From a water-colour sketch by Matilda Bedingsfeld.</i>	167
VII. CHARLES, SECOND SON OF SIR RICHARD BED- INGFELD, BARONET (IN THE UNIFORM OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE CUIRAS- SIERS)                              -                      -                      -                      - <i>to face</i> <i>From a miniature.</i>	224

	PAGE
VIII. FRANCES CHARLOTTE BEDINGFELD (AFTER- WARDS LADY PETRE) - - - to face	226
<i>From a miniature.</i>	
IX. EMILY MIDDLETON, WIFE OF EDWARD JER- NINGHAM - - - - - to face	253
<i>From a miniature in the possession of Sir Hubert Jer- ningham, K.C.M.G.</i>	
X. LADY JERNINGHAM'S LAST LETTER TO HER DAUGHTER, LADY BEDINGFELD - to face	300
<i>Facsimile.</i>	
XI. PRINCESS LOUISE OF SAXE-WEIMAR - to face	346
<i>From a crayon drawing by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.</i>	
XII. LADY BEDINGFELD'S SITTING-ROOM IN THE CONVENT AT HAMMERSMITH - to face	340
<i>From a water-colour sketch by Mrs. Stanley Cary.</i>	
XIII. A 'BLUE NUN' TEACHING A PUPIL - to face	399
<i>From a water-colour sketch in the 'Book of Archives.'</i>	

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The coat-armour of the stamps on the covers, displaying empaled, on the first volume *Jerningham* and *Dillon*, on the second *Bedingfeld* (quartering *Tuddenham*) and *Jerningham*, is taken from two book-plates of the last century which appertained to Cossey and Oxburgh respectively.

# JERNINGHAM LETTERS

---

*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingsfeld.*

*January 17. 1811.*

. . . . .  
A miserable foolish Little Poem has been produced in Green Street; He Calls it *The old Bard's farewell*, and it ends with a Reccomendation to the Protestant Bench of Bishops to guard with jealous eye the entrusted Fane, to perfect with a *gradual* Hand the Reformation, and above all to efface each Lingering Semblance of the *elder Style*. He talks of his having Changed his devotion for Voltaire by an inspiration that Suddenly Came upon Him. In a word, this Poem He sent two nights ago to me and I returned yesterday morning, the following answer :

‘When I Received Last Night your Little Poem, I felt variously gratified. I was pleased with a mark of your attention, I was Convinced the Poetry would be enticing and I will own that your sending it to me gave me a hope that it Could only Contain Such Sentiments as would assimilate with my own.

But it is with real affliction I perceive that what you deem your Last farewell to the Public is of the same nature as your former addresses to it—a desire of Scandalizing the Religion you were Baptized in, of separating yourself from every pious ancestor and present Connexion and indeed to stand alone, not upon the Rock which was founded by Christ, but upon the Baseless Fabric of a Vision, the vain delusion of a dream. I Lament such a sad infatuation but I have no Spirits to Combat it. You had the full Benefit of a Pious Catholic Education and I must yet hope that all the good Seed has not fallen among Thorns. Pray Reflect before it is too Late, and be well assured that The Religion which gave Such Comfort to your Late dear Brother in his Latter Moments, and which has even dignified his death, would in the same Manner Receive you, its former Votary; and that you would, in giving joy to Heaven, Cast Comfort on all your true Friends on Earth. I am ever with much Regard yours.'

The answer was this morning, an enquiry after my Rheumatism, thanks for my Concern about his Spiritual Welfare, and that He will be here at five o'clock.

Adieu my dear. He is, I am afraid, an incorrigible Sinner!

March 1.

. . . . .  
Now I am on Publick Papers I must enquire if you noticed, a few days since, an affair that I think was very Creditable to our Relation—Colonel Gore



Langton. That tyresome Hippocritical Colonel Wardle having pretended to be grieved for a Military Sentence passed on a Soldier of the Oxfordshire Militia, Colonel G. Langton got up with *warmth* and said that tho this was not a moment to encourage insubordination He should be glad to have His Conduct revised. The Question was put and Wardle's Motion negatived by 90, assented to by one—who was the Colonel Langton!

. . . . .

The most unpleasant thing has happened since I began this Letter. Poor Lady Findlater (who is yet in London, and very good in wishing to See me) is intimate with the Duchess of Brunswick, having resided there 7 years. Thus the old duchess often sends for Her, and hearing her speak of me, has Lately, in sending her Coach, ordered it to go at three o'clock that Lady Findlater might make me a visit first. I was in some fright this would ripen into something more; and accordingly Lady Findlater has now delivered to me a most gracious invitation from the Duchess, which she says I Cannot Refuse, the message being that the Duchess wishes much to make acquaintance with me. I would give any thing to avoid this visit but I suppose I Cannot, and I am really disturbed. She invites People to Dinner; to day there was to be the Archbishop of Canterbury, Little Mrs. Sutton, Lady Mary Colne, &c. Her *Dame d'honneur* desired Lady Findlater to bring Her some time ago a Comtesse de Shulenberg, who married Mr. D'Aigle a Frenchman.

. . . . .

9.

I must now give you an account of my visit to the Royal Highness of Brunswick.

Having answered her first gracious Message by saying, *que j'étais à ses ordres* She desired I would Come with Lady Findlater to dine with Her, on Thursday Last. I was informed that there were no previous presentation necessary and that being there half an Hour before dinner was the form. I accordingly went, with my Guide, at the half Hour after Four. She has a Corner House in Hanover Square, belonging to Lord Palmerston; the outward appearance is not Considerable, but within it is Large, and it has a good Garden.

The Duchess was alone in Her grand appartement, two very fine Rooms, one Looking to the Square and the other to the Garden. She Received me most graciously, found me Like my Father whom She said She Remembered from her early youth, as He was very much with the Late Prince and Princess of Wales. She talks on all Subjects as they occur to Her mind. She said She did not Recollect seeing my Mother, and added: 'I think Catholicks formerly did not Chuse to Come to Court, but I believe they do now.' I said that many went at present. She replied: 'But Lord Dillon always Came, and we were always glad to see Him.'

Mr. D'Aigle gave His Arm to go down to dinner, and L<sup>dy</sup> Findlater and I were of each side of Her. Mr. and Madame D'Aigle (a Comtesse of Shultemberg) sat facing; a very good dinner, and a great many tall well dressed attendants, some German and

others English, all particularly Civil. After Dinner we went up to Her Dressing Room, which is her usual appartment of Common visiting days, (but she had, it seems, put herself *en frais* for me) and after some more Conversation upon every Thing, a Card table was put, and she played at *ombre*, desiring I would Look at her game, as she hoped I should Like to Learn it.

She seems to be Religious or to wish to be so, and quite without prejudice. In an interval of dealing She turned to me and said half softly, 'I have great Confidence in the mercy of Almighty God; I think He will Save us, if we do not make it impossible. My opinion is that we do not Confide sufficiently in his mercy.' During the Party She received a note from Windsor, and said: 'the King goes on well.' She is a year older than the King but Looks more than her years, tho She Read that Note without Spectacles, and then said she never made use of any. Twice a week she has some of the Princes and Ministers &c. at dinner.

The Prince, at her arrival, sent her word that He would wait upon Her if He Could find her *alone*; she then, a Little displeased, sent Him word that Her daughter Came to Her at all Hours, so that she Could never answer for being alone. And the Visit did not take Place which it seems she now regrets.

*Saturday 16.*

. . . . .  
It is a week today since I saw Last my new Royal acquaintance. I went (according to Etiquette)

to visit Her *dame d'honneur*, *au Second*, and she graciously sent to desire I would Call in Her dressing Room, where I found Her in a Blue Sattin dress up to the throat, and having taken Physick, but she kept me near an Hour, and we talked on Religion. She began by saying, she was sorry to hear that Lord D. had Changed; that she Could not accustom herself to the idea of a Dillon being a Protestant. I excused the thing as well as I Could, said He was very Young when it happened, that the Laws were so discouraging in general, as very few had her Liberality of Mind (which is really true). She replied: 'You may be sure He will return and dye a Catholick, I have known many do so. Lord Nugent, Lord Gage, Lord Montague &c.' She then said, 'I believe that all Good People will be saved.' I said I thought the same; that whoever earnestly wished to Serve God in the manner the most acceptable to Him would receive mercy. And, seemingly to excuse her Belief, she said—'I try to be serious and I feel happy as I am.' She really appeared to be so *de Bonne foi* that I was a Little embarassed at the fear of giving way from human respect; but I retreated into my former maxim, that if she with sincerity desired to please God and felt happy, His Blessing was upon Her; that sometimes we might think ourselves in earnest and yet were determined by Circumstances; that the whole examination should tend upon that Point.

Lady Findlater thinks it is all *pour jaser*, and that she is too *Légère* to think profoundly on any thing; but I am Suspended in my opinion.



On Sunday I made a different sort of a new acquaintance. Miss Betham, at my desire, invited Mr. Coleridge to dine with me. He Came and displayed a superabundance of words; and, tho Certainly Clever, I think His ideas Lack behind, which makes Him in the space of an Hour give several Contradictory opinions. He deemed Himself obliged to Play first Violin, and was much fatigued with the violent exertion He made, as He Communicates to Miss Betham in a most extraordinary epistle. Miss Lamb is, it seems, again out of Her Head, and Mr. Coleridge says (at the end of a Long excuse to Miss Betham for not Coming to Her):

‘I had just time to have half an hours mournful Conversation with Charles Lamb. He displayed such fortitude in His manner, and such a ravage of mental Suffering in His Countenance, that I walked off, my Head throbbing with Long weeping. And the Haste I made, in the fear of being too Late on Sunday and the having to act before the Curtain, as it were, afterwards—for the more I force my attention from any inward distress, the worse it becomes after, and what I keep out of my mind or rather *keep down* in a state of under Consciousness, is sure to act meanwhile with its whole power of Poise on my Body—this is the History of my Breach of Engagement, my dear Miss B., of its Cause and of the occasions of that Cause.’

This is the end of a Letter she has sent me, three previous sides are a detail of the illness He was taken with, after the fatigue of his Presentation here, and

from its finding Him under the pressure of that original uneasiness. I am afraid he will go out of his head also. You will think, my dear, that I am going out of mine. But I thought these details might amuse you.

Edward went on Tuesday to the Prince's Levee with Lord Dillon, and was very graciously received. The Prince enquired if Emily Played as well as ever on the Piano.

Adieu My dear, my Love to all your inmates.

Ever your affectionate Mother.

*Saturday 30.*

. . . . .  
I Received yesterday, a printed Card saying, *Madame de Haeckel*, by Command of H.R. Highness The Duchess of Brunswick, desires the Company of Lady J. to dinner at five o'clock on Tuesday 2. April. My answer was *oui*. I hear that *Monsieur*, and the duc de Berri are to dine there.

. . . . .  
M<sup>de</sup> du Dessond says, oddly enough: '*Mr. de Mirepoix est Comme vous Le Connaissez, parlant des Coudes, raisonnant du Menton.*

*April 3.*

Yesterday I went, according to the *Command* I mentioned being given to Madame de Haeckel, to the Duchess of Brunswick's *grand diné prié*, and, what is extraordinary, really passed a pleasant day.

You may know that I have a foible for the Princes of the Earth, and I Certainly sat by the most amiable

in every Respect, *Monsieur*. I was Surprised at arriving in Hanover Square to find the Duchess and Company in the first of Her two Large drawing Rooms. But soon after, on Monsieur's arrival, I discovered it was etiquette to be the nearer His approach; for, on His making His Bow, She desired Him to proceed with Her to the drawing Room, and we all followed.

The dinner was announced soon after, exactly at five. We were 14. The Duchess in the middle, with Monsieur on one side, and the Duc de Berri on the other. Lady Findlater by the Duc de Berri, and I by Monsieur. The Rest of the Company were Mr. M<sup>de</sup> and M<sup>lle</sup> de Monsoreau, who resided some years at Brunswick. Mr. and Madame de La Feronaye, Comte Francois d'Escars and Chevalier de Puiségur, Monsieur de Nantouillet.

After dinner the Gentlemen remained a Little while, and the Duchess Called me to Come and sit by Her. She asked me if I did not think Her dinner had gone off well, that every Body had been cheerful, which was what She Liked. I Could not avoid making Her the Compliment she really deserved, which was that Her affability made every one feel pleasantly. She said: 'You are too good to me.' There is a decorum in Her mind, but I believe it makes Her pleasanter. She began about Religion again, and Monsieur recommended to Her Bossuet's variations. After dinner there was a *Partie d'hombre*. The Duchess, Monsieur, and Lady Findlater having M. de Haeckel by Her. I staid till near ten o'clock, and when I got home found I was rather fatigued, as

I had so Lately been ill, but Satisfied with having been there, which is often not the Case after a Complex Society.

George mentions to me the King of Sweden having had some disagreeable occurence at Yarmouth, but it does not seem to be known of Here. Pray Let me know what it was. The Duchess of Brunswick's Physician is Doctor Baily; she is often taking Medicine, and I am afraid too much, for I thought She Looked Paler than when I first saw Her.

Sir H. Halford is as Pleasing and attentive as before his Royalties, and I really think a very excellent Physician.

Lord Bayning has Let Honingham to Sir John Lubbock and the rent, 700<sup>L</sup>, will be nearly all His Income. The Ladies are Come to London. Mrs. Cornwallis Left Her House to Lady Bayning after Her Brother, and she will I believe Let it after this Campaign.

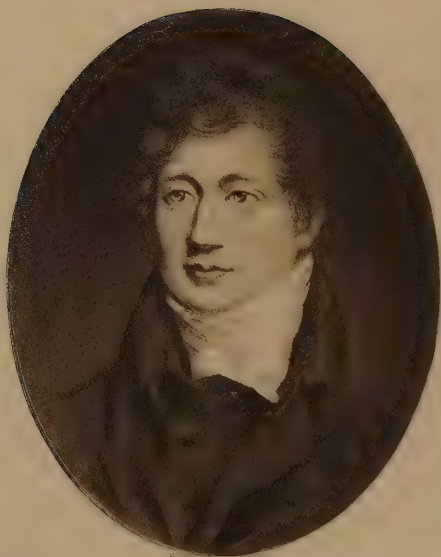
. . . . .

30.

. . . . .

I have never been at Blackheath, the duchess Lives in Hanover Square and I shall Call there tomorrow. The Princess of Wales dines with Her every Monday and Friday, and once a fortnight the Princess Charlotte. She has also occasionally the Ministers and various great People, Living quite Hospitably *en Princesse*; Lady Findlater dines there



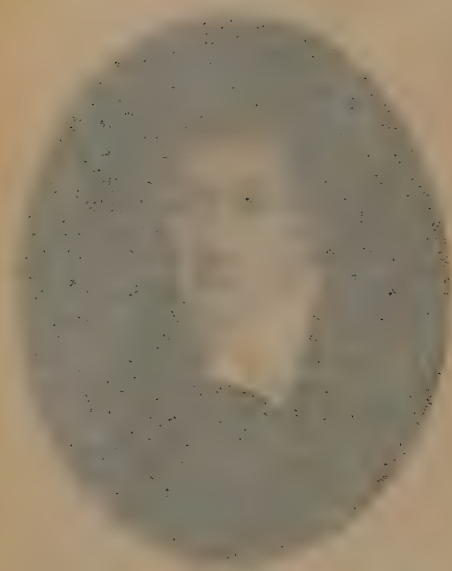


*Edward Jerningham.*  
*3rd. Son of Sir William Jerningham of Gosport*

Lord Duntley & Co. 1891







*William Lloyd*

three times a week, and her Last dinner Consisted of eleven Women and one Man, who was Little Lord Mount Edgecombe. But the time before there was Mr. Perceval and his Lady, Lord and Lady Arden, Mr. Abbot the Speaker and his Wife, &c. Princess Elizabeth writes to her every day an account of the King's health.

. . . . .

*July 4.*

. . . . .

Edward and Emily went by the invitation of Louis 18 on Monday to dine at Wimbledon; the King had the Gout in his knee and Could not sit at table, but had a Circle after dinner. They returned much pleased with their excursion.

All goes on there Literally by Clockwork; exactly at five, dinner; at six every Body rises from Table; at the half Hour after, Coffee is over and the King is *en Cercle* till the Half Hour after seven. Then *La Retraite* and they Come back; for those who staid a Card Table Came out at nine.

. . . . .

EASTBOURNE.

*August 25.*

. . . . .

I Left London on Monday with Edward and Slept at Sevenoaks, on the Tunbridge road. Many melancholy Reflections attended me! Tuesday we Continued, thro Tunbridge town, to Battle in

Sussex, where was fought the famed Battle of Hastings.

Battle Abbey (which was sold by S<sup>r</sup> Richard's Grandfather, Lord Montague, to the Websters) is a very ancient and venerable Pile of Building, The Front in the Town. Edward says He never saw a more antique order of House, but within, it is more mutilated. It has however entirely the appearance of a Monastic Establishment; the Stairs are Hung round with *Tapestry*, *Verdure* and Monks, represented in their Habits, walking about. The Refectory, which was very Considerable, is turned into a Stable, at the same time the present owner Sir Godfrey Webster (who is 22, and Son to Lady Holland) appears to have a Respect for the antiquity of his demesne, and, Edward Says, is preserving outward appearance.

---

*From Lady E. Butler to Lady Bedingfeld.*

LLANGELLEN VALE.

*Sept. 27.*

MY DEAREST LADY BEDINGFELD,

I have long practized the painful Doctrine of Self-denial. Unwilling to trespass Upon the time Allotted for the removal of your Lares and penates from their Penetralia in Norfolk to Bath, I—not without Struggle and difficulty—Conquered the temptations of replying to Your inimitable Letter July 14. Had I pursued the dictates of my Strong inclination, Could I have expressed even half I

wished to Say, what a Volume would you have received by the Succeeding post!!

Reward me, Dearest Lady Bedingfeld, reward me by one line, and let that precious line Convey the So Ardently wished for intelligence that we may hope to See you once more in this Abode, where, if the Walls Could Speak, they Might tell you how dearly you are, how greatly, revered and Admired by its inhabitants. To hear *from*, to talk *of*, you is indeed a horrible Gratification. I will not Say the highest—as the More we hear from and of you, the More our Anxiety to be indulged with another visit encreases. Many friends of yours have been here this Summer and indulged us by dwelling with enthusiasm on the Topic So dear to our hearts: Lady Suffield, Mr. Cleeg, Mr. Dauncey and the Person who will punish me with a free passport for this Epistle—Mr. Cleeg told us he had a Beautiful Drawing of yours. Mr. Dauncey boasted of an Equal Treasure. Lord Beckford, who had the Supreme felicity of passing Some days with you at Lord Dysarts, raved of your Portfolio, but Still more did he Rave of the Charms and *Agrémens* of your three Lively Daughters—Where is the Knight? and where is that dear little Agnes? for whom to the end of my existence I shall feel particularly interested. May ask what are the Subjects of your last Drawings?

Dare I Sollicit for one? It would enrich me—I only Petition for what you deem Unworthy of a Place in your *Portefeuille*. What a Gem it would be in ours!

Miss Ponsonby desires your Acceptance of her kindest Love. We Unite in best Compliments to Sir Richard Bedingfeld.

Believe me, Dearest Lady Bedingfeld.

Your ever and most Affectionately Attached

ELEANOR BUTLER.

Pray—Pray indulge me with one line.

Lady Eleanor Butler, 'the Recluse of Llangollen,' a descendant of James Butler, second Duke of Ormonde, was allowed the rank of an Earl's sister when her brother claimed the title of, and was acknowledged as, seventeenth Earl of Ormonde. Her eccentricities are, of course, well known. In the company of a friend, Miss Sarah Ponsonby, she installed herself in a cottage at Plasnewydd, in the vale of Llangollen, waited upon by one maidservant only, and assuming a semi-masculine garb. The names of these strangers not being known in their neighbourhood, they were simply called the 'ladies of the vale.' As such they obtained in time a wide celebrity; their cottage became one of the sights of Wales. They attracted much attention, and received a number of orders from the Royal Family of Bourbon. Lady Eleanor died in 1829.

---

*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*October 3.*

Madame Bertrand has a Son and a daughter, and I have now in my possession *des Tablettes* enclosing three Miniatures! M<sup>de</sup> Dillon, in a white dress, face drawn and much altered. Mr. Bertrand, in a uniform, with the new red Ribbon; a very handsome Man. And Madame Bertrand, very pleasing in green velvet, with gold ornaments and a *Collet*



*monté*, not round the neck but round the Gown. I wish I dared send the Tablettes to you. Mr. de Lille is going to Martinique, and the Present is for Mr. de La Touche. I should Like you to take off M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand. She is very Like my Mother, the under lip coming out.

Mr. Bertrand's nose, mouth and Complexion are really Like your poor Father's.

. . . . .

19.

. . . . .

Madame Catalani was at Mass Last Sunday at Cossey, and much affected (she said) after *Ah! que j'aime ma Religion*. M<sup>de</sup> Bianchi was with Her, and at Vespers M<sup>de</sup> Catalani sung the Litanies of our Blessed Lady. Watson, the Clergyman, was there and several Protestants who were all in astonishment; and the Norwich Paper of to day says thus—  
'M<sup>de</sup> Catalani attended the Beautiful Catholic Chapel at Cossey, on Sunday Last, and joined in the Nicene Creed and Chant of the Litany with fervent devotion unmixed with ostentation.'

. . . . .

December 17.

. . . . .

Edward has been much Satisfied with his visit to Cossey. He says your Brother is excellent, and I am much pleased with an application the good Bishop of Norwich has made to Him of an expression in Virgil, *alter et Unus*, which Edward tells me is, *another* and yet *one*. It is so true and elegant a

Compliment to Both Father and Son that I am much gratified at hearing it.

. . . . .

---

Here we have 'poor Mrs. Dillon' again, in a new scandal. It may be pointed out that Lord Dillon was at that time educating the two girls in question at his own expense.

*From Edward Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*(From the hospital of the Indigent blind.)*

NO. 13. BOULTON ROW.

1811.

. . . . .

I packed up at eight oclock this morning *le gros de l'armée*—they sat rather more comfortably than when they arrived; for the Essex postillion, having no saddle, got upon the box; which, forcing Molly Lovett into the chaise, made the completest squeeze that perhaps has occurred since the Black hole of Calcutta—They unpacked exactly like dried figs, each indented with the impression of his neighbour. We have smoothed them all down however with a variety of good things, and I trust they will reach you in proper health and safety tomorrow evening.

. . . . .

P.S. Mrs. Dillon went on Tuesday night to the Convent at Hammersmith d—d Lord and Lady D— and all the house—raised a mob on the gate, and carried off her two daughters, bag, and baggage—Conceive the fright of the nuns, and the fury of Lord D— and the distress of my Mother, and the folly of Mrs. Dillon!

*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingsfeld.*

*February 18. 1812.*

This is a great political day! The Prince's Restrictions are at an end, and He Cannot find an administration. He wishes to make his Friends coalesce with Mr. Perceval. They have all refused; and the Duke of Norfolk, on being sent for by the Prince, who wished to put the Blue Ribbon on his Shoulders, shrank from the Honor, saying that unless the emancipation of the Catholics in Ireland passed, He must renounce the Respectful hope He had Looked up to for 25 years on the Prince's accession to Power of being his Friend.

It is thought that Lady Hertford has been gained by the Percevals, but the Prince's former Friends, who are ours, stand inexorable and will turn Him back most certainly. Every body is *en l'air*, and Henry has just fell into my Room with all this intelligence. In the mean time the Regent's Health is said to be miserably shattered; he is nervous and Low, wishing to do right as peaceably as He Can; but the Catholicks Stand now on high ground, and I hope we shall not Lose our Level—It is said that Lord Cholmondeley's eldest son, Lord Malpas, who, is just turned of 20 and is in Italy (at Palermo), has declared himself a Catholic. The good Bishop of Norwich told me, a few days since, that He should dye satisfied if the Catholicks were emancipated. In short it seems to be now our day. Some People speaking to the Little Princess about Queen Eliza-

beth, she answered: 'Do not mention the Cruel Queen, I Cannot bear Her.'

. . . . .

*March 23.*

Poor Lady Buckingham's Remains are yet in Pall Mall. Emily visits them every day, and they remain in the same state as the Hour after she had expired. To-morrow was fixed for to Convey Her to Wooton in Buckinghamshire, the Burial Place of the Grenville Family; but, if no signs of mortality appear, she may perhaps be kept Longer. Lord Temple Sent for Mr. Strickland, and said that He wished that every mark of Religious attention should be paid to His Mother *Privately*, but no Public dirge as She had never avowed Her way of Thinking. To Particular People, however, this dos not entirely give satisfaction, as it was known to every one that She was a most exemplary Catholic.

As soon as she had expired, Lord George, His uncle Henry Grenville and Doctor Latham, set off to meet the Family from Stowe; they arrived at Uxbridge, and a few minutes after, Lord Buckingham, Lady Mary and Mr. Arundell and Miss Macnamara, with Servants, in a Chaise. On stopping to Change Horses Lord Buckingham saw the Doctor, and immediately fell back in his Seat. It was with difficulty He was got up stairs. He asked Lord George if she had been at Her Devotions, and on hearing that she had, said 'She is a Saint in heaven.' They staid that night at Uxbridge and then returned with affliction heavy, back to Stowe. Lord Bucking-

ham has hardly spoken since. Miss Macnamara's Maid, who is a Catholick, Came up to Town and I think she ought to have gone also, for Emily alone has been there every day for two Hours to Pray. Mr. Arundell wrote Edward word how much Lord Buckingham had expressed Himself obliged by their attention to his Lady, and how He hoped to see a great deal of them in future. Mr. Arundell finished his Letter by saying that He was going to attend the office of the Dead.

Edward Came yesterday for dinner. He says that He never saw Lady Buckingham in Chearfuller Spirits than she was on the Sunday. She staid with them till three o'clock; and, on Coming out of the Chapel, said She had been in Heaven and expressed surprise that the Catholicks did not oftener Converse on the Satisfactions of their Religion.

---

*From Sir George Jerningham to Lady Bedingsfeld.*

NEWTS HOTEL,

CLIFFORD ST.

*May 1<sup>st</sup>.*

. . . . .  
You saw by the Papers, what a good division there was in both houses in favor of the Catholic claims; the Question is considered as carried, and it is thought that the emancipation must take place in two or three years.

The English Catholics yesterday gave a *grand Dinner* to the Irish Delegates, at the Thatched

House. It went off extremely well and I trust all animosity is now done away between the two bodies.

. . . . .

At a meeting at Lord Clifford's, on Monday, at which Lord Grey and Mr. Elliott were present, it was determin'd (with their advice) not to press our claims at present but to await the favorable impression the last debates have made on the minds of the Public.

I was in the House of Lords the whole of the time, untill 6 in the morning. Lord Wellesley's was a very fine speech. *Lord Yarmouth* was standing close behind me part of the time; many of the Peers looked at him when Lord Liverpool said that a *Jesuit* poison'd the ear of James the 2<sup>nd</sup>.

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*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingsfeld.*

*May 12.*

. . . . .

I imagine that you are, equally with every one here, in Consternation at the Horrid Murder Committed in the Lobby of the House of Commons. Henry Came flying in to the Parlour yesterday before six o'clock with this horrible intelligence, and, as He was not in the House, I was in hopes it Could not be true. But an hour after the evening Papers were Cried about the Streets with this horrid addition; and as the Coaches were all Stopped to Convey the news, you are in possession of it. We do not know any more; the Man who did the deed,



appears to be insane, from the tranquillity of his demeanour, and it is hoped that there is not any formed Conspiracy for Blood.

Mr. Percival was indeed against our Emancipation from private Prejudice, but I Believe He was otherwise a very Honest and Able Minister. Henry's good Heart was tormenting Him with Regret at his Late opposition to one destined so Soon to be Laid Low. He is said to have been yesterday in particular good Spirits, and was talking and Laughing when arrested by this Thunder Bolt. It Seems Shocking to reflect how easy the transition is to that Shore from where no traveller returns! Mr. Perceval Leaves a Wife and twelve Children. His Brother, Lord Arden, who was there, fainted on hearing the news. I have not yet heard how the Prince received it.

The mention you make of Lord Gwydyr's grief for his Sister is very interesting, and makes one suppose both Him and Lady Beverley amiable. He never was naturally Partial to Lady Willoughby. She fell in Love with Him and fretted so much that her Mother, the Duchess of Ancaster, was afraid She would go into a Consumption. *Mais il s'est fait prier* and, having declared to the young Men of his time that Lady Priscilla Bertie should never be Lady Priscilla Burrel, when He Consented to marry Her He desired that, as she was *Priscilla Elizabeth*, She would be Called by the Latter name only. And accordingly she became Lady Elizabeth Burrel, till her Fathers decease made her Lady Willoughby.

. . . . .

June 26.

I wish you Could have *flown* here for a Little time, as all the Catholicks are *en Campagne*. I saw the élite of them assembled on Monday at Lord Clifford's to Pay their Respects to their Eloquent and well informed Spokesman, the Duke of Sussex. He dined there with Lord Holland, Mr. Elliott, Henry and others. And in the evening there was a Piano and Harp: Dale and his daughter; But that was only an introduction to Emily's better Performance. The Prince seemed much pleased with her Playing, for, as usual, the audience drew forth her best Execution. Lady Mary Arundell was walking about with her Husband, whom she doats upon. She was Looking very handsome in her Sable garment, but some think it might have been better not to have so soon resented the Mansion in Pall Mall, from where her Poor Mother had been so suddenly torn out. The Miss Arundells were with Her. Mrs. Fitzherbert was also present. Some say the Prince does not see Her any more; others that He divides His Hours equally.

Lady Stanley is in town. She is hardly pretty, and has, I think, four Children. Young Hugh Clifford is in hopes of going abroad from Devonshire, Sicily and Constantinople are now the only Places Left. He improves daily in Looks and manner, and is Certainly Clever. The future Earl of Shrewsbury, whom I saw at Edward's, is very handsome. Sir Francis Molyneux (the Late Mrs. Howards Brother) has Left 5000<sup>L</sup> to each of the

Lady Petres, his Nieces; 8000<sup>l</sup> to Ed. Howard; and the Bulk of his Fortune, which is Considerable, to the Naughty Henry Howard. Lord Dillon has had the Gout and would *not* take the Eau Médicinale, so that He is yet Confined.

. . . . .

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In the autumn of the year Edward Jerningham—as usual very busy agitating for the Catholic interest—writes from Staffordshire to his sister, and, while giving a curious insight into his own methods of canvassing, expresses some anxiety about Sheridan's Parliamentary seat.

The anxiety was justified, for Sheridan's connection with the House of Commons was severed for ever by his defeat.

In another letter sent from London, Edward forecasts the approaching dissolution of his uncle the Poet, not without serious misgivings on the subject of the old gentleman's spiritual condition.

*From Edward Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

4. Oct.

STAFFORD.

*Sunday night 10 o'clock.*

. . . . .

An unexpected opposition to Sheridan in this town has flung him entirely upon the Strength of our Interest—I am straining every nerve for him, and am only escaped for a few moments from the Committee room, to write these lines—

I have declared open hostility against every tenant who holds, and against every Man who expects to hold land, and who opposes Sheridan—I think by

great personal exertion I can muster near one hundred votes, which will decide the balance in our favour. Sheridan has two formidable opponents; and, as he expects *himself* to be brought in entirely through *our* Interest and *despairs* otherwise, I am building a good foundation for *William* to obtain the Barrack, or something better.

. . . . .

6.

*Tuesday night.*

Sheridan will lose his election, notwithstanding all my exertions. The popular Candidates in this town must always win.

. . . . .

16.

My Uncle is better than he was, and there is I believe no *immediate* danger, but I cannot hope to see him again out of his bed—His mind and head are perfectly clear, and he bears, and has borne, most cruel Sufferings with wonderful patience and Courage. I must accustom him to see me a little about his bed and I will watch with anxiousness for some happy moment to mention the dreadful Subject of Religion—I think of *writing* a few lines, in a style congenial to his turn of mind (with which I am so acquainted), requesting to be allowed to introduce a Priest—

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The Poet himself, in an epistle ‘written about a month before his death’—as a note in Lady Bedingfeld’s hand explains

—that is, late in October, discourses upon the nature of the change which has come over his convictions. This is the last letter from his pen in the collection.

*To Lady Bedingfeld (at Bath).*

DEAR CHARLOTTE.

The pleasure I received from your Letter lost much of its Lustre and enjoyment by telling me of Ldy. Jerningham's Indisposition and severe suffering. She does not know how much I am alive and awake to every Thing That relates to Her. I have been thro' a long course of years a permanent Testimony of her excellence and worth. The unremitting kindness with which she has always shone upon me will Brighten my Affection to the last moment of my Existence. Sir George took his Leave of me on Monday I had seen Him before and both Times our Dialogue was of an Important nature. The conversation was amicable, frank, communicative and chearful. He shew'd me your Letter: and That is the reason I send you a few lines which I wrote to Mr. Lane at Norwich. I Do not Entertain an Idea that what I say should Impress the mind of others, But I should wish They understood That my Recession from the Catholick Doctrine is grounded not only upon the controversial parts, But on the system of Terror which the Catholic Appears to *me* to substitute instead of the system of mercy which the Christian Doctrine so Evidently Displays—Every page, Every Line almost of the Old Testament favours my opinion—Under This Idea I wrote the little Tract: The mild Tenor of Christianity, In

which I have advanced nothing of my own Invention—The many Passages that are perpetually occurring soothe and Delight my mind—In fine I cou'd Talk and write upon This subject for ever—But I reject all correspondence upon these points; and therefore my dear niece if you ever write Do not touch this *ground*—There is no combating with your side: The Catholic comes with the axe of Infallibility, and Instead of fighting with Lady Bedingfeld I am engaged with female *Tomahawk*. I can't help Laughing at this appellation but you must Laugh too And so G—d Bless you.

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In May, 1813, occurred another of the many failures which marked the long struggle for Catholic emancipation.

On the 24th, the House sitting in Committee on the Bill introduced by Mr. Grattan, the motion was made by the Speaker that the words concerning the rights of Catholic subjects of the King 'to sit and vote in either House of Parliament' be left out of the Bill. The motion was carried by a majority of four, whereupon the Bill was abandoned; but Mr. Grattan gave notice of his intention to bring in another Bill for the relief of Catholics.

*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

17. May, 1813.

. . . . .  
I See by the papers there will be a sad Bustle, about the *Wales* Business. Mr. Whitbread has given notice, that either Lady Douglas must be Sued for Perjury, or the Princess be brought to Trial.  
. . . . .



25.

Henry who has just Come in, is quite enraged at the Loss of the Bill, He says all of *his* Party are so, and that it is entirely owing to the Prince having personally Canvassed every Body He Could think of yesterday morning; that our Enemies absolutely Huzza'd when they got the Majority. Every evil is to be dreaded from all this violence.

. . . . .

June 4. 1813.

. . . . .

There was a dirge this morning at the french Chappel for poor Lady Findlater.

The Abbé Trottier has 50<sup>L</sup> annuity Settled upon Him from the *Secours*, and the Duchess of Athol has told Miss Macdonnel that She will have a Little provision made for Her; that She herself mentioned it to the Queen and that Princess Mary in particular enquired all about her and said something should be done. She then asked where Miss Macdonnel now was, and, hearing I had proposed her Coming to me till something Could be settled, the Princess was pleased to express herself in a handsome manner in my Regard. I have heard that She is a most amiable Character and, on the Duchess of Brunswick's decease, She wrote in Confidence to the Princess Sophia of Gloucester to beg she would find some delicate manner of obtaining Lady Findlater's acceptance of 100<sup>L</sup>, which she enclosed. Lady Findlater shewd me the Letters at the

time, and Princess Sophia says, *the amiable Princess Mary*.

I shall write to Little Fanchon very Soon. I am sure she will improve much with being *en Société* with you, as a grown up young Lady. I know not which of the Sneyd Family are facing my Windows; the poor Girl, is not well. Miss Edgworth, the authoress, dined there a few days ago, I recollect there is a family Connexion between them.

. . . . .

14.

Madame Bertrand has three very handsome Children and his traitement is 500,000, Livres a year, about 20,000 Sterling.

Silk spencers are the universal fashion; Pelisses and Shawls have given way to this Light decoration. I have gained my intelligence by being twice kept forcibly in the Park, by the immense Crowd of Carriages and walkers.

. . . . .

21.

I have two Communications to make, which were delivered to me yesterday by Lord Dillon. Primo, his daughter is going to be married to Lord Frederick Beauclerk, and that immediately, as He and Lady Dillon are going to Ireland.

Lord Frederick is a Clergyman, an expert Cricket Player, has kept running Horses, understands betting, *et de Caron pas un mot*, as M<sup>de</sup> de Sevigné says. He has however a Living of 800 a year in Hertfordshire,

at the Hoo, and a very Pretty Parsonage ; in all an income of 1000<sup>L</sup>. Lord D. gives Charlotte 20,000, which is to be settled on herself ; and they will have 2,000 to Live upon.

. . . . .

The poor murdered Mrs. Bonar, had been or perhaps *was* a Catholick. I had heard something of it and wrote to Mrs Messenger at Hammersmith, who gives this account :

Mrs. Thomson (Mrs. Bonar) was sent at 19 to the English Nuns at Dunkirk, to watch over a younger Sister placed there Lest she should become a Catholic. The young one (who was afterwards Lady Huntingfield) thought not of it ; but Miss Thomson the elder became entirely Convinced, and a Curé at Dunkirk received her abjuration and gave Her the Sacraments. Soon after, the two Sisters Came to England, where all her Connections were violently averse to the Catholic Religion. She married Mr. Bonar, a very rich man, and I Believe her Religion Lay dormant. However, when the Nuns Came to England, She visited and helped them very nobly, at one time gave 250<sup>L</sup>. Mrs. Messenger Calls her 'our kind Benefactress' and wishes to hear they Could pray for Her.

How singular it is that her death was brought on by a Catholick who owned He had not practised his Religion of ten years. He is now very penitent and is attended by Mr. Bramston, the Priest, whom young Bonar is particularly fond of.

. . . . .

*July 2.*

Dear Edward well. He was at a magnificent Fête given by Lord Shrewsbury and began on Wednesday evening; Concert, Supper, Ball, and Breakfast. The Regent was doing the same thing the same Night, but it is said Lord Shrewsburys was the most magnificent.

. . . . .

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Two characteristic letters from the recluses of Llangollen, Miss Sarah Ponsonby and Lady Eleanor Butler, to Lady Bedingfeld, belong to this period.

LLANGOLLEN VALE.

MY DEAR LADY BEDINGFELD.

In Short the Matter must be given up—my whole Stock of words are incompetent to utter what I wish—or Convey even an imperfect idea of the Sentiments by which the hearts of a Trio are occupied who for the last Eight and Forty hours have indulged in making you, and almost you alone, the principal Subject of their thoughts—and talk. I will not add, of their enthusiastic praise, because even your Modesty Can guess to what a height it must have Soared.

How the Niece expatiated on all that She had Seen and heard at Sidney Place, with what delighted avidity did the Aunts devour the interesting detail—how greatly did they envy her the happiness She had enjoyed—an happiness, however, of which, as far as

Gratitude and affection can go, She has evinced herself not unworthy.

She endeavoured to describe the Majestic Beauty and dignified deportment of your Children, so differing from, so Superior to, the Children of all other Parents. And the other topics on which She dwelt relative to both, are they not indelibly engraved upon these Same hearts—from whence I, alas! vainly attempt transferring the Record to this paper? What a prominent feature in the family Picture did a *young* Chevalier present, attired in a Leopard Spotted Garb! Among these thrice precious Letters, Guarded with an Almost Sacred Care, is one from Norwich, August 1808: it registers the Birth of this darling little Boy and concludes—

‘His Name is Felix. May he never think himself miscalled!’—Fervently do we say Amen to that Sweet prayer. The Lismores rave of him as an Absolute Prodigy. I wished to distinguish la Belle *Agnès* in the enchanting Groupe, but She had not been made Conspicuous. Yet there was one figure so particularly lovely and interesting that I Content myself with Concluding that it Could have been no other than Her—

Dear Dear Lady B., we much more than imagine, we most deeply Share in, your anxiety, and Shall Continue to do So ’till La Rose, La *Rose Unique* is transplanted into a fair Garden and consigned to the protecting tenderness of that Fortunate Being whom Sir Richard and you Shall deem Worthy of this Celestial Flower. Is there a Niche at Arundel Castle for this ‘Ninth Statue’? And why Cannot

you let Sir Richard drive you in whatever Carriage you best like to be driven in, before Winter and miry ways return, that we might talk over all these and other Matters, in one of the three little buildings which we have erected in Chosen Spots of our *immense* domain since last you honoured us with your presence? As for the *Ci-devant* little, by this time Le Grand, Chevalier, *vous avez pris Soins d'orner Son Âme*—C'est une beauté qu'il gardera Jusqu'au tombeau. You have qualified him to Adorn his long and Splendid line of Ancestry—

To hear that the Sons and Daughters of Sir Richard and Lady Bedingfeld are, in their Mind, Manners and persons, every thing that the fondest and most Ambitious Parents Could desire, Is a Gratification we frequently enjoy, but, whether we Shall ever witness what we Should regard with Such unspeakable Satisfaction is a Question which we very often ask each other and which only you Can resolve, Dear Lady Bedingfeld. How would a favourable Monosyllable on this subject add to the Obligations and rejoice the hearts of

Your most Affectionately and faithfully Attached  
S. P. & ELEANOR BUTLER.

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No indeed—dearest Lady Bedingfeld—No Pen but my own, Not even that of my Beloved S.P., shall return thanks for the precious Letter, Just arrived though dated the 11th. It has Availed me more than all the Bolsters and Bandages with which I am

fetterd: they only *relieve* my *Arm*—your kindness *revives* my *heart*.

You Ask what I had been About when this Accident happened? We were hastening through the broken pavement of the Street of Llangollen, on Sunday the 30; a loose rolling pebble threw me down. The Consequence of the fall I Sustained in addition to Severe Contusions were both a dislocation and fracture, very near the Shoulder, of my Left Arm. But, enough of Self. I turn with delight to the Picture of your Charming family So beautifully drawn by your Unequalled Pen—the Limner Absolutely rare of Felix—and Say—in the language of Constance that

‘ Since the birth of Cain, the first Male Child  
To him that did but yesterday Suspire,  
There was not Such a Gracious Creature born.’

You Confess he is *Alarmingly* Clever. I dare Swear you were exactly the Same at his Age. So dont be Alarmed—Jouissons de S<sup>t</sup> Aume Sans demander Si elle Sera d’un beau Jour—I have formed Such an idea of that Sweetly diffident, that most interesting little Agnes. Her very Name is to me the Synonime of Perfection—As to Miss Bedingfeld, we Consider her as the future Duchess of Norfolk, the Mother of an Earl of Surrey. She will break the Spell which Since the days of Queen Elizabeth has hung over the Howard family. She will also restore *l’air Noble* So Necessary to Such exalted rank and of which at present it is So Miserably deficient. Now pray dont affront me by Supposing that I mention My wishes



on this Subject to *everybody*, and talk like a fool of Miss Bedingfeld and the *Presumptive* where it would appear indiscreet to do So. The few, the Chosen few, with whom I have Conversed on the Subject of her great beauty, her Accomplishments and high birth on both Sides, were the very Persons who exclaimed 'There, there is the Shop Mr. Howard Should go to to choose a Wife!'

We heard with great Concern of the event which had taken place at Cossey. Lady Stanley of Morton told us that the Angel had Spread her wings and Soared above all human Miseries, that her poor Mother was inconsolable. I can well imagine your feelings and the *Sublime* Melancholy (from which Such a Mind as yours never Shrinks) with which you recollected the Awful Ceremonies of the Funeral that elevate the Soul and which, were they within reach, I Should always wish to attend.

Your Landscape of Bath is exquisite. You exhibit it in a point of view in which it was never before beheld—your Pen and your Pencil are Unique. Ah, Lady Bedingfeld! dare I venture to implore, from the letter, a little Sketch, however Slight, however Small, of that Beauteous Group by whom you are Surrounded? I will not, because I Cannot, Cannot Say how highly it would be prized, how Tenderly Cherished by your Gratefully Affectionate?

S. P. & ELEANOR BUTLER.

I make no Apology for the illegibility and incoherence of this Griffonnage—I wrote with difficulty, as my left arm is in a Sling and almost bound to my

Side. Who will befriend me and Obtain the So Anxiously wished for, So earnestly Solicited, precious Drawing?

The Miss Pagett you met is a most excellent Creature and a great friend of ours.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*July 13.*

. . . . .

There is an unfortunate Little Scandalous historiette going about, relating to Lady Caroline Lamb. She is daughter to Lady Bessborough and has been married about five years to Lord Melbourne's Heir. It was a match of Inclination on both sides, for she had taken a fancy to Him when He was a younger Brother; and on his becoming the Eldest, the Parents and all agreed to the Alliance. This young Lady is now enamoured with Lord Byron and has, it seems, forbore the fashionable Business of Waltzing because he disapproved of it. A few nights since, at a Ball at Lady Heathcote's, she was overheard asking Lord Byron to Let her Waltz. His reply was that it was indifferent to Him what she did, and his Last answer to a whisper was: 'then take the knife.' This passed at Supper, and when the Ladies retired she went up with them into a Bed chamber, took a glass of water and smashed it to pieces in her Hand, by which means she was very much Cut; then in a moment produced a Knife and put it up to her throat. She was however stopped from doing serious Mischief,

and they now say She is out of her Senses. They have all Left London. She is very pretty and has always been indulged in a degree that makes her incapable of Contradiction.

. . . . .

*August 23.*

The Poor unhappy Nicholson was to be hanged this morning. It has been a very singular affair, two horrid murders Committed without malice or the desire of Plunder ; and so penitent a Behaviour ever since that Mr. Bramston, the Priest, has been very unhappy about Him. Even Mr. Bonar's Son attended on him to the Last. The newspaper said that his Countenance was without any indication of the Possibility of Cruelty and desperation except perhaps a Line about the mouth. I should be Curious to See a representation of Him.

. . . . .

There is I think a malignant influence over the present generation which makes a protracted Settling end in some horrid Marriage. Lord Thurlow, who was on the point of marrying Miss Bolton the actress, is become Legally insane ; but I suppose it will take place when He gets better.

30.

. . . . .

The Baron de Rolle died two days since at Tunbridge. He had been of the Late expedition, with Monsieur, to the Continent and had returned *incomodé*. He was always very Gouty. They wrote up to London to Consult Père Elisé, premising that

He had been Blooded to appease the fever. Père Elisé said :—‘ *Il a été Saigné ? . . . Il est mort !*’ And accordingly that was the next Bulletin. His Wife is inconsolable and it is feared that Monsieur will be much affected, as the Baron de Rolle was always in particular favor with Him. M. de Montyon says :—‘ *C’étoit un Honnête Homme, mais de toute Nullité.*’ However a sincerely attached Friend to an unfortunate Prince is always of some Consequence.

. . . . .

Monsieur de Montyon, although the writer of a goodly number of notable works on political economy (as understood at the end of the last century), is chiefly celebrated by the institution of *prix de vertu* and other benefactions (founded by him in 1782), to be administered by the Académie Française and the Académie des Sciences. To these he devoted a great part of his large fortune.

He accompanied the Comte d’Artois (Monsieur) to England, and only returned to France in 1815.

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*Monday, 6. September.*

. . . . .

The Duchess of Manchester, who has been married a great many years, is finally parted from her Husband, her Conduct being most notoriously bad. Her Eldest Daughter, Lady Jane Montague, is with the Dow<sup>r</sup> Duchess of Manchester and feared to be in a Consumption.

In one of Lady Jersey’s letters to your Uncle in 1789, She says, from *Middleton in Oxfordshire*,

‘ I am quite alone, for my Husband is gone to the Duke of Grafton’s to Hunt. My Girls are very

pleasant. I read to them, and they draw all Day and all night. When they leave me I work very hard upon the Harp. I enjoy all the delights of good Health, good Spirits, and good Humour; it is a perfect Calm, but a Calm that inspires neither melancholy nor regret. *Ma Retraite est mon Louvre, et j'y Commande en Reine, &c. &c.* All my Brats are well, the two old ones desire their Compt<sup>ts</sup>.

I think this account of herself Curious, knowing the whole Contour of her Life. I am afraid She has Less Comfort now to have Recourse to, at this time. Mr. Fawkener, or Lord Carlisle, were her attachés in London.

. . . . .

November 5.

I am desired by M. de Bousolz to acquaint you with the Duchesse d'Angoulême's *gracieuseté*.—She enquired if Lady *Benefile* was at Bath? He said: *Oui Madame, mais elle n'a pas encore eu l'honneur d'être présentée au Roi; elle n'a vu que ses Courtisans.* The Duchesse then said: *Je pars Lundi prochain pour Bath, et j'espère bien La voir.* She has only M<sup>lle</sup> de Choisi with Her, who is, it seems, *L'amie du Coeur*. She came from Vienna with Her and is in all her Confidence.

. . . . .

November 16.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I was yesterday evening overpowered by receiving from Mr. Williams of Lincolns Inn, the

melancholy information of the Decease of my Poor Brother, Lord Dillon, at Loughlyn House, after a few days illness. He says *He* writes lest Lady Dillon and Charles D., who were with Him, should have been unable to do so. And so I have no other Detail of this sad event; for such it really is, and I fear that all Consolatory Circumstances have not been in use. Henry is yet at Mulgrave, and Lady Frederick is out of London.

. . . . .

He had been in better Health, and Spirits than usual, enjoyed being in his own territory, and was zealous in Supporting the Catholick Cause. I find, by Mr. Williams's Note, that his illness was not expected to end so fatally. He would have been tomorrow 68, being born in 45. . . . .

. . . . .

The Mourning for You is Six weeks.

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*A letter from the Duchesse d'Angoulême.*

HARTWELL.

*le 1<sup>er</sup> Janvier 1814.*

Persuadée que Lady Bëdingfeld n'osera jamais nier qu'elle n'ait eu part au Gateau, l'Anonyme a l'honneur de lui en accuser la reception, et celui de l'informer que *without any inquiry, or hesitation whatever*, de hauts personnages l'ont déclarée Auteur et complice d'un envoy fait a S.A.R. Madame, Duchesse d'Angoulême, ayant reconnu dans l'offre de cette cocarde blanche, augure d'un meilleur avenir, le coeur et l'esprit de

Lady Bedingfeld, et dans la lettre, tous les sentimens d'un certain Edward, bien digne d'être son frère.

L'Anonyme ne peut assez exprimer combien on a été sensible à l'amabilité qui a reunit et offert de si heureux presages.

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*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

LONDON.

*February 14.*

• • • • •  
Miss Betham (who was engaged at dinner) Came here at 8 o'clock to accompany Lady Webb, with whom She had already made a morning visit, to M<sup>de</sup> de Stael, and is delighted with her affability.

• • • • •  
Mrs. Sheldon had brought me, M<sup>de</sup> de Stael's third vol. and I have opened it upon this. 'L'écossois Brown, (analysé plus profondément en Allemagne que partout ailleurs) a Cru que L'état de Souffrance où l'état de Santé ne tenoit point à des maux partiels, mais à L'intensité du Principe vital qui S'affoiblissoit ou S'exaltoit selon Les differentes vicissitudes de L'existence.' And He accordingly died of drinking Brandy. The great question might be what dos really fortify existence? But enough of Metaphysicks!

• • • • •  
*February 17.*

Henry is raving about His Horoscope, which has been found among the Papers, and was drawn at



his Birth. He says the events of all his years are marked with exactness ; But it goes no further than 53 years. It seems that *Venus* then Leaves Him, and all is annihilation. He is to become a Widower at 45, and he is so full of it that Lady D. on her return from Tunbridge will be surprised to find Him in a state of Philosophical Resignation, about *her Removal*.

M<sup>de</sup> de Stael's Soirée on Sunday went off very well. Miss Betham is delighted, as well she may, for she met Company to talk of for some time with her own Blue Stockings. The Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Besborough, Mrs. Siddons, Lord Harrowby, Mr. Ward, Kemble, the Swedish and other foreign Ministers, &c., &c. M<sup>de</sup> de Stael was very Polite, and towards the end of the *Séance* made a Luminous resumé of the present political atmosphere. Lord Dillon had dined there and Edward accompanied Lady Webb and Miss Betham in the evening.

. . . . .

Henry, who raves about his horoscope, is, of course, Lady Jerningham's nephew, Henry Augustus, thirteenth Viscount Dillon.

Madame de Staël, banished from France by Napoleon, who disliked 'female politicians,' was then on her first visit to England, and no doubt engaged in conspiring against the Imperial *régime*. Her first husband, the Baron de Staël-Holstein, had died in 1802 ; she had recently married (1810) M. de Rocca, an officer of distinction.

French politics had entered a new phase since Napoleon's disastrous campaign of 1813 ; the restoration of the Bourbons was felt to be close at hand. The Comte d'Artois (Monsieur)

and his two sons had already, on January 14, been conveyed to France on board English men-of-war, and were now dividing between themselves the task of influencing different parts of the country. Monsieur joined the combined Austro-Prusso-Russian army in the North East ; the Duc d'Angoulême went to Spain and attached himself to the British forces there ; the Duc de Berry landed in Normandy.

From this moment we find Edward Jerningham almost beside himself in his enthusiasm for the Legitimist cause.

*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*March 12.*

You will have Seen, in the Paper, the Comte Francois's Letter from Vesoul, in Franche Comté. The Letter said that Monsieur was received *Comme Le Bon Dieu* ; in short every thing seems to prognosticate so favourably for the Bourbons that I hope the Punishment of Christendom is at an end.

Edward has really had a great share in all this *remue-ménage* by having paragraphs put in the Papers, and advocating their Cause at all times. He was yesterday quite Wild and went off to the Prince Condé's, to enjoy their Pleasure and enhance it, by the Public report.

. . . . .

*March 26.*

You will See by the Papers, my dear, how prosperously the Royal Cause goes on in France. Two deputies are arrived in London from Bourdeaux, they first went to Hartwell, *pour se jeter aux pieds du Roi*, and were received as you may imagine how.

From thence they Came Last Night to London, and Edward has been ever since out of his Wits. They are at Morin's Hotel, Duke street, Manchester Square. Monsieur de Tausiat an officer of the Police at Bourdeaux, who received an order to arrest the Baron de La Barthe (a Royalist of La vendée), has been working ever since for the Cause. Agreeing at present about the exiled Family, the two sailed off immediately for England; Mr. de Tausiat in his Police dress, but ornamented with the Cocarde Blanche; the other in a green uniform, with the same embellishment. They say the whole town and all the adjacent Country wish for the Restoration of the Bourbons.

This is the Copy of a Letter Received by Lady Downshire from the Comte Grammont.

BOURDEAUX, *March 14.*

I arrived in this town announcing the duc d'Angoulême, and I was received with acclamations of joy and enthusiasm unequalled ever before. The Cry of *Vive Le Duc D'Angoulême et Le Duc de Guiche* reechoed in all the Streets of this immense and beautifully built Town. I then took 200 mounted Men with me, and went two Leagues out of the Town to receive His Royal Highness.

The Mayor in grand Costume Came with an address which He was almost unable to Read from the Cries of *Vive Le Roi! S<sup>t</sup> Louis! Les Bourbons! Le grand Henri quatre! Les anglais, nos généreux Libérateurs! et écrasons Le Tyran! foulons aux pieds Les Aigles! abattons Le N. ! plus de Napoléon! Dieu*

*nous a rendus Le Bonheur ! en nous envoyant Le Fils de Henri !*

At the Play, in the evening, a Crown of Laurels was placed on his Head and the Music Played : “ *Vive Henri quatre.* ” “ *La Victoire est à Nous !* ” “ *Qu’on est heureux au Sein de sa Famille,* ” and “ God Save the King. ” The whole was Received with unparalleled Enthusiasm and the *te Deum* was Sung in the Cathedral.’

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*April 1.*

Edward gave a Magnificent dinner on Tuesday to the Bourdeaux deputys, &c., &c., M<sup>de</sup> de Narbonne, and M<sup>de</sup> de Lupé were among the females. The Duc de Grammont, M. de Blacas (who, it seems, is very Silent) and William, were of the Party.

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5.

Lord D. has this moment flown into the Room, to tell immense news : The allies are at Paris ! The Empress and her Child at Rombouillet and Bonaparte retired of another Side.

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15.

The French Nobility are not Satisfied as you may imagine ; this Senate of Regicides is a bitter Pass to the Crown. And, at best, there is a Limited Constitutional King instead of the ancient Monarchy. There were three Nights of illumination here and all

seems to unite for *the Bourbons*. But much is yet to be done. The King is expected at Wimbledon on Monday! Lord Hertford has been to Hartwell, in Embassy from the Regent, to *invite* Him to London as a place that may be more Convenient to Him in this moment. Monsieur is at Paris, Lodged in the Thuilleries.

Poor dear Edward, is quite miserable about the *Senate* if it was but Composed of honest People it might go down; but Murderers and Rogues are too much, that is Certain.

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23.

We are all here most joyously wound up. Edward and Emily went off yesterday Morning with Lady Mary and Mr. Arundell; also Mr. Clifford, whom they enlisted here on Thursday, for *Calais* in order to See the Good Kings Landing again on French Ground. This morning, at eight oclock, the King and all his Suite with the Duchess &c. set off for Dover; the Prince departed at six oclock, for the same destination, and the Royalties are to be Lodged at Dover in the Castle.

I do not much Like this Calais expedition, as it is, for *Edward*, taking two violent Emeticks. But I am glad that Mr. Clifford is of the Party.

Thursday and Friday the King received whoever went to Pay their Respects and the Crowd was, I hear, immense. I sent for Little Henry Jerningham from School as he is really worthy of those Sights, and He went yesterday with Le Loir to the dinner;

she knows all French attendants and got Henry into the Room, tho all were kept out, from the danger of Suffocating the good King. Henry's name was really a Passport, and He was spoken to by the archbishop of Rheims and by others that He did not know. From his account I think one was the Comte de Vaudreuil. There were 16 at table, the duc de Duras arrived on Wednesday evening, and went into office as Grand Chambellan the day after. The Prince Louis de La Trémouille, and his nephew, Came two days before, and Called upon me.

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Mr. Bardelin was *en fonctions*, as *garde du Corps*, and is set off for Paris. Mr. Wyatt who married Miss Vivifoy has solicited to be *Garde du Corps*, and sets off on Monday for France. His Wife and her mother are yet in Staffordshire. In short every one is *en l'air*; the Hand of Providence has been visible in all this and I hope it will be merciful to the end. The affair of Bayonne is melancholy, but the report begins to be doubted; that of Toulouse, which would have been glorious, is now also dismal from Blood being spilled unnecessarily.

Père Elisée is gone with the King, but the Prince only allows Him to be a short time absent.

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28.

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Mr. Clifford sent me a note Last Night at near eleven, to say that He was then returned from his expedition; that He Left Calais on Tuesday, his

*friends* having gone on that morning to Paris. He enclosed a Letter from Emily to me, saying that dear Edward had been very Sick upon Sea, but was well on Landing and in great Spirits. They Saw the King arrive, and all his Suite; and, in a word, he Could not withstand the running on to Paris, for a fortnight.

By a Letter today in the Paper, Bonaparte went thro Montargis Like a Sovereign. It Says 'General Bertrand was in his Carriage and appeared more affected than Himself.'

I have had a most Charming Letter from Madame de Lezardiére, alias *Félicie*. She says that in the midst of the general joy she wishes to give way to her Reconnaissance, and mentions you and every one. She is perfectly happy, and a great Loyalist, as well as her Husband who was in La Vendée 20 years ago, and had this winter ripened his departement to rise when They were overjoyed with the news of the duc d'Angoulême's being with Lord Wellington.

30.

Lord Cawdor (who was at the Concert) was at Calais also, and every Body is taken up with this really grand event. Caulincourt Presented Himself to Monsieur, who said to Him:—'*Monsieur on vous accuse d'un grand Crime; cest à vous de vous en justifier.*' It was very well said.

The Duc de Liancourt (who had given up his Place at Court and sent back his Cordon Bleu Long



since) had the face to Come to meet the King at Calais. He came up *d'un air embarrassé*, and said: *J'aurai peut-être du, Sire, mettre mon Cordon Bleu, et demander ma charge.* The King replied, '*J'apprend que vous avez des Beaux Mérinos.*'—He has pretended, in America and at Liancourt, to be wholly occupied with farming. I hope the good Louis 18 will never Let Him put his Blue Ribbon on again.

Mr. Clifford will have given you an account of every Thing, so I shall not enter on the magnificent Sight He witnessed. M. La Tour de Pin turned round the first day. Humbert rode back to Amiens *en Cocarde Blanche*. The whole Prefecture adopted them, and M<sup>de</sup> de La Tour de Pin began making up white Ribbon for distribution. It is poor M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand that I pity. She has three Children, and falls from the top of the Ladder. But I am glad She is, at Least, married to an Honest Man.

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You must Come when the Emperor Alexander arrives.

Louis de Caulincourt had taken a violent part in the Revolution. Later on he attached himself to Bonaparte, who, in course of time, created him Duc de Vicence.

The Duc de Larohcefoucauld-Liancourt was a person whom, notwithstanding Lady Jerningham's opinion, it would have been more to Louis XVIII.'s credit to receive better; a good and upright man, a true philanthropist. He had been one of Louis XVI's most active defenders after the flight to Varennes. His crime, unpardonable, of course, in the Royal eyes, was to have 'accepted' the Revolution when the Revolution was a *fait accompli*. Lady Jerningham, however, could only judge him according to what she heard in the *émigré* set.

Monday. May 9.

I must, my dear, give you an account of a visit I had yesterday.—About four o'clock a Gentleman Came up Stairs, *followed* by Antony, whom I immediately recognised (tho He is altered) for my dear Brother Henry. I was sadly alarmed, as I know He is sometimes too venturesome, and unfortunately this Country is to Him a Hornets nest. But He said that He Came over on Business that Could not be transacted so expeditiously by Letter, that his Business was Settled, and that He was returning to Paris.

He has really Bustled thro the world with Luck, tho often stumbling on misfortune; in a word He has been named one of the inspectors of Brigade to the foreign Regiments in the French Service, a tolerable Lucrative and very honourable employment. He was presented to Monsieur, who said: '*Monsieur Le Comte, je sais qu'il y a Longtems, que vous êtes au Service de France. Les Circonstances ne vous ont pas permis d'avoir La Croix de S<sup>t</sup> Louis, je vous La donne.*' Henry then told the present Ministre de La Guerre (Mr. du Pont, who was formerly aide de Camp to my poor Brother Arthur, and who favours Henry) that He had rank and pay of Colonel in the English army, and should Lose his Situation here if the Duke of York did not permit his receiving a foreign employment. Du Pont said: '*allez tout de Suite en Angleterre arranger votre affaire, et on vous donnera un à compte,*' which was an order for 50L.

He arrived here accordingly on Wednesday even-

ing, went to his agent who introduced him to Colonel Torrens, and thro Him obtained the Duke of York's Leave and a promise that his Pay should be remitted from England the same as hitherto. All this over, He said He longed to See me, enquired much after you and every Body, but I did not dare Let Him stay as People were to dine with me. He came back in the evening; William went down to Him till I Could get Loose, and promised to endeavour to make Him set off this morning for Dover, for his good Nature had made him think of going round by Richmond.

I shall not be quite easy till I hear he is returned Safely to France. His Hair is turned quite White, and some Redness in his Face, but he Looks in Health, and is not encreased in Bulk and was in good Spirits.

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14.

I must have the pleasure of telling that my dear Edward is returned.

He and his party travelled as belonging to the King's *avant-Garde*, and had an order for Horses to be furnished five hours in advance (*bien entendu en Les Payant*). They paid their Court at each gite: Boulogne, Abbeville, Amiens, where the Prefets' House Received the Royal Family at dinner, and *Couché*. Edward was standing by M<sup>de</sup> de La Tour du Pin and the King Said: '*Madame, vous avez un Cousin germain, qui m'a bien Servi.*' When They were all at Paris, and the Chevalier went with Edward *pour faire sa Cour*, He was quite surprised

to find his nephew quite at home with all the *Courtisans*.

*Monday. 23.*

The Tichborne Family who are returned from Paris, brought a Letter from the Chevalier, who seems to think that it will be necessary for the good King to Shew Severity that order may be thoroughly replaced. It is a difficult task He has to undertake, for I think the French require a Rod of Iron—not the nobility, but the Bustling *avocats*, and *hommes de Lettres* who suppose that Resistance implies ability.

The Duc de Liancourt, after having behaved shamefully at the beginning of things and sent back his *Cordon Bleu* &c., meant to come round, but was received with the *froideur* He deserved. His Son, the Comte de la Rochefoucault, who married Mde. de Tott's Sister and has lived very quietly, was persuaded to go to the King at Compiègne, was most graciously received, and the King said to Him in going away—'*M. de la Rochefoucault, si j'avois à vous écrire, je mettrois sur l'adresse, à Mon Cousin, Le Duc d'Estissac.*' The other with great Submission answered '*Est ce que votre Majesté me Permet d'en prendre Le Titre?*'—'*Oui Certainment.*'

M<sup>de</sup> de Tott told me this Little anecdote. She says the Father has a great deal of Folly in Him, *mais c'est une Bête active*. I think it is very well said, for a fool that is quiet, merely fills up vacuum in a Room, but a *Bête active* is a dreadful thing.

To Continue my narrations. Princess Charlotte

who seems not to be in a hurry for her nuptials, was reminded a few days since by the Prince sending Her a List He had made of the Personages who should be Present; the Princess of Wales was Left out: Mademoiselle Sent The Regent back his Paper, with the Prince of Orange scratched out.

I think it is Comical.

. . . . .

30.

I am afraid by all I hear that the Poor Royal Family in France are in a very unpleasant Situation, General Money has now Called upon me, and Comes from thence. The troops of the Line and Marshals are all for *their* old Regime. There is only Bertrand who has behaved with Honor sufficient to be openly *attaché* to his deposed Master, who Himself seems at times to be deranged (but Gen. Bertrand is always equally respectful to him).

It is singular what a great Character He has from all Parties. When Bonaparte made Choice of the English Vessel to Convey Him to Elba, as soon as He was in it, He said '*Dieu merci, je suis avec des Honnêtes Gens!*' The other followed with his usual equanimity.

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*June 2.*

Mick Browne, who is now 21, arrived yesterday morning in my Room, walking a Little Lane from a wound He received at Toulouse, but in good Health and Spirits, and giving a very good description of

things. He has been two years in Lord Wellington's army, Portugal, Spain, Toulouse, and Bourdeaux. The two Latter Places He Likes much; they had Balls, and at Bourdeaux a very fine Play House. The Duke of Wellington goes Constantly to the High Mass at Toulouse and dances at the Balls.

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3<sup>rd</sup>.

The treatment of the Princess has excited almost universal disgust, and I am told she was last night received at Covent Garden with unusual applause, and '3 Hearty Cheers for an *Injured Woman*!'

The R—t is getting very unpopular again. He passed us yesterday in a very dashing style in the Park going in state with the life Guards galloping after him but not a *symptom* of applause.

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The Queen was very gracious, and recollected us, tho it was 4 years since she had seen Frances. She was *seated* on a large Crimson Velvet Chair; the Prince of Orange (who appears well looking) flirting with the Princess Charlotte. This match appears therefore to be going as well.

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II.

The exchange of money abroad is at present ruinous to the English, the Loss is 30 per cent. Ed. drew at Paris for 100<sup>L</sup> and received 70; no difference of Cheaper Living Can make up for that.

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27.

People are going off every day to France, and the Chevalier proposes Coming an excursion here. The Duchesse d'Angoulême is gone to Vichy for the waters. My Brother Henry is at Plombières, in Lorraine.

The Emperor of Russia is gone off, with an idea of the English Ladies not being very reserved. It is said that He used to be Litterally so absorbed by them taking his Hand and staring at Him, that He said He danced meerly to be a Little more out of the way, mixing with others, than standing or Sitting in the Room. This was however in the main flattering; but The Regent was greeted only by Hisses and Groans, which must have been Less welcome.

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*July 11.*

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Edward the dear has received a magnificent Present from the good King Louis 18, a most magnificent oval Goold Box with the King's Picture upon it, set round with very fine diamonds. It is supposed to be a Box of above 1000<sup>L</sup>. value.

The Comte de La Châtre brought the Parcel to Edward's house, where He was engaged to dine. Ed., supposing it was from the Chevalier, put it by in that moment; but after dinner, on Looking what it Contained, was much pleased and gratified to Perceive this very Beautiful mark of favour. A



Letter from M. de Blacas, said He had orders from his Majesty to Send the Picture for his acceptance.

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*August 29.*

Dear Edward, who always meets with odd adventures in stage Coaches, found at Shiffnal a pretty young Midshipman of 15, whose name is Sturgeon. Upon talking with Him, He found He was the Grandson of a John Sturgeon He had heard me speak of, who, near 50 years ago, married His Mistress, Lady Harriet Wentworth, Sister of the Marquis of Rockingham. She Lived with an unmarried Sister, Lady Charlotte Wentworth, (who died four years ago) they had above 30000L. each, and Lady Harriet Chose to give her share to her footman.

They were married one morning at St. Georges, Hanover Square, and immediately set off for some Province in France, where She educated her Husband, and after some years Came to Ireland, where I remember hearing of Her by an Irish officer who said they were visited by all the neighbourhood, and that Mr. Sturgeon seemed to be quite obsequious to Lady Harriet. They then returned to Rouen, and she has now been dead some years, having had three Sons. The Marquis of Rockingham's eldest Sister was Mother to the present Earl Fitzwilliam; and He having been several years without Children, the Sturgeons were the next Heirs to all the Rockingham Estate. The two Elder Sons were in the

army (one is dead), and this young Boy's Father has put him in the navy. He was all the Winter in the Basque Roads and is now going to the American Coast. Edward has had the Boy at his House, and yesterday the old footman arrived, who (Edward says) is the most fascinating, Polished, well Looking Man that Can be. He speaks French perfectly, says He has Lived in France 40 years, & attends the Swedenborgen Chapel, which He told His Grandson was the most Glorious Religion there Could be.

Will you have patience to read all this ?

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*October 18.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I feel a want of writing to you to enliven the rainy day, and to talk about this sad war in America. The Navy seems to have Cooperated with the Land army, and all the Ships have felt this affair at Baltimore. The Royal Oak had one man killed and another badly wounded; the other Ships seem to have Suffered more Considerably, and I think it must Seem awful to Poor Frederick. General Ross, who has unfortunately fell, was taken up off Bourdeaux by the Royal Oak; Frederick wrote me word of it at the time and said He had spoken to *Him*. The dispatches give Him the highest Character for Bravery and Intelligence.

What a sad Thing it is that Peace Cannot again visit the World. The French have Certainly yet a hankering after America. The Moniteurs have been

horrid about the town of Washington, pretending to Regret the Buildings &c., and Stigmatizing the English with Cruelty and hypocrisy, saying that we only pretend to have Humanity; in short I believe the Royal Family have a hard task to keep all those Regicides in order. They find the Duchess too *triste*. They Carricature the King, and seem to stand in need of the Corrector Bonaparte to keep them quiet. Poor M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand has been brought to Bed at Elba of a Boy. She has now three Boys and a Girl and I hope she will recover her Health by the climate of the South. Lord D. intended to Send his Famous Book *Tactica*, to General Bertrand, which I encouraged Him in.

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29.

The Scandalous Business in Scotland Could not be forseen. Sir Henry Mildmay married the eldest Miss Bouverie, niece to Lord Arundell—a Beautiful Girl. She died a year after of her first Child who is Living. Lord Roseberry marries the second Miss Bouverie: they have four Children and she is gone off, with her Brother in Law, Sir Henry Mildmay, who Cannot marry Her. Mr. Bouverie is in the greatest affliction. Lady Mildmay was his most favourite Child, and now the dishonour of Lady Roseberry by his first Son in Law, is very disastrous.

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The early part of 1815 finds Edward Jerningham once more in Paris, and evidently in high favour among French 'royalties.'

*Monday, January 9. 1815.*

Edward's letter is dated 2. January. He had been the day before to Court, with the Duke of Wellington. The King enquired for Madam Edward, and said: 'J'ai appris qu'elle a fait une fausse couche.' The Duchesse d'Angoulême said, before the Ambassador could name him: 'Eh, c'est Edward Jerningham.' In fine it all went off as it *should do*.

He afterwards dined with M. de Blacas, in Company with the Duke and Duchess of Wellington and 18 *Couverts*. He finds the French Law more intricate than that here; but Mr. de Blacas, who is all powerful, has promised to Recommend the Business. Cary was gone to Normandy to Look at the Convent.

Marshal Macdonald's Daughters have been brought up at the Austin Nuns; the two eldest are married, and the third, 11 years old, is now at the Convent, so He writes word to Lady Lucy Stuart. Poor Mde. Bertrand is rather ennuiée at Elba; she writes so to her Mother at Paris but I think the Climate will be good for her.

M. de Blacas (Casimir, Duc de Blacas d'Aulps) had attached himself during his exile to the Comte de Provence, who, on his restoration to the throne, made him Secretary of State and sent him as Ambassador to Naples, there to negotiate the marriage of the Duc de Berry with the daughter of the Royal Prince. To M. de Blacas is due the creation of the Egyptian museum in the Louvre.

Madame Bertrand was not destined to remain much longer *ennuyée* in Elba. On March 1, as everyone knows, Napoleon effected his landing at Cannes; on the 19th he entered Paris, and the Royalist party found itself once more in flight—much to Edward's misery.

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[ March 13.

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I hope by the accounts in the Paper that Bonaparte will not be able to do mischief. General Bertrand is not said to be with him and I hope He will take this opportunity of Leaving Him to the Folly of his Destiny.

There is a report that Ld. Castlereagh and S<sup>r</sup> F. Burdett have fought, the speeches in the House were very violent and seemed to threaten evil.

20.

. . . . .

Edward has been in Misery as you may Suppose at all these sad accounts from Paris, however the news is now much better. Bonaparte was stopped at Lyons, and the Marshalls appear to have rallied in Earnest round the good King. I think his Speech to them most excellent, but I am very sorry to perceive Gen. Bertrand's name under Bonaparte's to a Manifesto He has published.

The Duchess of Orléans and her young children are at Dover, she chose to wait there for Couriers. Mde. de Blacas who is near being Confined is Come on to London, and is at Morin's Hotel, near Manchester Square.

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The news from France is not quite satisfactory, but yet I hope Cause of Royalty is alive. The Poor King is resolved to stand his ground, But Government has had the precaution to send Passes for his use, if unfortunately they should be necessary.

Wm. has been uneasy about his Children, but they are so near the Coast that I should hope they are safe. Lord P. thinks Mr. Wright not well, which I am very sorry to hear; that is He says he grows thinner.

I have seen Capt<sup>n</sup> Stuart; He thinks the Captain Frederick dislikes may be Captain Pearce, who is a strict Disciplinarian, but He says I need not be uneasy. I however am rather so.

This is so fine a day, that every Body is walking about. Edward is very uneasy for peace, which is natural He should as they have there known the value of his Character. How sad it is that my poor Brother Arthur's daughters must be, one or the other, victims of the present struggle.

Adieu my dear, this is too bad to be thus fatiguing you. My Love to all with you, and always Your Aff. Mother.

I hope that Fanny's eyes are quite restored to their primitive State.

The two daughters of Arthur Dillon, Lady Jerningham's French brother, were, it will be remembered, married one to Comte de la Tour du Pin, a Royalist, of course, and the other to General Bertrand, the stanch follower of the Emperor. In the political world, what was an ill wind for one naturally blew good to the other.

27.

All is here, my dear, as you may well Conceive, Sorrow and Dismay. Bonaparte is possessed of an evil genius that makes Him tower in enormity over the age He lives in. It is now Supposed that all Europe have been taken in; that when He Left France, his Return there was settled with his adherents; that the Marshals were to hover about the King, yet be ready at the first Call of their former Leader; that the allies would give up to Louis 18 the Prisoners, and not exact the Contributions from France they did of Him; but that, when all was settled and the Cossacks and Russians gone, He would return and take back the place He quitted.

I am uneasy for the Poor Royal Family, for it is impossible to Suppose the Good King and his small Handful of armed Men Can hold out against this dreadful adversary when He comes in Earnest to the frontier. The Duc de Feltre (Clarke) appears yet to be Honest, and has been over on a message to the Regent. Macdonald, Marmont and Berthier are with the King at Lille; all the others are openly Traytors.

All the Emigrés are returning, they are ordered away from Paris, and I hear that those who had the *Secours* before, will have them again. Mde. Pouché and her Daughter are arrived, and have announced Mde. de Lupé.

The Duchess of Orleans (daughter of the Late King of Naples) was yesterday in the French Chapel at Mass. Miss Macdonald, who was there, says she is very tall and very slender but not handsome; the



Lady with her is Madame de Verac—I suppose Madame de Vingtimille's daughter, who, when Her Sister married the Prince Vingtimille (whose estates were in Sicily) went there with Her Mother, my old friend, and became attached to the Princess. However, the Duchess and Mde. de Verac behaved in the Chapel like Pious Catholicks: one of the Gentlemen attendants also; but the maintien of the other was so very unlike what is usual here that it gave great disedification. I have not heard the names of the gentlemen; there are three, one is the Household Physician.

The Abbess of Heath and Mde. St Basile who have been six months at Paris, at the Austins, soliciting an emplacement for their Convent. Left Paris the 14. and went off this morning for Heath. They saw the Princesse Louise the day before their departure: she was distressed how to determine upon any thing, but then there were great hopes of preventing this dreadful man's arrival at Paris. He is really, as Mde. de Stael Characterised Him, *Robespierre à Cheval*, and there is reason to fear He will act that Part. I should suppose Mde. de la Tour du Pin, will have flown to Vienna, her situation is very unpleasant, for I suppose La Tour du Pin was in Earnest, tho' I begin to mistrust all the Continent.

*April 4th.*

The Duke of FitzJames has sent his two Sons over with his Brother the *Commandeur* to be put to

an English College ; the eldest is twelve years old, a most noble looking Boy—something of la Touche mixed with the Stuarts ; the second is ten, I have not yet seen Him.

The Duke has written to Edward a Charming letter to Recommend them, hoping that they may be put where they can Learn their duty to God and a Lawful Government. He is with Monsieur at Ypres. The Abbé Chaumont is also returned. He takes the whole of this in a Religious Light and is not surprised at what has happened. He says '*Nous ne sommes pas encore assez châtiés,*' and holds that all Ranks in France are Culpable, including the nobles ; that perhaps this Second Scourge may be Beneficial, that the Royal Family were exemplary, but blinded to the disposition of all around them, who, some from want of talent, and others from treachery, were as Conspirators against order.

It is, however, a most fatal event—A very interesting *Grand Vicaire* of Notre Dame is arrived, the abbé Darteros. He is nephew to *Portalis*, the *avocat* who made the first Eloquent Panegyric on Religion when he had prevailed on Bonaparte to declare the Catholick Faith that of the Country. This little Abbé was afterwards put by Bonaparte to Vincennes for not agreeing to his second marriage, and only came out when the King returned.

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II.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I am quite sorry about Lord Petre's ill health, indeed much alarmed at the account you have sent.

His poor mother ! His future Dear Wife ! In short every Connexion are involved in the distress it would occasion. I think that Mr. Hay or Dr. Barlow should write to Dr. Bain, 10 Curzon Street. He attended Him in London and Lord P. has the utmost confidence in him, from his knowing his Constitution, and prescribing always happily for Him. He did not approve of his having been Bled before at Bath, and gave Him poppey mixtures to quiet Him. I have heard that it is supposed by some of the Petre Connexion, that Bleeding is fatal in the P. Family.

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The Lord Petre in question was William Henry Francis, eleventh Baron, who had succeeded to his father in 1809. The bleeding in his case did not prove fatal, for in the month of June, this same year, he married Lady Bedingfeld's daughter Frances.

Who 'D. L. C.' was (this being the signature to the following letter) does not clearly appear. There can be no doubt, however, that she was one of the *émigrés* with whom the Jerninghams and the Bedingfelds had had of late years such constant intercourse ; possibly Madame de Châtillon herself. Her letter has some interest as showing the absolute *désarroi* in which the sudden reappearance of Napoleon had thrown the Royalist party in France.

BRUXELLES,

le 12 Avril.

J'espère, ma chère Charlotte, que je suis suffisamment justifiée par les Evénemens qui nous ont chassées de France une troisième fois pour que

vous ne m'en veuillez pas de ne pas avoir fait votre Commission, ni de vous avoir répondu si tard.

Je reçus votre lettre deux ou trois Jours après que nous sumes ce misérable à Lyons et s'avançant à grandes marches sur Paris. Rien ne peut vous donner une idée du désespoir et de l'horreur de cette dernière semaine. Le roi partira t'il ou restera t'il ? La fortune, l'existence, le bonheur et la Vie de tant de personnes étoient compromises dans la solution de ces deux questions, que rien n'égale l'ardeur et l'impatience avec lesquels on vouloit en être certain. Ensuite, pour les têtes plus froides et je me flatte que la mienne en étoit une, tout intérêt particulier se perdoit dans l'immensité de l'intérêt public ; et la vue de tant de fautes Commises, de tant de Confiance accordée là où elle auroit du être refusée et refusée à ceux qui en auroient été dignes, me mettoit la mort dans l'âme. Enfin est arrivé le moment décisif, et, le roi partant, je n'ai pu ni voulu rester à Paris.

Je suis venue ici sans obstacle avec ma seconde fille, Cécile, et mon petit Aymar. J'y ai été huit longs Jours avant d'y avoir des nouvelles de mon fils qui étoit parti avec le roi. Je savois trop bien son opinion pour douter qu'il ne fut avec lui Jusqu'au dernier soupir ; mais tant d'évènemens avoient pu arriver que j'en ai eu les plus mortelles inquiétudes. Enfin il est retrouvé ! Il est à Gand avec le roi, disposé à faire tout ce qu'on voudra lui Commander, et à le bien faire, car dans ce moment d'épreuve, il s'est montré aussi noble, aussi fort, aussi homme, que pouvoit le désirer ma tendresse maternelle.

Je suis sure qu'Edward, qui l'aime, sera bien aise de savoir qu'il s'est si bien Conduit : ils ont eu ensemble, cet hiver, quelque conversation qui étoient comme le pressentiment de tout ce qui est arrivé.

Mais je n'étois encore qu'au Commencement de ma triste histoire, Car, au bout de huit jours que J'étois ici, J'ai vu arriver un matin, toute seule avec sa femme de chambre et un domestique, Charlotte qui venoit de Vienne où vous savez qu'elle a passé avec Son père et son mari tout le tems du Congrès. Elle m'a appris que tous les deux étoient partis pour le midi de la france, mon mari chargé par le Congrès d'y faire connoitre les dispositions hostiles des Puissances. Nous n'avons de leurs nouvelles que de Milan, mais je calcule qu'il n'auront pu pénétrer en France et qu'ils auront su en arrivant a Turin le malheur de M<sup>r</sup> le d<sup>c</sup> d'Angoulême, qui nous a jettés ici dans la plus grande tristesse.

D. L. C.

The misfortune to which 'D. L. C.' refers as having befallen the Duc d'Angoulême was that of being taken prisoner when he attempted to oppose Napoleon's triumphal march towards Paris. He was incarcerated for a while at Pont St. Esprit, but generously released by the Emperor.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

LONDON,  
May 20.

I am most happy, My Dear, in the idea of Seeing You on tuesday. Lord Petre and his brother have

now called, and tho visibly under some Langour from this periodical disorder which gave Him a bad night, yet He mentioned with Pleasure having heard from you, and that you would Leave Bath on Monday.

The Physicians urge his wedding as the means of quieting his mind, which is always in a ferment from the possibility that the delaying Circumstances might give a Suspicion of His proving to be every thing He is not. In a word, I hope that all in future will be Sunshine and that He will entirely get the Better of this troublesome disorder. The attack of Last Night was not so violent as that of Sunday, but yet He was visibly depressed by it, tho endeavouring from good Humour to put it off. The Brothers Came in a Curricie. The Military Man Looks very well, is fair, and more Like His Father, but better fashioned and Stouter. He is going almost immediately to join his Regiment and embark for Flanders. He has seen a good deal of Service in America and has been in the same neighbourhood as Frederick, but did not know any of the Midshipmen belonging to the Royal Oak. Captain Crofton, who is here, had the command of the R. Oak for some time, and mentioned Frederick to his Mother with great Regard; said He was very active, and very good natured. I mentioned, I think, having had a letter from Frederick of the 9. March, off Mobil, where He seems to be in very good spirits; he expects to be in England in June. Poor Miss Macdonnel had been out of order with Rheumatism, and worry of Mind at fixing her destination for america.

M. de Bouzolz is *rajeuni* in Constitution, but Looks older *de fait*. He is resigned to his Exile. M<sup>rs</sup> H. and her daughters are here, the girls Looking smart and well, and thro M<sup>rs</sup> Hills société getting into Company that may be useful to them. Last Night they visited with Ed., the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who sees Company every evening from seven till nine. I shall go to see Her when you are Here. The dutchess enquired of M<sup>rs</sup> D. if I was returned to London ; when she heard that I had, the day before, Son Altesse said :—‘ Le mariage est donc fait ? ’—‘ Madame il se fera dans peu de jours. La santé de Lord Petre est meilleure.’

Lady Frederick Beauclerk has a girl, and is Recovering. Her Mother went to Her in Hertfordshire. Matilda is well and going this evening to the Chapel. She is a very good Girl, as you know. We did not get to London on wednesday till five o'clock, so she Could not well have written sooner. Pray resume the history of young Wingham, but do not Let him replace quiet Glydden, for wild Madness is worse than mild Stupidity. Adieu my Dear, my love to all with you, and believe me to be always your most affectionate mother.

I fancy that Lord P. <sup>the</sup> will wish to have very few People invited to the Nuptial Ceremony. The fixing the day Can only be 24 hours before, from the very uncertain state of his Health. No one here has heard of Mr. Trant's match ; I begin to doubt the information. He is in London, and his Place of residence, as usual, unknown.



June 23.

What a melancholy Victory, we have gained by the Loss of so many Considerable officers! General Picton is said to have been equal to the Duke of Wellington. The poor Brave Duke of Brunswick is gone. Lord Uxbridge is reported to day to be dead, he had lost a Leg. Lord Carlisle's Son, Frederick Howard, who married two years since Miss Lambton, Grandaughter to Lady Jersey; in short as you will See in the Paper, it is innumerable to tell how many have fallen.

Emily is pretty well, but *Shocked* about that poor La Roche Jacquelein who is however gone to a Better World, one may Surmise by the preparation He made for his expedition, going to the Sacraments and in habitual habits of Piety.

The victory, it need hardly be said, was that of Waterloo, the news of which had spread in London four days before the date of this letter.

July 5.

The Continental news is good. The Duke of Wellington will again place Louis 18 on his throne, and then the Duchess sets off for Bourdeaux. Those horrid Republicans ought to be Banished for ever from the Kingdom, if not from the World.

Mr. Frederick Howard's Widow, (Miss Lambton) has been in a stupefied State ever since she heard of the death of Her Husband, who was killed at Waterloo.

A note has been added to this passage by Lady Bedingfeld :

'She afterwards married Mr. Cavendish, and I often saw her in 1835 at Windsor, with two pleasing grown-up daughters, a little one and three boys. Still very pretty herself.'

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8.

. . . . .

The Political News is great but the orthodox French Nobility dare not yet give way to exultation. Of this nevertheless we Cannot doubt, viz. that the Duke of Wellington and Blucher will make a splendid Page in History. The Duchess is setting off for Bourdeaux.

That unhappy Mr. Whitbread gave the Last of his Franks to me that day before He died at five oclock. I applied to Antony to get me a frank, for a Letter of Fred's to a navy Cap<sup>tn</sup>. He went in Dover Street to Mr. Whitbread's Servant, who brought it at five oclock. This made me feel more Shocked the morning after when I heard of His death, which was first said to have been appoplexy. He is regretted as a good-Natured Private Character, and a man of ability, and of intended Honesty ; but his mind was Latterly Bewildered, so as to have been perceived by his intimate friends.

. . . . .

'The Duchess' is the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who was once more on a visit to England, and whose courage and energy in

working for the Royal cause, during the period of the Hundred Days, had elicited from Napoleon the remark that she was *the one man in her family*.

18.

The poor King has been strangely Led, and the triumph of the Bad over the Loyal remains of the Nobility is very distressing. Ed. is in the most anxious discouragement, more so than any of the Natives. The Abbé Chaumont says : '*Que la volonté de Dieu s'accomplisse, nous sommes encore bien Méchants !*' The Duchess is still here and will not go to Bordeaux.

22.

Edward is at Stafford and He writes me word that the Picture of Louis 18 (which He has framed and put up in the Parlour to accompany the fleurs de Lys) is to be taken down immediately if Carnot is Minister. I do not find that He is so publickly ; but I am afraid France is in a sad State. As many Parties as individuals, and a total abhorrence of the ties of Religion and Morality. But what Say you to Bonaparte being *en Personne* on Board an English Ship and, we suppose, Coming to England. It will be difficult to know what to do with Him.

I hear the Lord Kenmare's Brother Mich. is at Brussels, very Sadly wounded in Both Legs, and feared to be in a dangerous State. Those three

Brownes are Said to be uncommonly Brave: They might have grown into Wellingtons.

. . . . .

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A letter from Madame de la Tour du Pin at Brussels, addressed to Lady Bedingfeld at Bath, gives a graphic description (which in some ways recalls the Waterloo episodes of 'Vanity Fair') of the state of affairs in the town after the battle.

'Le pauvre jeune Browne' was the same 'Lord Kenmare's brother Mich,' to whom Lady Jerningham alludes in the preceding extract.

BRUXELLES,

*July 22.*

MA CHÈRE COUSINE,

Je recois à l'instant votre chère et Bonne lettre qui m'a fait le plus grand plaisir. Et je ne l'avois pas attendu pour donner tous mes soins au pauvre jeune Browne qui a bien des raisons pour m'interessier.

. . . . .

Il n'y a que quelques jours que je l'ai pu découvrir, dans un mauvais logement près de la rivière, ou du ruisseau bourbeux qui portâ ce nom. Il est maintenant aussi bien logé que possible, au Parc, chez des personnes de ma connoissances intimes, le Marquis d'Asche et sa femme. . . . Il aura tous les soins qu'il pourroit avoir dans sa propre famille: mais je dois vous avouer qu'il est cruellement blessé; il a la cuisse cassée d'une balle, très haut, aux deux tiers plus près de la hanche que du genouil, et la jambe du même côté aussi Cassée d'un coup de feu au milieu du mollet. Il a souffert extrêmement, et comme







*Henrietta Dillon.*  
*Comtesse de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet.*  
*1798.*

London. Sell. J. Bentley & Son 1896





il a les nerfs fort sensible, il est à Craindre que le suppuration qui s'Etablit fortement ne lui cause une fièvre nerveuse; je ne suis pas Contente de la vivacité de ses yeux, et de ce qu'il a des couleurs, tandis qu'il devrait etre Pâle. Je voudrois qu'il eut une Soeur Noire pour le Soigner, mais il ne s'en soucie pas, et dit qu'on se moqueroit de lui.

Jamais je ne pourrois vous peindre l'horreur du spectacle qui j'ai eu sous les yeux pendant deux jours. La bataille du seize commença vers midi, et nous entendions la cannonade et même la mousqueterie comme si c'eut été à un quart de lieue. Toute la population étoit sur les ramparts du haut de la ville, prêtant l'oreille avec un Curiosité et un Effroi qui faisoit frémir à voir: vers le soir les blessés commencèrent à arriver, mais c'étoit la chose la plus horrible que j'ay vu de ma vie. Tous le lendemain. 17. il ne cessa d'en arriver par Charriots et le 18, on recommença d'entendre ce terrible canon qui, bien que victorieux, nous envoyoit encore des milliers de victimes. Tout a Coup, on dit: *voilà les François*. A ce cri toutes les portes, fenêtres, boutiques se fermèrent: cette allarme causée par un régiment à cheval hollandois, fut le pire de nos maux. Ces malheureux traversèrent toute la ville au grand galop, se tenant aux crins, et frappant leurs chevaux les uns aux autres avec leurs sabres nuds, et faisant galloper de même des chariots de blessés et de bagage. Toute leur route étoit hérissée de males, de portemanteaux, de bonnets, de manteaux. Ils imprimoient la terreur à tout ce qu'ils recontroient, et les malheureux blessés de la veille se faisoient emporter sur la route

d'Anvers sur des chaises, des matelats, des chevaux. C'étoit la fin du monde ! Jamais rien ne pourra vous donner une idée d'une ville de 70,000 personnes saisie d'une terreur panique et voulant s'enfuir toute entière. Cette allarme que deux minutes avoit suffi pour causer, fut plusieurs heures à s'apaiser, et lorsque la nouvelle que la bataille étoit gagnée arrivat, on ne le vouloit pas Croire.

. . . . .

J'aurois bien mieux aimé rester ici qu'aller à Paris ou tant de choses me feront de la peine à *voir et à entendre*. Hélas, ma chère Charlotte ! je crois la pauvre France perdue à Jamais, et je ne crois pas qu'on la sauve par la route qu'on a prise. Monsieur de L. T. du P. est plus admirable que jamais. Au milieu de ces discordes il conserve encore sa manière de voir avec une pénétration, une force, et une justesse, qui augmente à chaque moment mon estime pour son Caractère. Mon fils est heureusement dans les mêmes sentiments que son Père. Il a été à Gand avec le Roi et en est revenu avec lui, mais si la fidélité ne devient pas *un tort* elle n'est pas un *titre*, soyez en sure, ma chère Charlotte.

Le *nec plus ultra* de mon ambition seroit que Monsieur de la T. d. P. fut Ambassadeur en Angleterre. Je ne desespère pas entièrement que cela puisse être ; je le préférerois beaucoup à aller à Vienne, à cause de vous et de ma famille, mais je vous assure que les calculs de l'ambition sont bien hors de propos maintenant, et avant de savoir s'il y aura des ambassadeurs, il faut savoir s'il y aura un pays à représenter.

Monsieur de L. T. du P. va présider le Collège Electoral à Amiens et c'est pour cela qu'il me demande à Paris : je n'ai aucun plaisir à y aller, et je ne me promets que celui de revoir *notre* cher et admirable Duc de Wellington que je n'ai pas vu depuis la veille de la bataille. Mon mari a passé une heure avec lui le lendemain, et le duc lui disoit : qu'il avoit acheté la gloire d'avoir sauvé la France par trop cher, qu'elle lui coutoit tous ceux qu'il aimoit, ceux qui avoient les secrets de son âme, et qu'il ne vouloit plus de renommée à ce prix. Combien on aime cette bonté dans un si grand homme !

. . . . .

Je conçois bien que vous admiriez la conduite de Bertrand, et je l'admirerois comme vous si je ne savois que le duc de Fitzjames avoit été chargé par lui de remettre au Roi une lettre par laquelle il lui juroit de ne jamais prêter la main à aucune entreprise de Bon. contre la France :—cela change complètement la chose et le jugement que mérite sa conduite.

The letter alleged to have been confided by Bertrand to the Duc de Fitzjames for delivery to Louis XVIII. may (if this fact be true) explain to a certain extent his condemnation to death *par contumace* during the Royalist reaction of 1816. The allegation is, however, in all probability false and malicious ; there is nothing in the whole known record of Bertrand's life, either before or after the fall of his leader, to justify the accusation of vacillating faith, trimming or double dealing, in any shape or form.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*July 29.*

On Wednesday evening Frederick arrived again from Portsmouth with a fortnight's leave. He had Saluted the Duchess d'Angoulême from the Admiral's Ship *Prince*, on Monday. She Passed in a Boat with her veil down, the old Duchess de Serrant and Mde de Damas with Her, and Gentlemen. On getting in to her Frigate, which was out at Sea, a Second volley was fired and I hear to-day by Madame de Narbonne that they had a good Passage to Dieppe.

This little Pious Duchess has ambition Blended in her Composition. The Poor King, who is half distracted with various feelings, said to Her at Ghent expressing His difficulties '*Je suis Roi, je suis Le Père de mes Sujets, mais je ne puis oublier que j'étois Frère.*' Alluding to Fouché's being Pressed upon Him as the only Resource (tho a Regicide) She answered '*Sire, il faut être Roi.*' This was Mde de Luppé's History, and she said: *C'est Superbe.* I Could not help replying: *C'est Romain!* But I own it appears to me too much to receive even good from one who voted Good Louis Seize's death, which Fouché did, tho at first it was reported He had voted *Banissement*. The end will be Fouché and Talleyrand Destroying one another.

What a Singular Prince Capt<sup>n</sup> Maitland has on Board at Torbay! Poor M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand and her three Children (who are said to be Beautiful)! She

is reckoned particularly agreeable. The Papers have at Last got hold in part of who she *was*, and they Celebrate her Pleasing manner and affability. It would have been singular if Frederick had been on Board the Bellerophon. He has explained exactly to me the Position of Bonaparte at Rochefort. He knows the Sea there and all the Coast, from having been the whole Winter in the Basque Roads, and shows it exactly on the map. It was impossible for Bonaparte to Escape.

. . . . .

Frederick Dillon, son of the unlucky Colonel Henry Dillon, had been, it will be remembered, adopted by his aunt, Lady Jerningham.

*August 3.*

. . . . .

M<sup>de</sup> de La Tour de Pin, and my poor Niece Bertrand, are Like the disappearing figures of a weather glass. M<sup>de</sup> de La Tour de Pin is again got to fine, and the other poor Thing retiring to S<sup>t</sup> Helenas ! There was a talk of Dunbarton Castle, but I am afraid S<sup>t</sup> Helena is the Place, and yet it is Certainly a more exposed Place for Bonaparte to use His Witchcraft from than a Castle in Scotland.

. . . . .

7.

You will have seen in the Paper about poor M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand. It was, I suppose, from the agony she was in at knowing her Husband was to be given up ; and indeed I think it very hard that He should, as all think He is the most Honest of any of the French.

Indeed when Fouché, the Regicide, is the Minister of Louis 18, Honesty may be of no avail.

I feel a Compassion of Buonaparte. He was seen several times walking with Little Bertrand on the ship. M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand will I fear go out of her Senses. They all thought to find a secure Haven in England, and I do think that having been brought to the Coast, they ought only to be ordered from Landing, but not Carried to Destruction.

Paris is I am afraid in a distracted state. The Combined armies are a great Burthen to the inhabitants, but it is feared their retreat will be the signal for open rebellion. There are few there who have Buonaparte's Talents, if any, but many will Surpass Him in evil deeds.

18.

Lord Dillon has had a Letter from General Bertrand, and His poor Wife. I have taken a Copy of it, and I Can perceive the *ancien Régime* of Civility has given way to a Plain sort of diction. But I prefer the old Style.

À BORD DU BELLÉROPHON.

Ce 7. août, 1815.

MY LORD.

J'espérai vous écrire dans des Circonstances plus heureuses ; mais je ne veux pas partir pour S<sup>te</sup> Helène sans vous Remercier des témoignages d'estime et d'intérêt que vous m'avez donnés dans deux Lettres que vous avez écrit à ma Femme, à L'isle d'Elbe et ici.



Je me félicitais d'être allié à votre Famille ;—j'espérais faire votre Connoissance ; mais ce moment est encore éloigné. J'ai le projet de revenir en Angleterre L'année prochaine, j'écris à L'admiral Keith pour m'obtenir Les autorisations necesaires et je vous prie de vouloir bien Seconder La demande qu'il fera à ce Sujet.

En attendant que je puisse me rapprocher de vous. veuillez, My lord, présenter mes Respects à Lady Jerningham, à Lady Bedingfeld, et à tous Les vôtres, Ma Femme et Les Enfans se portent Bien. Nous attendons impatiemment des nouvelles de Madame Dillon. Peut-être vous seroit-il facile de nous faire parvenir des nouvelles de ma Famille ; dans ce Cas je Le recommande à votre obligeance. J'ai été pénétré, My Lord, de tout ce que vous avez bien voulu écrire à ma Femme ; veuillez en recevoir mes remercimens et Les Sentimens d'estime et de haute Considérations avec Lesquels j'ai L'honneur d'être votre très humble et très obéissant Serviteur.

LE COMTE BERTRAND.

Je vous prie de me rappeler au Souvenir de Lady Webb, et de la prier de remettre l'incluse à mon oncle, qui a L'honneur de La Connoître.

[Enclosure.]

À BORD DU BELLÉROPHON,  
Ce 7 aout, 1815.

MON CHER COUSIN.

Nous Partons pour St Hélène. Nous y passerons un an ; ensuite Je reviendrai en Angleterre

avec mon Mari et mes trois Enfans. Je vous remercie de toute votre amitié, je suis bien malheureuse! La plus malheureuse des Femmes! Donnez de vos nouvelles à Lady Webb, et écrivez-moi quelques fois dans ma Prison. Donnez-moi des nouvelles de ma pauvre mère. Presentez mes Respect à ma Tante Jerningham, et amitiés à toute ma famille. Le Général vous remercie un million de fois de votre amabilité pour Lui, il Sera bien heureux de vous Connoitre, dans un an. Mille tendres amitiés à Lady Dillon. Adieu, mon Cher Cousin, votre affectionnée Cousine pour La vie

F. BERTRAND.

Je vous prie d'envoyer à St<sup>e</sup> Helene pour Le General Montholon un Piano avec La Clef, et un peu de musique, des Chansons françoises, et des airs Italiens pour une voix de Femme, mezzo soprano.

. . . . .

*September 18.*

Edward is dreadfully disturbed about the Poor French King. It is Certainly inconceivable that He should have for ministers a fallen Bishop, a Regicide Père de L'Oratoire, and the abbé Louis, who is selling the remaining Church Lands. I really think that Bousolz, when he chooses to be reasonable, has extreme good Sense and Sees all with a just discernment. The admiral Linois is taken Prisoner and to be sent to France for the Duke of Wellington to pronounce his destiny.

. . . . .

The Comte Durand de Linois had been taken prisoner by Admiral Warren, and only liberated in 1814. Louis XVIII. made him Governor of Guadeloupe, but revoked his appointment within the year.

21.

Edward is very Busy writing Fouché's Life, which He Compiles from the Revolutionary Plutarch, old Magazines and Papers of the Last 20 years; and it Certainly Contains most horrid details of Cruelty. I want no further demonstration against Him than His voting the death of Good Louis 16. Poor France is really in a most sad State and good People Should return There, that *five* just men may be found in the City.

December 21.

Marshal Ney died most Religiously. He had of Himself sent for the Curé de St Sulpice before his Condemnation, and at his Confession shed tears. The Curé had Carried Him a *Journée du Chrétien*, which He accepted of, saying that He knew the Book, having received a very Religious Education. La Valette's Fate is not decided; but it is expected the sentence will be softened. His Wife, M<sup>elle</sup> de Beauharnais, is a Beautiful Young Woman. She went in desolation to the Abbé Carron.

How very Sad that there is *not one* Priest at Ste Helena.

*Christmas Day.*

Marshal Ney's End has been edifying. A Letter from Paris says: 'Espérons que La Mort si Chrétienne de Ney Contribuera à rappeler à des Sentimens Religieux ceux qui ne peuvent imaginer que La Gloire et La Pieté se rallient ensemble. Le Curé de St Sulpice a dit à M<sup>de</sup> de Saisseval que la confession du Maréchal fût accompagnée d'un torrent de Larmes et que tout Le tems que Le Curé Lui parla de Dieu, il ne Cessa de Lui Baiser Les mains en Les Baignant de ses Pleurs; Sa Confession finie, Le Curé Lui proposa une journée Chrétienne et une imitation de Jésus. 'Non,' répondit Le Maréchal, 'je préfère me recueillir en moi même; je sais mes Prières. J'ai été élevé très Chrétieusement.'

Madame de La Vallette who is, it Seems, a Beautiful Woman, has delivered her Husband, as Lady Nithsdale formerly did hers from the Tower. Paris goes on being very disagreeable.

. . . . .

The escape of the Comte de Lavalette recalls indeed that of the Jacobite lord after 'the '15.'

Marie Chamans Lavalette had served with Napoleon in Egypt and in Germany, had been created Comte de l'Empire, and became allied to the Imperial Family by his marriage with a Demoiselle de Beauharnais, a niece of the Empress. In 1814 he was Directeur des Postes, and in that capacity was no doubt actively instrumental in furthering the Emperor's return. For this crime, after the Hundred Days, he was condemned to death. On the night before the morning fixed for his execution, Madame de Lavalette obtained leave to dine with her husband; she managed to exchange clothes with him. He thus escaped from the prison, and was smuggled out of France by the help

of three Englishmen, a Mr. Bruce and two officers of the army of occupation : Captain Hutchinson and General Sir Robert Wilson.

Incredible as it may seem, the King's Government had *le triste courage* to retain Madame de Lavalette a prisoner in the place of her husband. She was, it is true, ultimately liberated ; but she had meanwhile lost her reason through the terrors and the grief suffered in her uncertainty concerning the fate of her husband.

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The tail end of a letter from Henry Bedingfeld to his mother contains a curious snippet of society gossip.

STONY HURST.

. . . . .

I hear that the Prince of Wales has been this way, on his road to Scotland to take possession of some noted lord's estate which he had won from him by gambling—I cannot answer for the truth of the report. Give my duty to Papa and love to my Brothers and Sisters ; the boys are running out to play foot Ball and I am just asked to join the party, but, though I am going to play, you my dear Mama will still remain in my thoughts. Accept this from your dutiful and affectionate Son

HEN. BEDINGFELD.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*Friday, March 22. 1816.*

SYDNEY PLACE, BATH.

. . . . .

The French Commissioner for St Helena. The Marquis de Monte is in London, and dined with us

a few days ago. I wished to See Him on account of M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand, whom I wished to write to. He is a tall, well Looking, elderly Man. He knew my poor brother Arthur and all the *ancien régime*. I wonder He has the Courage to go to St Helena, but He says:—‘*On m’a doré La Pillule.*’

Mr. Jones is returned from Paris, Looking most dreadfully, and says He was ill the whole time He was there.—I was glad to See that Admiral Linois, was declared to be void of Guilt.

. . . . .

30.

. . . . .

Princess Charlotte is to be married on Tuesday or Wednesday, and I suppose many plans of amusement are expected. Poor Fanchon has never Led so retired a Life; indeed in this moment She Could not do otherwise, But I do not think she is in any danger of Suffering from dissipation. Lady Anson has had another Child, and is recovered.

James II.’s Queen writes from St Germaines to my Bisayeule, Lady Litchfield, who had in all 17 Children: ‘I hope you have not had your disease again. Pray Let me know how often you have had it since I saw you!’

. . . . .

May 28.

I Could hardly Suffice for the many *really* kind enquirys that were made Last Night after you, for I found my self positively *dans Le grand Monde*, at

Lady Clifford's. The invitation said a small early Party, but the two Rooms were filled with Catholics; the only Protestant, Mr. Elliot, and a half one, Miss Seymour, who was walking about with Lady Dorothy Eyre and talking a great deal with Lord Kinnaird.

The Prince, from her infancy, promised her a fortune. She is a tall, handsome, pleasing young Woman, and this would be so proper a match that I think it may Come about—All the Petre Family, except poor Fan and her Lord, were there; but she is to go this evening to the Lady Paget's Ball, and it was feared that two Nights running would be too much—which might be the Case as She yet Looks Pale and as Having undergone fatigue. The two Lady Paget's give the Ball with the assistance of their aunt, Lady Galloway (alias Lady Jane Paget). Lord and Lady Anglesea go out of town as She Cannot appear. What a sad Medley!

. . . . .

It is reported that the Duke of Devonshire Proposed Himself at Paris to Lady Hunloke; that she desired some delay might ensue first; and the Public Pretend that He is now going to renew his Suit. She has, it Seems, two Girls who are gone to the Austins. If this dos take Place I dare say that her Cousin, M<sup>de</sup> de Martainville, *n'y aura pas nui*, for She is Clever at those arrangements. This would be proper and Legal. M<sup>de</sup> de Boyenes was to arrive yesterday, so Lady Stanley informed me, who was Looking quite handsome and Composed on a Sopha.



Edward Dillon is named minister at Dresden. He Leaves Monsieur's Garde Robe for it.

. . . . .

July 8.

We dined on the Friday at Fitzwalter, 12 People, a magnificent Fish dinner. The Blounts of Maple Durham were staying in the House; and a Major Macdonald and his Son, a boy of 14, who had been at Williams the day before, Came from Warley where He is the Commanding officer. An avowed Jacobite. He says that *the Prince* Came first to His Grandfathers House on Landing, and went from it on Leaving Scotland.

. . . . .

13.

M<sup>de</sup> de Sourches is in England for the first time, and is in admiration at the gaiety and happiness that appears on all Countenances, that all appear to enjoy a Luxuriance of Health, Riches, and spirits. I told Her we were often accused of being dismal and *apathique* but she says the Contrary strikes Her.

. . . . .

I hear from Paris, that the Duchess de Berri, is the delight of the moment. The Duke, *en est enchanté*, which is a good thing, and the Duchess d'Angoulême *La fait valoir*.

. . . . .

17.

The Duke of FitzJames, who Came to London on Sunday evening, and to Bolton Row on Monday

Morning, hearing I was in possession of His Sons, tells me that Edward is quite well, and *que Les Princes en font beacoup de Cas*—D<sup>r</sup> Cullen's brought the young FitzJames at my request on Sunday, and the interview between them and their Father on Monday was very interesting.

. . . . .

*August 1.*

The Duke of FitzJames has several times enquired if I have said to you and Sir Richard how well he Remembers all the Kindness with which He was treated at Oxburgh. He has been much noticed *now* by His Relations, has dined several times at the Duke of Grafton's and is invited to go to Euston, but is afraid He must not go as his return will be expected.

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The new generation is now beginning to write letters which find their place in the collection.

Edward Jerningham had gone over to Ireland for the purpose of helping Lord Trimlestown in a lawsuit. Charles Edward, his eldest son, then barely twelve years old, writes this engaging account of his impressions *de voyage* :

DUBLIN.

*Wednesday, 7 o'clock in the morning.*

MY DEAREST MAMMA.

We are just now arrived here after a passage of 18 hours. We arrived at Holyhead yesterday at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past ten, and embarked at eleven with little or no wind, almost a calm. The sea being all the way like a smooth lake, papa was only a little squeamish

and I was quite well untill 4 o'clock, when, being a little giddy, I went to bed and slept without waking till 4 this morning. We got in to Dublin Bay about an hour ago.

. . . . .

I heard mass this morning at a very fine large gothic chapel with a bell—every thing well got up but the altar lights and Acolytes, the former being 2 tallow candles and the latter little boys with ragged clothes and without shoes or stockings. Then there is something monstrously in Mamma's way: men and women almost prostrate groaning loudly and striking their breasts. The holy water pot is 3 feet long by 1 foot and  $\frac{1}{2}$  and about 1 foot in depth. Then we called at a convent and saw a nun. (I forgot to say that the women, coming out of the chapel, splash both their hands into the water and quite wash their face with it.)

There is now building a magnificent Chapel, to be surrounded by tuscan pillars. O My Dearest Mamma How happy should I be if we lived in Wales. I should prefer spending my whole life there in a hut living on bread and cheese than being the greatest king in the world. What is England? What is that place, Coalbrook Dale, that I once thought so beautiful when put in competition with the most magnificent country in the world? What is that Wrekin that I shall in future look upon as a little mole? No! Snowdon and Blochett for me, the former I saw at a distance, the latter is close to the road which runs at it's foot. Imagine to yourself an immense rock (no otherwise can it be called)

raising itself above 6 or 7 times the very top of St. Paul's, large, immense, tremendous, superb rocks seeming to nod at the traveller and crowned with eternal snow. O I am quite out of my senses with Wales and were we all of us going to settle in Wales, I should on quitting England not even cast one single longing lingering look behind. What crowned my delight was that, whilst breakfasting at Holyhead, I heard music and going to the door saw a real blind bard playing on his harp welsh tunes; a very old man with his wife, I should have liked him however much better if he had not been playing for money. I have earnt how to say: bread, if you please.

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The influx of English society in Paris after the second restoration was very great; in 1815 and 1816 we find sundry Jerninghams and Bedingfelds journeying to, and even settling for a time in, the French capital, from whence many letters in the collection are dated. If we read between the lines, we cannot avoid the conclusion that not a few of the restored *émigrés* who had been entertained with so much kindness in English houses displayed a remarkable forgetfulness of benefits received in days of adversity.

A first letter, docketed by Lady Bedingfeld (who was then at Bath) 'From Sir Thomas Clifford, Paris,' was sent at the time of the marriage of the Duc de Berry—an occasion of prolonged festivities.

June 29.

We are lodged at the Hotel de Rivoli, which gives us a delightful view of the Château & Garden of the Tuileries; the illuminated Temple of Hymen was immediately opposite our windows. We shall

remove next week to Passy, where we have taken a furnished house with Stables and Coach-house for 80<sup>L</sup> a year ; the rooms are Small but very clean and neatly furnished ; the Situation is delightful, on a hill, the foot of which is washed by the Seine, & beyond is a beautiful view of Paris.

Your Brother Edward, whom I have seen once, thinks that you would be as cheap here as in the Low Countries and that it would answer better for you in many respects. The dearest article of expence is the Carriage and pair of horses : costs, including the Coachman, from 250<sup>L</sup> to 300<sup>L</sup> a year— If you use it only in the morning, you may have it something cheaper, but not much. Le Général d'Arbley can give you every information you may want respecting the expence of living in Paris—

I have the happiness to see that the King and Royal family grow every day more popular ; and this marriage, and the fêtes to which it has given occasion, have had a wonderful effect in attaching the people to the new order of things—But nevertheless the King's style of life would be to me the most comfortless that could be imagined. He is far worse off than the mummer

That fumes and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is seen no more—

for he and the rest of the Royal family are in perpetual representation and absolutely live in public— And now his Majesty is become so popular, the people come in crowds under the windows, and oblige him to Show himself two or three times a



A VIEW OF OXBURGH.

*From a water-colour sketch.*

*To face p. 90, vol. ii.*





day — Neither would the honours Shewn to the Dutchess of Berri be much relished by English ladies. The evening before her marriage She was drawn in State thro' the whole town of Paris in an open carriage; the next morning She was married in the presence of 9000 spectators; the same day She dined and danced all the evening in public. The very morning after She was at the Royal Mass in public, afterwards received the compliments of all the Foreign Ambassadors and strangers of all nations, of which I was one. Two days afterwards the Dutchess of Angoulême appeared at a review, and went thro' all the ranks in an open carriage, after which they gave away the colour to the different Regiments—This seems rather hard upon a young girl only just 17, quite a Stranger in the country; but they think nothing of it here.

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The next from the same pen is dated four months later, from Passy, and directed to Ghent, whither Sir Richard and Lady Bedingfeld, having let Oxburgh to some person better able to keep up that expensive place than themselves, had transferred their penates.

PASSY.

*Oct. 30.*

I have launched a little of late into French company, and last night was at a splendid Dressed Ball and supper given by the English Ambassador to the Duke of Cambridge. All the Royal family of France were there, except the King—The Duke opened the ball with the Dutchess of Berri, who danced nothing

but English *contre-dances* all night. Madame de Lupé, your friend, who is reported to hate everything that is English, said her R. Highness's only reason for giving them the preference was because She does not know how to dance—However She condescended to let her daughter dance in that set. In another room French cotillons and Waltzes were danced. All the foreign Embassadors were present (one of them from Persia in a red silk banian and yellow Slippers) and foreigners from all parts of Europe. There was really something delightful in the sensation, which Such a sight inspired, of universal peace and harmony after all the horrors on which our minds have been forced to dwell for these 25 years past, and it added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Sir Geo. and Lady Jerningham were there, both looking as well as possible: her Ladyship has determined to put her eldest daughter at the Abbaye aux Bois, and the other two at the Fossés.

. . . . .

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Many letters of about the same date, dealing with much the same kind of matter, were sent by Sir George and Lady Jerningham and 'Countess' Constantia Clifford to the Bedingfelds in their new abode. I make a few selections.

*From Sir G. Jerningham.*

PARIS.

10, BOULEVARD MONT MARTRE

*October 31st.*

. . . . .

We were at a grand Ball Paré, at the Ambassador's, on Tuesday night, given in honor of the Duke of

Cambridge. Monsieur, the Dukes and Duchesses of Angoulême and Berry were there. The D. of Cambridge danced with the Duchess of B. some English Country dances, after which Quadrilles of 16 were performed by French and English dancers, the Musick of which is beautiful.

The Supper was very Splendid, and must have cost Sir Charles Stuart, a *pretty penny*. Lady J. is to be presented on Monday, and myself on Tuesday next at the Tuileries. Paris is much improved in many ways since I was here in 89, but the Fauxbourg St Germain, and all that side of the water Looks very dismal, all the fine hotels of the Nobility, filled with bourgeois, Soldiers, and Publick officers.

. . . . .

Nov. 16.

Since my last, we have been presented at Court—Lady J. on the Monday Evening, and I on the Tuesday Morning, for Ladies and Gentlemen are admitted separately. You go first to the King, next to the Duchess D'Angoulême, then to her Husband, afterwards to Monsieur, and lastly to the Duke and Dutchess de Berry, all in the Tuileries. It takes about 2 hours going to them all, you pass thro all sorts of passages, *areas*, *Coulisses* &c., &c. The King enquired after Edward; Monsieur and the Duke de Berry were very gracious to me, they were all so to Lady J., particularly Madame, who expressed how much she regretted not having spoken to me, The Ambassador having pronounced my name so low that she could not hear it. I shall go again on Tuesday

and see whether she knows me then or not. The Poor King is at present laid up with the Gout, but I hope it will not last.

We were present, Sunday sennight, at the Mass du St Esprit at Notre-Dame; it was a very grand sight, the King, Princes, *Marshals*, and Both Chambers were present. The Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Canning, and a great many English also, who appeared to be much struck with the Ceremony. The Bishop of St. Malo, with about 10 deacons and sub-deacons, officiated. The Canons, were all in *rich copes* in their stalls. The Musick of the King's Chapel performed the Service. The next evening we were fortunate enough to procure Seats for the opening of the Senate *des Députés*, which is a beautiful building in the shape of a *semi-cercle*. We went at 10; the King arrived at near 2 and was extremely applauded both in coming and going. He delivered his speech, *written by himself*, in the most distinct and firm Manner, sitting on the Throne with his Hat on, surrounded by the Ministers: Richelieu, l'ainé, Oclerand, Caza, &c., and many Marshals: Marmont, Victor, Macdonald, Oudinot, St Cyr, Bourmonville, Jourdan &c. The Peers were in their Robes which are very handsome; The Deputies in their Uniforms, Blue Coats with Silver Fleurs de Lys on the Cape and Cuffs.

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P.S. The Duc de Damas desires his best compliments to be sent.

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*From Lady Ferningham (Frances Sulyarde.)*

21st.

. . . . .

Nothing can exceed the handsome manner in which the whole Royal Family *receive* the English. The Sunday parties at the Tuileries, one at the Duke de la Châtres, and the other at Madame La Duchess D'ecars are given at the Kings expence—and the English much consider'd. But you would feel surprise at the coldness of those one w<sup>d</sup> suppose w<sup>d</sup> have felt differently—I can only except from this herd M<sup>r</sup> Le Duc de Damas, M<sup>de</sup> Gonto, M<sup>de</sup> de Vaudreuil, who are uniformly civil to all the English *de bonnes compagnie*, and *the most friendly* are M<sup>de</sup> de Lupé and *the Comte François*, with also the Duke D'Ecars.

As to the Duke of Fitzjames, a cold *how de ye do*, is all *he* ever says to your Brother or Me. The Duchess de Duras, who *was at* Cossey, is quite *sauvage*, and the old Duke La Châtres—just a smile and never enquiring after a single person. M<sup>de</sup> De Serant (Duchesse) we went to see, and she was extremely civil; but her daughter *Damas* has never taken the least trouble to know me, tho she knew Emily so well. The Duchesse D'Ecars a *noisy turbulent dame*, rude, sometimes bowing, sometimes not. Duchesse *de la Force* looking as large as a House, M<sup>de</sup> de Monsoreau as cool as a cucumber, and tho we made place for Her at the Chamber of Deputies (for She got too late) never enquired after *a soul*.

Now when you are introduced to them they are

charmé, and talk perhaps very agreeably; the next time, dont appear to know you *exist*. Thus the Duke and Duchess De Coigny have been very civil when I met them, perhaps next time they make you a formal curtesy. All the English find *the same*; and to give you an example of it—Madame de Vaudreuil, by appointment, took Mrs. Canning, the Minister's Wife, to call at night, as they do here on ceremony at the Duchess de Duras: behold, She was gone to bed! and mamselle came out with an excuse. In fine they dont like to let the English into their party. Perhaps it may be better later on, but hitherto they are a heartless set of people. Notwithstanding this one goes everywhere, because the Tuileries and the *Louvre*, of w<sup>h</sup> Mr. De Vaudreuil is Governor, is at the expence of the King, and he it Seems will have the English. Then the Minister's sister—(*Cayes*) gives Concerts and is at Home every week, and *Ultra Constitutionels* and English all meet there. And these at present are the only parties given—except among the English. The Ambassadress has assemblies, and Mrs. Hammond (of the embassy) and Lord Carrington give dinners.

We have been asked to dine at the Ambass<sup>ds</sup>, but were engaged. We dine at Lord Carrington's on Monday. There is not a word said on Politicks—only every one knows that Ministers have a decided Majority. It is a labyrinth w<sup>h</sup> I never Chuse to enter, French politics—The King is *much*, very much beloved—and He looks well tho' he has had the gout severely lately—When I say not a word is said on Politicks, I *mean before the English*—for among them-

selves they are very much split ; and some I know, of late do not go to the Ministers Homes—Old Marquis de Bouzols is the most friendly person in the world and is always doing us some Service, as is M<sup>de</sup> Lupé.

. . . . .

The Duke of Cambridge has been here, and was uncommonly *fêté'd*. He dined every day with the King—and Spectacles, Concerts, Balls were given Him. A splendid one at our Ambassador's, at wh<sup>h</sup> the French Royal Family, except the King, assisted. The Duchesse de Berri danced with Spirit—She is rather pretty and is I think elegant. He seems much attached, if attention Shews that sentiment, to Her.

At the Louvre there was a very Amusing spectacle and concert—at the Tuileries also. Duchesse D'Ecars' are absolutely *Garrets*, but well painted and fitted up. I was presented one night to the King and Madame and her Prince, the week following to Monsieur and the Duke and Duchess De Berri.—The King said something very civil to me, but *Madame* was particularly so—She began very *loud* by saying She had long heard of me, and known my family *well* ; then many civil expressions relating to our stay here and a great deal about her being *exceedingly sorry* the Ambassador had named Sir George in so low a tone that she had not spoke to Him, not knowing Him—She inquired about E<sup>d</sup> and Emily—&c. &c. &c.—Her R.H. was in a Room with 3 of her Ladies, and we all passed one by one before her.



The King's is as follows: We are all in a large Sallon with a fire—then the Ladies to be presented are placed near two folding doors w<sup>h</sup> open into an immense room, when the Duchesses and those who have the grand entrée assemble themselves. The King enters, and after *these* are all spoken to and dismissed, the folding doors open and the Ladies to be presented go in very slowly at an immense distance one from another. The Prince and *suites* are at the other end, w<sup>h</sup> *you pass* making a separate curtesy to the Princes—You then go down the great Stair case to Madame's Apartments.—The Duke and D. of Berri and Monsieur receive all in the same form at another part of the Tuileries—and not the same night generally.—They each spoke most graciously to me, as they did to George when He went.

We were so fortunate as to have tickets given us for the Opening of the Chambers—we went with M. de Lupé and *Charlotte* also, at 9 o'clock *dressed*. I had excellent places just behind the deputies—the Peers were in the Area. They were in grand Costume Velvet and ermine Mantles over blue Velvet Coats and *Chapeau à la Henri 4*. They kept arriving *till one*, when the Shouts of *Vive Le Roi* and the waving of plumed bonnets announced the King. Preceeded by the Princes of his family, he ascended the Throne, and seating himself placed his hat (a Military one) on his head and desired *Messieurs les Pairs et Messieurs Les députés* to Sit down. On the Steps to the throne were chairs for the *Ministers and Marshalls* and great officers of State. The King then began in a very clear audible voice His speech. In

the middle *he stopt*, and, as He made it Himself, no one could put Word in. This *solemn silence* lasted 2 minutes and no one looked so *concerned* about it as the Duke of Cambridge, who sat with the foreign Ministers. At length the King *smiled* and resumed and after it was finished came the Same Shout of '*Vive le Roy.*' Then Lainé, the Minister, got up and read an oath, and with a paper in his hand called on the name of each deputy, who answer'd, with his Arm Stretched out, '*Je Le jure.*' After this the Chancellor rose and declared the Session open by order of the King.—All then arose and went out in the order they came in, with the same cry '*Vive Le Roy.*'

The day before, we had tickets for Notre Dame to assist at the Messe du St. Esprit. The procession was very fine. The King knelt in the middle of the Choir at a Priez-Dieu, the Princes and Princesses on *Cushions only*, and sat down on Stools. The Peers and deputies filled the Choir and nave, the Foreign Ministers and Bishops, on each side of the Altar, the Ladies and Gentlemen *On high*, round the Choir. The Duke of Cam. incognito, over the altar. He *look'd very much* at the ceremonies.—*Veni Creator* was intoned, then Mass said; the King's Music over the Altar, the Organ answering at bottom of the Church.

'Madame Gonto' stands here for the Duchesse de Contaut, 'Gouvernante des Enfants de France,' in whose memoirs there is corroborative evidence that she at least did not forget how much the French nobility were indebted to English hospitality during the years of their tribulations.

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Another letter from Paris is docketed : 'Countess Constantia Clifford, to Lady Bedingfeld at Ghent.'

Constantia Clifford was the tenth child and fifth daughter of the Hon. Thomas Clifford, second son of Hugh, third Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and of the Hon. Barbara Clifford, youngest daughter of James, fifth Lord Aston, and his co-heiress, by whom Tixall, in Staffordshire, came into the family. She was born in 1776, was created Comtesse of St. Ann of Bavaria, and died unmarried in 1848.

PARIS,

RUE DE LA CHAUSSÉE D'ANTIN.

*Janvier 14th. 1817.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND

One Sunday I went by myself to the church of St. Roch, which you probably know is very near the Hotel, to hear Mass at 12 o'clock. After being there about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour, I perceived several persons assembling towards the Chapel of the Sepulchre, and I thought I would follow the torrent. Soon after there entered an immense number of old men, middle aged Men, boys, black, ill-dressed, hideous looking creatures; some with their hair hanging about their shoulders, others had it tied up in a tail with pack thread, the greater part were Chimney Sweepers: what was most striking, were two good looking, well dressed men who attended to keep order and regularity: then followed Monsieur le Vicaire, for whom a chair was placed in one corner of this small Chapel. He addressed these poor Savoyards by the title of *mes Chers Enfants*, explaining to them the great advantage of hearing Mass, and told them the Priest was coming out of the Sacristy to offer up this great sacrifice, to which they must unite their

intention to his. The Mass began. The Vicaire continued his explanation to which he added a prayer aloud, appropriate to every part of the Mass, though delivered in plain simple language. His words abounded with unction and sentiment, and the majority of those to whom it was given appeared fervently penetrated with what they were about.

It was a very affecting Spectacle and truly gratifying, and appears to me it would be an excellent method to adopt for all Schools. I have known some few, and no doubt there are many more who from their infancy to the age of maturity have been habituated to attend this august Sacrifice, and yet remained ignorant of its principal parts. After Mass the Vicaire read them the Epistle and Gospel, made a little exhortation upon it, and a particular instruction upon the Sunday or Festival that was celebrated; after which he made them say aloud a Pater and Ave for their benefactors, and the acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, then dismissed them with his benediction. The Zeal, charity and feeling, with which the Vicaire performed this office, are truly admirable. On my return to the Hotel I expressed so forcibly to all the party what I had seen and heard that they determined to attend it themselves; and we all went from hence the Sunday before New Years Day, and none of them thought I had *exaggerated* the subject. We have since learnt that this was originally a private charity in behalf of the poor Savoyards, and is now supported by the King. They have white bread given them twice a week to engage them to attend, and I believe this takes place in

every Parish in favor of these Savoyards. There are also Missionaries that travel through the different provinces in France instructing the ignorant and exhorting the people to return to their duty: the fruits of their Zeal is astonishing and very consoling. Ma<sup>d</sup> La Duchesse de Damas, whom we knew at Bath, gave my brethren a most edifying and charming account of the fruits of their labours at Nantes. The said Duchess enquired after you, though she said she was quite *en colère* with you, for not fixing in Paris instead of Ghent.

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Meanwhile Lady Jerningham from London continues as regularly as ever to keep her daughter in Ghent acquainted with the gossip of the Catholic set and the talk of the town.

*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*February 14.*

The good Kings mania Consists in pleasant errors of the mind.

Lord Rocksavage (alias Malpas) is strongly *Combattu* in the moment, by an overleaning towards Methodism. Mr. Wilberforce has got hold of Him and Lent Him some of His Evangelical Books which He savors, for his whole Mind is upon Religion, He went to the Meeting and staid some Sundays from the Chapel; but a friend of his (lately become a Catholick) has sermonised Him so well that He has returned to the Chapel, tho yet Suspended in

His Creed. Lady Cholmondeley wishes Him to remain a Catholic rather than turn Methodist, but Lord Cholmondeley says He prefers the Religion that will allow of a seat in Parliament and of being in office.

. . . . .

*April 25.*

A fine demi Catholic Wedding took place yesterday: Colonel Hervey, aide de Camp to the Duke of Wellington, to Miss Caton, a Catholic from Mary Land with a good fortune. The duke of Wellington gave her away, first at the Warwick street Chapel, and the same evening, by special Licence, at his own House.

The Queen who was to have held a drawing Room on Wednesday was taken ill in the Night, and Sir Henry Holford's Bulletin was posted up to notice it being put off.

. . . . .

*May 2.*

I was yesterday so hurried, expecting a numerous Company of Irish *Conspirators* at Dinner, and an assemblage of more people in the evening, that I felt as if I Could not have sufficient Leisure to enjoy the pleasure of Conversing with you.

The dinner was in Honor of two Irish Bishops, (Titular) of Cashel and Dublin—otherways Doctor Everett and Dr. Murray. They Came from Rome, are here as delegates for the Emancipation, have been much noticed by Government, and had dinners

given them by several of the opposition—Lord George Cavendish, Lord Holland, &c. Edward had a mind to have them here and so had I.

Dr. Everett is a tall, handsome Man about 50, perfectly well Bred and reckoned very Clever and good; Dr. Murray Looks young and is quiet and Silent, but Can speak very well when necessary. The Guests we had to meet these two apostolic Men were Lord Fingall, Lord Trimleston, Mr. Gratton's Son, Mr. Blake, Capt<sup>n</sup> Browne and John Joseph. Mr. Barham, who has Left Lady Caroline at Geneva and says He Came over partly to vote for the Emancipation, was to have dined here; but, obliged to be at the House, he Came after, Mr. Grattan the Father also. In the evening we had good Mrs. Bathurst and various others. Fanny, with the Dow<sup>r</sup>, and Miss Eliza; and Mr. Blount arrived Late, as Lord Petre had been giving a dinner also.

On the 9 May Mr. Grattan begins the Catholic Business, and it is supposed Certain that the House will agree to go into a Commitee about it, which will be a proceeding never before obtained and which is usually Supposed to be acceding to what is demanded. We are all elated with the expectation; but when we have obtained what is desired I hope no abuse will Come of it: for we have some *Mauvaises têtes* in the Body.

. . . . .

Poor Lady Frances Browne died at Brighton on the 16 inst. She was ordered to go to the Sea and



desired her Brother Thomas to accompany Her; they had not been there a week when she was released from This World. One may truly say *released* if an anecdote which is reported by her intimate Friends is founded on truth.—It is said, that when quite Young at New Hall, She waked one night Screaming out with sudden fear; the Nun who slept in the Room got up and went to Her, and also the Girls who had been waked. She Said: ‘Mama is here!’ looking wild with affright and Surprise. The Mistress tried to quiet her and at Last succeeded; but next morning she persisted in saying She had seen her mother, who had told Her she wished to warn Her against the dissipation she was naturally disposed to adopt and which would be very pernicious to Her. This Business seemed to be no more thought of after a few days and She staid out her time at the Convent.

Two years ago She Came up to London, to Mrs. Rookwood Gage, on Her way to Hengrave. She was Lively and enjoyed going about, but suddenly arrived at Breakfast with a Serious Countenance, and said She had for the second time Seen her Mother, who had repeated her former injunctions more forcibly, and that She had taken the Resolution of being a Nun. This was Combatted by her Brothers and friends, who said all that might be mentioned on such an occurence, that it was unnecessary to Shut herself up &c. &c. However it seems that her resolve Continued, and on the first opportunity after she was of age she made use of it, having previously made her will. How that is has

not yet transpired. But She died with the most perfect resignation, having been out an airing the day before, when she expressed a wish of returning to dye at New Hall, where She had resolved to Live—but was seized suddenly by a Suffocation.

. . . . .

*Sunday, June 15.*

Henry *tells* a strange History ; it seems that a suit is now in Chancery in Ireland, which seems to declare that His Father is supposed not to have Conformed according to Law ; that He was in Consequence not entitled to inherit the Irish Property, as in such a case, no will being made but for the personal, the gavel act parts the Estate. This He is often explaining to me, it is a fact that there are difficulties about Disposing of the Lands that were to pay off the Late incumbent's Debts. The Gavel act orders that a Catholick Estate, not entailed, shall be parted equally among all the Children ; and if that was to turn out to be the Case here, the Irish Estate would be parted in five Shares or even six. *Je ne sais si je me fais bien entendre* (as somebody used always to say) but I cannot say more on the Subject at present, only that I wish my dear Father had not supposed himself so mutilated, if the Case is as Henry describes it. But what a Retributive judgment this would be ! Henry is really quite Wild but good Natured. Lord Mulgrave is a Streneous well wisher to the Catholick Cause, and Henry says, a great Jacobite.

. . . . .

*August 22.*

Edward at Stafford has saved the Life of two men who were upon such slight grounds, Left by Sir W<sup>m</sup> Garron for execution, that the town of Wolverhampton, where the debt was affixed, were in an uproar about it.

Edward wrote by express to Lord Sidmouth, and a respite for six weeks arrived. They were Soldiers, one an Irish Catholic. They had a squabble, on the high road, with a miserable drunken Bricklayer, flung Him down and took a shilling from Him. This happened the day before the assizes: they were Committed to Stafford Gaol, and sentenced to be hanged for a highway Robbery the Saturday after. Mr. Price visited the Catholick and gave the alarm of his innocence to Edward, who immediately gave himself up with all his zeal to the Succouring these distressed Creatures, who happen to have both of them excellent Characters. And it is supposed they are Saved; the necessary hurry was to force the respite, otherways Last Saturday would have hanged them. But such a Host of affidavits have appeared in their favor, that a Pardon must ensue. The Business will not be to Garron's Credit.

. . . . .

*September 2.*

I have Lately heard a great deal of St Helena; indeed I may say seen a great deal, for Lady Malcolm, the Admiral's Wife, who has been staying there a year and half, was desired by M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand to Call upon me and accordingly Came. We had a Long

Conversation on the Subject; and, returning her visit in Harley Street, I found she was at her Father's House, (Lord Elphinston, Brother to Lord Keith—I think they are Sons or nephews to Lord Balmerino, who was beheaded in '47). She has every view of St Helena; from the Sea it is a dismal Rock: when Climbed up into it, there is a small Town and various Country habitations, with verdure and plantations, but always a Hill to go up and down, very Little dale. Gen. Bertrand's House is in Buonaparte's Garden At Longwood. There is a good deal of plantation, and the Buildings are Convenient. M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand has now four Children, the Last born the 17 of January, which she is now Suckling. The elder two Boys and a girl are Beautiful. M<sup>de</sup>. Bertrand is particularly agreeable, and *He* the best sort of Man that Can be, but the most depressed in spirits of all the Longwood Party. She abhors being there, and *He*, though with great feeling for her and his Children, is (Lady Malcolm thinks) *attaché de Cœur* to Buonaparte.

A few days before I saw Lady Malcolm I had a Letter sent to me from Lord Bathursts office, from Bertrand himself, where He desires me to be god mother to His new Child, who is named Arthur. (The eldest is Napoleon, the second Henry). He also asks from M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand for a maid to manage the Children; a sort of working governess would be the most desirable, and a Catholic. Lord Bathurst *permits* that such should be sent, to be, when there, under the restrictions deemed necessary for the Security of General Buonaparte. Bertrand says that

his wife had *une Lettre très aimable* from Lady Bedingfeld when at Elba, and she has received several from me, but that she Cannot be prevailed upon to write to any one, which I hear is because the Letters are inspected. But that is not a sufficient reason. Buonaparte will seldom see any one ; but when He dos, appears to be in great spirits and talks agreeably. He saw Lord Amherst, without obliging Him to knock his head 19 times upon the Ground and must have disapproved of his giving up an important embassy, from the whim of not Complying with a Childish demand.

. . . . .

*October 28.*

I was agreeably surprised yesterday by the arrival of your Doctor Holland. M<sup>de</sup> Dormond was with me, talking of her high Born Nephew and saying that she began to Believe it with the Public, but that no positive information had ever been Conveyed to Her, and that the Regent had replied to her uncertainty: 'Je sais que cela est,' when Antony announced a name I Could not hear, and a well Looking Man enter'd, saying in a *doucereux* voice that He had been desired by Lady Bedingfeld to Call upon me. M<sup>de</sup> Dormond departed, and I then enquired if He was D<sup>r</sup> Holland. He said yes, and that He Could have the pleasure of assuring me that Lady B.'s complaint was of no bad Consequence ; that it might sometimes be occasionally troublesome, but that with proper attention it would Certainly go off.—This, my dear, gives me real joy. I thanked

Him much for his visit, and was glad to See *a doctor* without being obliged to give a fee. He proposes settling in London, and being the spa doctor.

*Charlotte*, from Cossey, sprained her ankle at Bury Fair, and Could not dance at Norwich. She was the Belle, but judged to be over dressed, and that it was of disadvantage to her; pink Crape over pink sattin, and very much trimmed.

Sir Martin Holker's Son is returning to Italy to marry Miss Charlotte Browne, she is 19. He had a Letter from Her yesterday announcing that on the 7<sup>th</sup> Lady Dillon was delivered of a 5<sup>th</sup>. Son. Lord D. immediately said then there must be two Soldiers and two Sailors.

Young Holker is a good natured, sensible young man. With regret I hear the Bell; adieu my ever dear Charlotte, ever your affectionate Mother.

P.S. I received the enclosed:

*Monsieur le Comte Alexandre de la Touche et Madame la Comtesse Bertrand, Monsieur le Duc de Fitz-James et ses enfans, Monsieur Henry de Dillon, Sir Thomas Webbe and Lady Webbe, ont l'honneur de vous faire part de la perte qu'il viennent de faire de Madame Marie Françoise-Laure de Girardin, veuve de Monsieur le Comte Arthur de Dillon, leur mère, Belle-mère, Grand-mère, Belle-Sœur and tante, décédée à Paris, le 20 octobre 1817.*

*October 31.*

The Queen and Princesses are going to Bath for six weeks, by Sir H. Halford's advice. They

have two houses, one is the next to yours and Lady Charlotte Denis, of the other end. I feel sorry that you are not at Bath to receive the Queen, I am persuaded She would have liked to renew acquaintance. Lord Dillon and Miss Browne went off on Wednesday. He cannot bear (He has owned to me) to be out of England, and he abuses Florence. Lady Dillon has had a 5th Son who is to be Christened Gerald. He says, there will be two Soldiers and two Sailors.

. . . . .

Dr. Polidori is recovered of his accident and Came to London for a few days. He is a Clever and well Looking young man, was six months with Lord Byron, but Could not stay with Him. Lord Byron read Glenarvon with him, pointed out the places that were exact, and those that were more gently painted. He must be a sad Man.

. . . . .

*November 11.*

What a sad and awful Loss England has had! The death of the Princess Charlotte has been really to every one as a private Loss, and indeed the whole seems yet rather unaccountable. The papers are filled with no other detail, and the surprise has added to the natural horror of such an event.

The *Examiner* says, 'the death of one who stood, as it were before us, on the very top of existence and in the full Bloom of Life and enjoyment, has smitten the Nation with sudden Gloom Like the visitation of



a darkness.' Prince Leopold who has, from his first arrival, distinguished Himself by an uncommon propriety of Behaviour, is really inconsolable. The Princess was occupied Looking at Him to the Last, and, I suppose seeing the seriousness of her situation in his Countenance, asked a few minutes before She expired if there was any danger. The Queen being in that moment at Bath is unfortunate, and the Prince in Suffolk at Sudbury. But all is now Serious Lamentation.

As Henry says You have not any Paper at Ghent, I think you may Like to Look at this enclosed. Tho I am afraid it will be a thick Parcel. On the Princess being opened, an ounce of Liquid was found about her Heart; but, it was said, how or when it Came there, no one Could tell. It is supposed She was exhausted by the tedious and painful Labour she had gone thro. Dr. Sims was asked for by Croft and Baillie was there the whole time. After her delivery She was supposed to be going on very well, but three Hours after she appeared in the road to destruction. She died after two in the morning, and had been delivered at nine at Night, in the natural way.

. . . . .

21.

On Wednesday the poor Princess was buried in the vault at Windsor. Prince Leopold going thro the office of Chief Mourner, which He *was*, so entirely that it was feared He Could not support the dismal pageantry of it. But He did, with a Countenance that spoke his inward feeling, and returned to

Claremont. There were Prayers in all the Churches over England; Shops shut, and every House in London with the Blinds down, or shutters half closed.

Lady de Clifford's eldest daughter, Lady Albemarle, who was at Holkham, was so Shocked at hearing the account of the Princess Charlotte, that being also pregnant she was immediately taken ill, miscarried, and died a few Hours after.

. . . . .

*December 16.*

I am so sorry, My Dearest Charlotte, that you are not in this moment at Bath, for the Queen, and Princess Elizabeth are returned there and I know they would have fastened upon you. They are in Sidney Place, next to S<sup>r</sup> Richard's House. The Party went a few Days ago to Bristol, where They were well received and returned in the evening to Bath. The Papers say that the Prince is more Serious at Brighton, and Lives very retired without his usual Band playing in the evening.

Now, to Continue public news, a Letter from Paris, announces the fear of all that is Disastrous visibly hanging over the nation. What a sad thing it is that the Spirits of Peace (invoked by Shakespear) have entirely fled from Europe!

Dear Fanny writes me word from Thorndon, that she Continues to be well, and walks out every Day. Lord Petre is better.

Lord Kinnaird is returned from Scotland with his Bride, and M<sup>r</sup> Eyre has given Him up Hassop and

means to reside at Brighton, where with the assistance of Wilson's gout Medecine, he is in better Health. It seems to be something in the style of Lupon's *eau médicinale* and is growing into fashion. Lord Anson has tried it with Success.

. . . . .

I wish I Could find out who *Ann Lady Arundell* was, who has written volumes to her Husband Sir John Arundell at Rouen, beginning '*Dearest Heart.*' He had two daughters by a first Wife, and she is wishing that one may marry S<sup>r</sup> Henry Bedingfeld, which accordingly Comes to pass, and the other marries S<sup>r</sup> R<sup>d</sup> Bealing. She writes word of Charles 2. death, recounts his dying a Catholic, and Laments that He is no more.

Edward desires I will give his Love to you, and say that tho He dos not write, He thinks a great deal of You. The Little James grows very interesting, and begins to know People. The others are well. Adieu My ever dear Charlotte, always Your affectionate Mother.

26.

. . . . .

Have you heard of an ill advised trial that has been here of a Man Called *Hone* who had parodied part of the Common Prayers and the Athanasian Creed against the ministers? Lord Ellenborough imprudently has brought this performance into notice by a public trial, where the attorney General read part of it in Court, produced a Burst of Laughter and the Jury brought him in *not Guilty*.

He pleaded that if his affair was Guilt, the Minister Canning had formerly made a parody of the same nature, and therefore ought to stand where He did. In short the whole Business has been sadly managed. I am afraid with Shakespear 'that the times are out of Joint,' and that all over Europe.

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The last letter of the year 1817 in the collection is from Sir Thomas Clifford, writing as usual from Paris to Lady Bedingfeld. It concludes with this piece of society gossip :

PARIS.

31. Decr 1817.

HOTEL DU MONT BLANC.

RUE DE LA PAIX.

. . . . .

A marriage is on the *tapis* here, some of the circumstances belonging to which are rather of a romantic kind—You know that Lord Rob. Fitzgerald lost a daughter early in the summer. On her death-bed she disclosed that she had been crossed in love, that the disappointment had preyed upon her spirits and was the cause of her death. Her surviving sister was overwhelmed with grief and for some time was quite insensible and refused all consolation. One day he perceived that She listened with attention and pleasure to the sounds of a guitar, which issued from an adjoining apartment. He went in search of the troubador, whose music had charms to lull his daughter's sorrows, and introduced him to his family. This man frequently repeated his

powerful Strains, with increased success, and it became evident at length that he had won the young lady's heart. She disclosed her passion to her father, who mindful of the fall of his departed daughter and fearing similar consequences from a refusal, gave his consent. The lover might truly sing: '*Je suis Lindor,*' for he turns out to be an officer with nothing but his pay! However Lord Robert made known the matter to the Prince Regent, who, it is said, has written with his own hand to the K. of France to solicit promotion for this officer (which his Majesty has promised) and last Sunday signed their *contrat de mariage*.

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*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

LONDON.

February 16. 1818.

As you take a Paper, You will most Likely have read the sad Catastrophe of Sir R<sup>d</sup> Croft. He Could not, poor Man, bear the irritation of Nerves the death of the Princess Charlotte gave Him, and had been ever since remarked as being nearly out of his usual proportion of Sence. In attending a Mrs. Thackery, in Wimpole street, whose Labour was tedious, He agreed to retire for a few Hours to another Room; there unfortunately he found a Brace of Pistols Loaded (because there had been an alarm of house Breakers) and poor Croft was found with a pistol in each Hand, on the Bed, having destroyed Himself.

When He went to Thorndon, and arrived after all was over, Fanny mentioned at the time that she thought Him dreadfully altered, Looking quite different from usual. Fanchon Called upon me this morning, and said very well that Croft had wished for all the glory of delivering the Princess, and He was not Capable of bearing all the Blame of his ill success.

. . . . .

Sir Richard Croft, of Croft Castle, Hereford, the celebrated *accoucheur* (who had succeeded to his brother, the 5th baronet, only two years before this), had been, as everyone knows, the unlucky attendant on Princess Charlotte.

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27.

Poor Croft was Certainly quite out of his Head, ever since the death of the Princess. Dr Thackery's Wife, whom He Left half delivered, is since dead, but the Child is doing well. Dr Thackery was a fellow of Cambridge and had Long been attached to this Lady, but waited for a Living. Being at Last made Master of one of the Colleges, He married as He wished to do; and this was their first Child! Mrs. Thackery was 38—The poor Man is inconsolable.

The Queen had yesterday a drawing Room to exhibit the Prince of Hesse. The Princess Elizabeth has always said that she should marry as soon as ever She found an opportunity of doing so. The Queen regrets much the Loss of Her.

. . . . .

It is said that the Duke of Clarence has proposed Himself to Miss Wyckham, an heiress who has inherited from her Grandmother all Lord Wenman's Estate in Oxfordshire. He told Her He had not a single farthing, but that if She would Like to be Duchess of Clarence, and perhaps Queen of England, He should be happy to Convey the Honors to Her. Report says she accepted. On its being told to the Regent, H.R.H. *groaned*—which is it seems his way of disapproving.

[ The Duke of Devonshire gave a grand Supper some evenings ago to all the fine People and Lady Hunloke. She was Lately at Chatsworth and since at Chiswick, but the God of Hymen is yet invisible. It Causes various Conjectures.

. . . . .

*Good Friday.*

Princess Elizabeth is to be married in April. She says it is the Goal she has always Looked forward to. The Queen is affected at the idea of parting with Her and, as she has been really very unwell, the Prince of Hesse is not to Carry his Wife away for some time. The poor good King may Live to 200; He Continues in good Bodily Health, and is perfectly happy, Conversing with the dead, and sometimes relating pleasant Things. They say, it is a most Charming Illusion.

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The Princess Elizabeth, third daughter of George III., was then forty-eight years of age. She married in the following April Frederick, Landgrave and Prince of Hesse Homburg.

*April 3.*

Princess Elizabeth is to be married next week; two Ladies go with Her, but are to return. Lady John Thynne is one; I know not the other. Lady Charlotte Campbell, who has a very Large Family, has married her Sons Tutor.

The Princess of Wales has made an unhandsome figure in Westminster Hall. There was a demand made in her Name upon Count Munster and Lord Liverpool as executors to her Late Brother, the Duke of Brunswick, for two Considerable Sums she had Lent to Him; but on the engagements being produced to the Chancellor, the Signature and the whole was sworn not to be the Duke of Brunswick's. The Business has been hushed up, but it had a singular appearance. She Lives with a Low Man, and it is supposed that She may perhaps herself not even know the transaction. The Bonds were in bad French, and bad German, and it Seems that the Duke was very accurate in Both, especially in German. The Duke of Clarence's Match is much talked of. You know more about that. He has taken a House in South Audley Street for the Misses FitzClarence, and a Gentlewoman is to Live with them.

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A letter, docketed 'From C. M. Howard to Lady Bedingfeld,' throws an amusing side-light on the princely suitor for the royal hand.

CORBY CASTLE,

*April 19.*

MY DEAR LADY BEDINGFELD,

Since Mr. Howard applied to you for information respecting our continental arrangements, and that we received your kind answer, we have entirely altered our Route and have given up going thro' Germany. We propose now going and returning by Calais and Paris; we take Lyons, Turin, Alexandria, Mount Cenis in going, and the Simplons, Switzerland, in our way back.

As you would probably have been at Spa in August (the time we had intended passing thro' Ghent) we trust that we have not lost the opportunity and pleasure of enjoying your Society, to the contrary we shall probably be spared the disappointment of not finding you there. We were rejoiced to hear that you had benefitted by the change of Climate and that your Spasms had diminished. In time I hope they will quite leave you.

We have had a dreadful stormy March, and April has not brought us milder weather. The air is like Icy dew, and our Showers are Snow and Hail; we have certainly had a shove towards the North Pole. However we have none of us suffered from its inclemency: our Children are in rude health, and Mr. Howard continues well, he has bespoken a share of this Sheet.—My dear Mother who as well as the rest of my Family are settled in London desired I wd return you a great many sincere resouvenirs.

Prince Hesse Homburg's marriage put a stop to the scandal circulated about the Duke of Devon-

shire, which was as infamous as unfounded—Lord St Helens sat in the same box at the Opera with L<sup>dy</sup> Elizabeth Foster the Night of his birth at Paris, and his observation was, that she looked as thin as a Wrayle—Instead of a Devôte, I hear she is the gayest Lady at Rome—Lord Lonsdale's second son, Col<sup>l</sup> Lowther, has got a Son and Heir which is a great Event in that Family, as L<sup>d</sup> Lowther is called not a marrying Man! Lady Eleanor Lowther has not lost time, for they were only married in May and she was brought to Bed in March.

Princess Elizabeth tho' 48, is said to be really in love and blushed rosy red when the Prince Hesse entered the Room; they immersed him several times in a warm bath to make him a little clean; and they kept him 3 Days from smoking, which, as he smoked 5 Pipes a Day, was great forbearance. But as he was married yesterday, he has probably resumed that indulgence ere now.

It is now time for me to cease my *modern* stuff for graver subjects—pray remember me kindly to Sir R<sup>d</sup> and Miss Beddingfeld and believe me my dear Lady Beddingfeld

Your truly sincere and Affec<sup>te</sup>

C. M. HOWARD.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*November 20.*

You will have heard, My Dear, of the Poor Queen's death, which took place on tuesday 17, between one and two o'clock. She was much as usual on the

Sunday, but in the evening the Skin gave way in her Leg to an effusion of water, which appeared for the moment to give relief, but was succeeded by mortification of the part; and the Last Bulletin put up, on tuesday morning, announced Her to be in great and imminent danger. A Little before two oclock she expired quietly, appeared to be quite sensible, and was attended by the Regent, Duke of York, Princess Augusta, and Duchess of Gloucester. The papers have since been full of Eulogism of Her, and indeed I think that History will Convey her to Posterity as one who has filled a Long and difficult space of time with high minded Prudence and dignity. I am very Sorry for Her.

. . . . .

Something has happened at St Helena, but the account dos not penetrate to the public. General Gourgaud has been Conveyed to Cuxhaven by an order from Government.

. . . . .

*December 4.*

The poor Queen was Buried (as You will See) on Wednesday, at Windsor. The Regent, who was Chief Mourner, was so affected that it was feared He would not be able to go through the outward Pageantry of it.

. . . . .

II.

An old letter from Dr Jerningham of 1717, dated Tunbridge Wells, says: 'The Duke and Duchess of

Marlborough are here. The Duke walks about, but never utters a word. The Duchess Plays on the walk, but whether she wins or Loses, never rises from her seat without G. D.M. you !' This is a Curious detail of those who are named the *great Duke and Duchess* of Marlborough.

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The name of Lord Glenbervie now begins to occur frequently in the letters. This personage had a great friendship and an admiration for Lady Bedingfeld ; all his letters seem to have been preserved in the collection, but with the exception of two or three they were not of sufficient general interest to justify their selection for the excerpts.

Silvester Douglas, created Baron Glenbervie in 1800, was a grandson of Robert Douglas, Bishop of Dunblane, who was himself descended from Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus—the celebrated 'Bell-the-Cat.' He had been Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1794-95, and sat in the House of Commons from 1794 to 1800. He married Catherine, daughter of Lord North, the Prime Minister. She died in 1817. Lord Glenbervie himself died in 1823, having lost his only son in peculiarly sad circumstances.

His first letter is addressed, in a singular old-fashioned style, to :

' Milady Bedingfeld,  
Dame Anglaise à Gand.'

WIMPOLE, NEAR CAMBRIDGE.

29. Dec.

MY DEAR LADY BEDINGFELD

I can assure you, in the utmost sincerity of my heart that very few letters I have ever received have given me more pleasure than the short kind

one I received from you after I left Ghent. This is a case where the French expression of *accusing the receipt* would have been applicable. It might have been some excuse for my silence if I had been much occupied by the amusement or Society of Paris. But that was far from being the case. During the 4 weeks I passed in that center of dissipation and entertainment, rational and irrational, I was but once at any of the numerous theatres, and but at 2 assemblies, although they were begun to be very frequent and much frequented.

I spent one very agreeable week, in a visit to a family who lived in great intimacy with us in England, at the beginning of the emigration. The master of the House Le Mquis de Montagu is a great Grandson of the Marishal Berwick, by his Grand-mother, a Fitz-James, and his Lady, a most respectable and amiable person, a daughter to the Duke de Noailles and sister to the late also most respectable M<sup>me</sup> de la Fayette. Their house, one of several places called Fontenay, is in a very pretty English-like district of *La Brie*, about 40 miles from Paris on the Dijon road. There are 3 Chateaux, or country seats, in that neighbourhood, with villages adjoining, at the equal distance from one another of about 9 miles, and each of the owners has vied with the other in taking advantage of the nature of their respective situations and they have all succeeded in adopting, without caricaturing, what is called the English style.

One of the two places, besides the Mquis de Montagu, is Lumigny, the seat of the Marquis de

Mun, (or perhaps Meun) and his wife, an agreeable and accomplished daughter of that most agreeable of people, the Dow<sup>r</sup> Duchesse d'Ursell—I had known them at Spa and Paris last year.

The remaining corner of the Triangle is formed by La Grange, the residence of M<sup>r</sup> de La Fayette, who lives there, in a truly patriarchal style, in the midst of a family of daughters and sons in law, and *their* sons and daughters. He is a great agriculturist and, as I believe, a very intelligent one. His best friends do not rejoice in his election into the Chamber of Deputies. He has, for many years now, led an exemplary domestic life, and they do not think him so wise or excellent as a politician. Is it not a singular thing that he and Manuel, the two persons most obnoxious to the King personally and to the Royalists, (which, however, is now, you know, far from meaning the same thing) should be two of the new representatives of *La Vendée*?

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*From Countess Constantia Clifford to Lady Bedingfeld.*

PARIS. RUE ST DOMINIQUE 27

*Jan: 7th.*

MY BELOVED DEAR FRIEND

There has been a very merry family party at Ugbrooke and Mary Lucy seems to please much. The ArchDuke Maximilian, cousin to the Emperor of Russia, spent two or three days there. Lady Clifford unfortunately had a bilious fever at the time. Mr. Weld writes that his dear daughter did her share of



the honors as he could wish. The Archduke was attended by Gen<sup>l</sup> Baron Hard-egg (or something like it) who spoke German and French, also Col. Baron Weber who spoke French and German, and tho his name was not funny, he was very much so. After him came Major Highlaker a west indian speaking German and English but no french, in the German service, a Protestant, and a very gentlemanly man. Next came Baron Capt. *Sweetheart*, a German, speaking no other language. So many different languages must I think have appeared like the confusion of the Tower of Babel. Before I quit the subject of Russia I must tell you that the comte and Comtesse Rapstochin gave a very handsome ball last wednesday to about 300 persons: he is the gentleman who set fire to Moscow to save it from the French. Every body was anxious for an invitation and a friend was so kind as to secure one for *that Brother*, Mary and me, and we enjoyed it very much, were introduced to this family who appear amiable and pleasing; they were indeed very kind and attentive to us: the Comte himself has a striking air of intelligence and good humour in his countenance. They danced a Polonaise. I hope you have succeeded in procuring a handsome room for the winter balls, or I shall sympathise sorrowfully with you. Sir Charles Stuart and lady gave a very magnificent bal paré last Friday to the duke of Gloucester, but invited none of *us*; they have appeared in several instances pointedly to avoid inviting the Catholics. It is reported that he is to resign and be replaced by Lord Harrowby.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

LONDON,

*January 12.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE

You will See by the Paper that The King's jewels are found, which is a satisfactory Circumstance. They were at Buckingham House, in a Lumber Room.

. . . . .

I must have the pleasure of presenting D<sup>r</sup> Hollands particular Respects, as I have just had that of seeing Him. He said He had been Calling upon Lady William Russel in Curson street, and I suppose wished to make a further enquiry after his spa Friends. The Duke of Cumberland writes Him word, that the Duchess is Pregnant, a circumstance He says He foresaw was *happening*.

. . . . .

Kalkebrenner is to *dine* with us on Sundays; a friend of His said He would Come *volontiers*. I shall be glad to hear Him Play, tho I really think He Cannot execute his own Music better than Emily dos, for she positively plays better than ever.

The Dow<sup>r</sup> Lady Sefton, a Sister of Lord Harrington's, died on Friday Last after an illness of three months. She was, when Lady Isabella Stanhope, the Beauty of the Day, and before I married I often met Her. For many years we have been unknown to each other, but I have dwelt much upon her death which I read in the paper. Her Husband was Lord Mollineux, Son to an old Mrs. Mollineux you may

remember. He was hardly 20 when Lady Harrington got possession of Him, made Him Conform, and made Him Earl of Sefton.

Lady Throcmorton is gone to Brighton. Why? I know not. Lord Nugent, who is to present the Catholic Petition, appears to be very jealous for the Cause and pleased with the undertaking. M. d'Ossemond has positively resigned on the duc de Richelieu going out, and a Marquis de La Tour Maubourg is said to be Coming to replace Him. How dos the poor La Tour du Pins go on with this new ministry.

. . . . .

*February, 16.*

Poor Edward, after being harassed with everybody's business, and weighed down with a troublesome cold is gone to Dublin. S<sup>r</sup> George has also been here, and returned this morning. That brought the Peerage affair on, and now Sir Arthur Pigott thinks the point of Law so uncertain of a favourable decision, that He rather advises a petition for to reverse Lord Stafford's Attainder: if that Could take place, all would be settled, as the filiation is clear.

I had a pretty Letter this morning from Fanny. She says you have found a good House, indeed you mentioned it to me, but I am Curious to know where it is, if on the *place d'armes*. A few days ago I was informed by the Boy *Amez* that the archbishop of Jerusalem was in the Hall with two other Gentlemen, who desired to Come up stairs. I was astonished but requested their appearance. Accordingly arrived an eastern, dignified, Polite Personage, with

an Italian Levite and an english interpreter. He delivered to me a Letter from the Abbé Chaumont, who said that this good archbishop had edified them three months at Paris; that his usual Place of Residence was on Mount Lebanon; and that his zeal had brought him to Europe to endeavour to get types for to Print the Syrian Bible and other good Books. They not having at present any Thing but Manuscripts, which are subject to error and mistake, and are very few in Number. He says Mass in Syriac, Consecrates real Bread, in a word He is of the united greek Church, in Communion with Rome. He is dressed in a Long Robe, with a Large gold Cross on his Head, a Blue sort of turban. He speaks Italian, and understands French, but Syrian is his native Language.

. . . . .

March 9.

. . . . .

The Syrian Church has always been in Communion with Rome, but there are ancient usages in dicipline which are different. The Mass begins by the essential Part, the offertory; the whole appears to be rather Longer than ours. It is in the Syrian Language, incence shaking nearly the whole time, but not flung up. The dress is different—Like a Cope, with a hood. The Bishop is very Religious, has the exact *Maintien* one would wish Him to have, and They find Him here Looking Like a gentleman. He speaks *Syrian* and Italian, but understands French from having passed three months at Paris.

The emancipation in Ireland seems to have put on *les bottes de sept lieues*. Protestants are as desirous of it as the Catholics. I know not how it can be withstood. The Trimlestown cause has not yet been decided upon, but the popularity is on Lord Trimlestown's side. It is really become fashionable to be a Catholic. *Tempora mutantur*. A host of monks are going to St Helena and the Cape of Good hope, with Bishop Slater at their heads. I will write to Captain Dillon on the first opportunity.

Adieu, my dear.

12.

I write a word again, My Dear, to say that Lord Trimlestown has won his Cause. The Jury were 30 Hours shut up, and at Last delivered a verdict in his favor. The words were,—‘The Paper bearing date the 8 December 1812 is not the Last will and testament of the Late Lord Trimleston.’ He writes me word that The judge said: ‘now it is all over, I will own to you, I never saw so foul a deed.’ The Poor old Lord signed this Will in December and died in April 1813.—Edward having given his evidence, was gone to Loughlyn, at Least meaning to be there, but met Mr. Strickland at his first justice meeting at Roscommon. He will have been glad at his return to Dublin to find all so well over, and I hope he may now be at Shiffnal.

April 1.

The Duke of Norfolk's quondam Wife is no more! The Papers announced yesterday that, on the 24

march, Elizabeth Countess of Lucan, had died at Paris. We had heard that She had an incurable Cancer, but as no one ever mentioned her name before the Duke of Norfolk, it seems that He did not even know She was ill. When Lord Bristol wrote Him word of her death (He had Called upon Her at Paris and found Her very ill and, it is said, not with the attendance and Comforts she was naturally entitled to expect from finance) the Duke was extremely affected. And I think it is to his Credit that he was so. He shed tears and was very melancholy. Lord Surrey mourns as for his Mother, but Lord Lucan is the outward *widower*.

. . . . .

The Duke of Norfolk's 'quondam wife' was Lady Elizabeth Belasyse, third daughter of Henry, last Earl Fauconberg, whom he had married in 1789 and divorced in 1794.

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9.

. . . . .

Fanny will give You an account of your Prince of Hesse. Edward intends Calling upon Him that I may also See Him. John Bedingfeld has been his *écuyer*, and discovered that He fought against His Father, but mended the Business by saying the Hessians made a very Scientific Retreat.

. . . . .

Turnerelly, a most famed Sculptor and an exemplary Catholic, Sung one of the Lamentations yesterday. Edward brought Him to tea. He Lived with the poor Queen and all the Princesses and

Prince who were all his Scholars for modelling ; the Queen went on to the Last seeking improvement, and I think must have been in private Life very amiable. This Turnerelly's Father was an Italian but his Mother an Irish Woman. He was Born in Dublin and has not yet been in Italy, but He is reckoned to be the first in his Profession.

. . . . .

23.

You will find Fanchon Looking quite well, and the Peer thin, but in better Health. I dined there on Sunday Last. Lord Petre had invited, in honor of *Ghent*, the Prince of Hesse, whom I found very Chearful and unaffected.

. . . . .

A Professor in Surgery Called upon me yesterday, being on his way to S<sup>t</sup> Helena with the Abbé Bonavita (an aged Priest, as the Papers say, who goes to superintend young Bertrand) another medical man and a Cook and *maitre d'hôtel* for Buonaparte. *The Professor* brought me a Letter from Lord Dillon at Florence. I told Him that an English Priest and Bishop was also going to S<sup>t</sup> Helena. He said yes He knew it but that He went on to the Cape of good Hope, whereas the abbé was to be Residentiary. They are all Italians. I wish young Bertrand Could have Come over to Stonyhurst to have seen a Little more of the good World, for it is Singular to have only the knowledge of that Little volcanic Island.



Here may conveniently be placed a portion of the Diary written by Lady Bedingfeld during her first visit to England, after her long residence in the Netherlands.

The exalted personage to whom Lady Jerningham frequently alludes as 'your Duchess,' or simply 'the Duchess,' was Ida, second daughter of George, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and of Princess Louise of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, sister to Adelaide, future Queen of William IV. She had married in 1816 Charles Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, brother to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, and thus brother-in-law to the daughter of the Tsar Nicolas. He held a high command in the army of the Netherlands.

The sort of intimacy which subsisted between Lady Bedingfeld and the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince of Hesse (Philippsthal), and the Chamberlain, Baron de Beulwitz, was begun at Ghent. It led ultimately to the friendship and high favour of Queen Adelaide.

*Monday.* Left Ghent 3<sup>d</sup> May, arrived in London Saturday and was met at Dartford by Sir Rich<sup>d</sup> and our daughter Lady Petre. Dined in Bolton Row.

*Tuesday 18 May.* Dined at G. Milner's. Company, 2 Princes of Hesse Philipsthal, Gen<sup>l</sup> and Lady Elis, Fitzroy, Lord John Fitzroy.—Col. Talbot of the Guards Colonel and M<sup>rs</sup> Doyle.—My daughter spent the Morning with Lady Petre and dined at Sir George's where I called at night.

*Wednesday 26.* Went to St. Martin's Lane to a Picture Seller, to beg him to come and Value, an

Ancient Picture I have brought over for sale belonging to the Cte. François De Thiennes. Visited M<sup>r</sup> Poyntz with Sir Richard. Saw during the morning at home 2 M<sup>r</sup> Chutes, M<sup>r</sup> Allen, Commandeur and the Marquis de Thuisy and M<sup>r</sup> Swinfin and Lady Petre. Called upon Lady C. Lindsay and Lord Glenbervie, M<sup>rs</sup> Maxwell Constable and M<sup>rs</sup> Chaplin, we all dined in Bolton row, with M<sup>r</sup> Jo. Bedingfeld and the Commandur de Thuisy; also the Abbé Bonavita, who is going to St. Helena to Buounaparte. He is a quiet, healthy looking man about 60, speaks French with some difficulty.—He was some time Chaplain to Buounaparte's Mother and seems much attached to the family. He thinks B. has Religion, and says he used to hear Mass with Much apparent respect when in the Island of Elba.—The Abbé is waiting the Orders of Government to Set Sail with 3 other Persons: a Surgeon, a *Mâitre d'Hôtel* and a Cook.—Sir George's little girl Laura was there. She and E<sup>d</sup>'s little girl Clementina are the same age and great friends, great Contrasts in Person: the latter being quite flaxen headed, the other, with black hair and Eyes and the Expression of a pretty Gipsy.—Clementina is also pretty, their age is 8.

*Thursday 27<sup>th</sup>.* We dined at home; that is Sir R. Matilda and I. Mr. Allen dined with us and we went to see 'Mathews at home,' he has much humor and a good insight into the Characters of Men, their whims and fashions. But the Exhibition was too long. Agnes Spent the day at Epsom Races with her Sister Lady Petre. She and Matilda drew lots

which should have this Pleasure. My Br. Sir Geo: made them each a present of Pink Silk Pelisses.—Mr Allen took leave of us, intending to set off next morning for Norfolk.

*Friday 28th.* We dined in Bolton Row, met Lord and Lady Petre, Lord Trimleston and Mr Barnewall; in the Evening came Lady J. Sir George and Charlotte J.

*Thursday June 3<sup>rd</sup>.* Mrs E<sup>d</sup> J. repository for the poor, amusing enough, the Room crowded with Catholics and everybody trying to make Raffles for the different articles. My Mother's and Brother's servants behind the counter and at the Door. Dined at home with the Girls and then went to a Dramatic Concert at the Argyle Rooms for the Benefit of Garcier. The actors were: Naldi and his Daughter and Garcier. It was good, but too long—not over till near two.—Sir Rich. was at the Stronghurst Dinner and went to the Levee in the morning with Sir George and My Br. Edward.

*Friday 4<sup>th</sup> June.* Went with Lord Glenbervie and Lady Petre to see Lord Grosvenor. Returned afterwards, took My Mother to the Repository; the same merry Bustle as the Day before. I dined in Bolton row. In the Evening arrived from Paris, Sir Thomas Webbe and his Son Henry, a fine tall Boy of 13—he is like his Uncle Lord Dillon and will turn out, I think, a handsome man. He has been much indulged by his late poor Mother and shews it a little by childish pettiness.

*Saturday 5.* Went with My Lady Petre to see Mr Angerstein's pictures; not many but very choice

ones. I then went to the Repository, M<sup>r</sup> Neville personated the Auctioneer with great success and most of the things were disposed of.

Sir Richard and I dined at home with the Girls, we went to Bolton row in the Evening, found there Sir Thomas Webb, his son and Miss Bethams.

*Monday 7.* My Girls and I dined at 4 and then accompanied all the Cliffords to the Freemason's tavern where there was a Dinner for the United Charities. We sat together in the Gallery, Lady Clifford and 4 Daughters, Lady Jerningham and Charlotte, Lady Petre and Anna Maria P., Lady Dorothy Eyre, Countess de Front, M<sup>rs</sup> Maxwell and her Daughter, Sir T. Clifford's Sister and Daughter, M<sup>rs</sup> Hugh Clifford, M<sup>rs</sup> Blount, &c. &c. &c. Lord Clifford was in the Chair, the Duke of Norfolk on one side, Bishop Poynter the other; there were about 300 at dinner. —The Children, in number about 700, came in afterw<sup>ds</sup> with their different Flags &c. Mr. Butler made a Speech, and one of the little Boys repeated something appropriate, after which a Collection was made amounting I believe to above £500, £39 of which was given by the Ladies in the Gallery—We (the Ladies) had tea afterw<sup>ds</sup> in an adjoining room. —The whole was very Interesting. The only part I disliked was some comic Songs, which did not accord with the feelings that the object and manner of the meeting created. Lord Clifford acquitted himself extremely well.

*17. Thursday.* We went to Court, and My two Girls were presented. Staid from 12 till 5. There were more than 1500 carriages. We went afterw<sup>ds</sup> to

shew our Dresses to My Mother in Bolton row, found there Lady Jerningham with Sir George and Charlotte, who had likewise been at Court, and the twins; and Miss Plowden as Spectator. Lady Petre had been there, but was gone, she also had been presented. We took off our hoops but retained our plumes and dined in Bolton Row and afterwards went to a Rout at Lady Heeles, we were likewise invited to a Party at M<sup>rs</sup> Chaplins but could not accomplish it. It rained Violently, but the Morning was delightfully fine and the Crowds of Carriages and Servants in the Park very gay.

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*From Baron de Beulwitz to Lady Bedingfeld.*

GHEENT,

25. June 1819, at 6 oclock.

Your Ladyship will surely rejoice to read this letter because it informs You that H.R.H. the Duchess has been delivered of a son this very Morning at 5 oclock after having suffered since one oclock (in the night). D. Newbald and the nurse have been called at 3 oclock. Her H., as well as the Child, is so as may be in this kind of circumstance.

The Duchess was yesterday dining at Mr. Keverberg's house (who will leave us in a fortnight) and paying visits till 9 oclock in the evening.

I hope the Swiftness of my giving notice to Your Ladyship of this event will destroy the opinion You Shewed me before Your departure from here and which was very unjustly thought.

The Grand Duke was here for a fortnight and

went away on the 11th. June for Ems where he is to bathe.'

The news happened, or which might happen, You will know probably by others and not expect them from me. The only thing I Shall add is not a new one—for I repeated it so often that I only fear to become more tiresome than I already was, when I repeat again—as I shall and will do according to thruth, that I am for ever,

Your LadyShip's most faithfull

A. B. de BEULWITZ.

Pray present my kind respects to Your *whole* family (known and unknown by me) and excuse the Shortness of this note. If You see H.H. the Prince of Hesse tell him of the D<sup>s</sup> delivery. farewell.

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A letter from the Duke of Kent to Mr. John Bedingfeld is here inserted in the collection. It refers to the incident mentioned on p. 105 of the first volume.

KENSINGTON PALACE.

10th July.

The Duke of Kent has had the pleasure of receiving Mr. Bedingfeld's Note of the 9th. instant, enclosing a paper relative to a service performed by him, which no subject attached to his king, still less a Son, who feels towards his Father as he ought to do, ever can think of without entertaining towards the individual who performed it a sentiment of gratitude, to which no language can do justice. But, till the moment, when the Duke of Kent received Mr. Bedingfeld's communication, he had erroneously conceived that

he had received remuneration from Government, certainly not adequate to the service rendered (for that it was impossible to offer him) but such as it was worthy of Government to tender, and proper for him to receive; and he cannot sufficiently express his regret, his disappointment and his astonishment, that the truth should be otherwise; indeed so impressed is he with a feeling of what ought to be done for Mr. Bedingfeld that if he possessed the slightest influence or weight with those on whom it rests to give him a token of that gratitude which the whole country should bear him, he would esteem himself too fortunate in being able to exert himself in his behalf. Unfortunately the case is otherwise, and the Duke can only offer him his good wishes for his success, and express his hope that his case may yet be taken up by some one who, viewing it with the same warmth with which he does, possesses the means of giving effect to his good will. In concluding the Duke begs to assure Mr. Bedingfeld that, although he has not the good fortune of personally knowing him, he never has heard his name mentioned since the event in which his gallant and loyal conduct was so prominent without its creating emotions in his mind to which it would be difficult to do justice.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld at  
Oxburgh.*

*July 9.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE

I have been much solaced and amused with Evelyn's two quartos; it is delightful to be Conveyed



back to times that are passed, and He seems to write his opinions honestly. At the time his journal was not more than that of *Charles Ed*, but years have gilded it with much interest. The Sentence pronounced upon good Lord Stafford with *frightful gravity*, is expressive; but then He mentions the day of execution with no other Comment than a fact belonging to the 29. December. It appears that the Treasurer Clifford really destroyed Himself.

. . . . .

It is reported that the Dow<sup>r</sup>. Lady Jersey, on hearing that the Regent personated both King and Queen, in the Drawing Room, said He was a *Sequence*: King, Queen and Knave!

The entries in Evelyn's Diary concerning the iniquitous Stafford trial are under dates: 1680—November 30, December 3, 4, 6, 7, and 29.

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A letter from one of the children who had remained at Ghent—Felix, of whom the mother speaks in her Diary as the little guiding beacon—is quaint enough to be placed (spelling and all) on record. The child was then eleven years old.

Felix Bedingfeld became a barrister, a Colonial Secretary for Mauritius, and a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils.

August 16.

GHENT.

. . . . .

I have learnt 10 new steps, without counting those which resemble each other a good deal. I now know altogether 7 figures, 1. Ete. 2. Pantalón. 3. Parisse.

4. pastorelle. 5. Polonaise. 6. Poule. and 7. Trenis. I am learning the entrechat and contre temps. In musick I know the duo and a Sonatte. I have done the head of Achilles and drawing a pretty head of Minerva. This is how it is. [*Here a sketch.*] I am now going to tell you all how I spent my birthday. I got up at half past five, and went to mass at St Bavon, with Mrs. Parke; when mass was finished we took a walk into the green market, and there bought some fruit for dessert. We came home at about 8 oclock to a good breakfast of coffee and rolls. I found on the window a very pretty red flower, a present from Mrs. Fraser. Between 8 and 9 oclock Mrs. Neuport came with her maid, and gave me a very pretty Sweet Smelling flower. Then Mary, (Aunt Jerningham's maid) gave me a very pretty little plant with blue flowers. Then Mrs. Parke and I went to the fair, where She bought me a nice paint box. Then we went home and found our Company arrived. We Sit down to an excellent dinner. They all had a glass of wine apiece to drink my health. After dinner I amused myself with painting and drawing. We drank tea at 6: Fanny came to tea, and brought a book with her for me from Mr. Moore, it was *Choix des histoires interresantes*. Mr. Lognau, Mr. More's Servant gave me also a very pretty miscerope. There is a fair now held behind the Coupure. I went the other day with Mr. Moore to that fair and he bought me 6 books. *Fables de Fenelon Present d'un frere à sa sœur, modèles des enfans, modeles des Jeunes personnes*, and two volumes of *Bibliothèque des enfans*. I en-

close in this letter the bill of fare of my birthday dinner.

	beens	Rabbits	cauli- flour
plum pudding		Sausage	apple tart
	pot a toes	Beef	car rots

Dear Mamma, I am afraid you will think our dinner was expensive but I assure you our dishes were small and tasty and every one ait an excellent dinner.

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During the summer of this year frequent mention is made in the letters of intercourse between the Duke of Sussex and members of the Jerningham and Bedingfeld families. The Duke was undoubtedly a good friend to the cause of Catholic emancipation—or, at least, of religious tolerance in all directions.

The Lord Dundonald, in the following letter, is father of the distinguished seaman, better known to fame as Lord Cochrane. He had married a Miss Plowden, and was thus looked upon as a connection.

Lady Bedingfeld was then at Oxburgh.

*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*August 20.*

. . . . .

I have had a Letter this morning from George, mentioning an invitation they have to meet the Duke of Sussex at Holkham on Monday, and uneasy about their return &c. I have written a word to request

He will be easy about it, for I have pleasure in thinking of his visit there, and propose travelling slowly, '*de me hâter Lentement.*'

Lady Dundonald has applied for a Pension, and is to have one. Lord Dundonald waved *his* pauper right, preferring that it should be attached to Her, and I hear that the answer from Lord Liverpool is favourable.

. . . . .

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*From young Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

HOLKHAM,

25<sup>th</sup>. Aug.

MY DEAREST SISTER.

We are here, and *Agnes* safely under my wing—and this morning next but one to his R.H.\*—Sir Geo. dined on Monday to meet Mr. C. and him in Norwich, and we agreed to take Him, Mr. C. at that moment and tell him I had a little neice with me I wished to bring; particularly as he could explain, better than I that A. and C. could sleep together.

Mr. C. immediately acquiesced.—We all went to the Cathedral: it was a beautiful sight—30,000 people waiting all perfectly quiet and in good humour—and the Procession from the Assembly rooms to the Cathedral the Duke walking all the way on foot and cheered enthusiastically. We were in Prebendary Wodehouse's and Thurlow's *Closets*, upstairs, during the Service and saw it all.—Yesterday we Came off at half past eleven, knowing the Duke intended at two

\* The Duke of Sussex.

to come to Cossey, but it was understood We sh<sup>d</sup> be *gone*, otherwise we could not have arrived *here*, as we took our own horses to give up the Posters to himself and Suite—He told me he admired Cossey of all things, and the Howard Picture and Queen Mary in the library did not escape him—The Chapel he *was delighted with*, spoke *much* of it as Architectural, and of the beautiful painted glass.—He called for the Twins who, with Mamselle D. *did the honors*.—

I had Hastings placed at the organ who the moment he entered played *God Save the King*.—He spoke of Edward very much, said he was a perfect gentleman, whom he liked, for tho he was for the liberty of the Subject, he was also for all being in their proper places.—He is himself the most *agreeable* person: universal knowledge and universal *taste* for every thing—and perfect English feelings, never going a *line* too far in his sentiments. Sir G. Says he is most *convivial*; he Sleeps *but 3 hours often*—*rises at 5 always*, sometimes at four—Studies much, and *now* talks of *learning* Arabic.

. . . . .

COSSEY,

30.

MY DEAR SISTER

You should have received a Letter from Holkam, announcing *Agnes' arrival there*. She got thro it *well*, and Ch<sup>lre</sup> also. They were like two very pretty modest girls, blushing every time they were Spoken to, and Looking at one another every time for a Spark of kindred comfort—there were only two

very young men, Mr. E. Keppel and Mr. T. Anson both well behaved—Of Men in general, there were 20, and never more than 8 Ladies, so You may imagine the two Girls in the crowd of *Starers*. The Duke told me He thought her very pretty—one night Ch<sup>lte</sup> color'd so intensely at some blunder She made at Cards, that He Could not help looking at *me* and *smiling*. We play'd *Vingt un* every night, but Agnes declined and Sat on a *large* ottoman near. Ch<sup>lte</sup> played 2<sup>d</sup>. He called the gentlemen he chose to make the party, and we were *without gloves* always at *cards*.

The Duke was *intended* for a domestic good Man—a great deal of quick feeling and tact, a fine Spirit and sence of honor, a great lover of comfort in *the old style*, and old fashioned grandour such as Baronial Halls and all the Apendages—He *let* out one night, talking quickly about Hampton Court: 'if I was King I would certainly live there and soon rout out all the present inhabitants in the only Palace in England.'—I found also he has a flower garden at Kensington wh. he delights in, and quantities of *piping bulfinches*, Old China and a vast library—for he is a very good scholar. You may imagine *this mélange* of a Man. A *little black* is his Valet de Chambre and a tall Chasseur Stands also behind his chair *with Blacky* as *he* calls him. Mr. Stephenson, when he moves off to bed, generally serves him for a walking stick; being about 5 foot 5—and the Duke 6 foot 4 and *large* in proportion—he winds his arm round the secretary's neck in a very affectionate way. And so they walk off. He drinks *abundantly* of *every-*

thing, and many a time I have wished to dash it from him, for I think he is killing himself, tho the Brunswick Strength of Constitution seems struggling thro Astma, Corpulence and a Bachanalian life when *He* is in the Chair. I have filled this about his Royal highness as it may amuse you, but he is *worth* paying sixpence for it. He has *no* prejudices about Catholics of *any clime*, and I doubt if he does not like Our religion infinitely better than his own.—We went into his dressing room to see his *Pipes* with Miss Coke. On the Table of the bed room laid a little bible, and a common prayer book, both bound in tortoiseshell and Gold, his name or Cypher on one side, and a *cross* and *I.H.S.* on the other.

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About the end of August Lady Bedingfeld leaves Oxburgh for Cheltenham and Bath. Fragments from a very rough diary kept by her are included among the letters of this period.

[Diary.]

*August 24.* My Mother arrived, and brought back Matilda from Thorndon. Lady Petre and her Lord are gone to Leamington.

On the same day. My Boy Charles arrived from abroad to Spend his Holidays in England.

On the *31st.* My Mother went on to Cossey, and took Matilda with her, My Br. Sir George having kindly offered to keep both her and Agnes during our Absence from Oxburgh. My Mother seemed pleased with her Stay with Us, she Slept in the Fetterlock room, and Sat in the Morning in the chinese dressing



Room, having her Breakfast there, and amusing herself with looking at the Books I was occupied in packing up. We staid on at Oxburgh till the 8th. Sept. and then set off for Cheltenham.—I was so happy at Oxburgh, the Weather was so delightful, and I enjoyed the Liberty and quietness of our Venerable Mansion so much that I left it with a heavy heart—the Day was remarkably fine, which gilded the Scenes I was leaving with peculiar Charms. We dined that Day at Cambridge in a dismal Inn facing Trinity College, I walked but little about.—We Slept at Hinchin, and the next Night, the 9th. We Slept at Oxford. We walked out after Dinner about the Streets, till after the Lamps were lighted, the Streets were crowded, and the Shops open and full of bustle; raising my Eyes from that Scene of business I was particularly Struck by the Sight of the little quiet Evening Star, that I had been gazing upon for so many previous Weeks at Oxburgh! It reminded me so forcibly of the Still tangled Shades I had been spending My Evenings in, that I could not help saying, Oh that I had Wings like a Dove! &c. &c.

Arriving early at Cheltenham on the 10th. we immediately walked about and procured a House, into which we entered, glad to get out of the Noise and Expence of the Hotels—Our House was No 1 Colonnade larger than we wanted and not very clean, but what I disliked the most, was its extremely *gay* Situation, exhibiting from the windows, a continual Scene of Carriages and Company on foot or on horseback, with a background of Shops, full of Hats, Caps and

Novels. The Morn<sup>g</sup> after my arrival I sent for the Apothecary, to ask his advice about the drinking the Water; he had been reported to me, as extremely Clever, and tho' his Countenance did not contradict this Assertion, his Manner was so coxcombical, that I felt disappointed. I told him my complaints however, and listened to all his directions about pint glasses and half pint glasses, Pills and boluses, Diet and hours; when he had said all his say, and was putting on his Gloves to depart, was even got to the Door, when I could hold it out no longer: Pray Mr. — said I, do you believe in the Cheltenham Waters. The poor Man looked thunderstruck, but I saw a suppressed Smile at the corner of his Mouth. Madam! I asked, Mr. — if you believe in the Waters, because I do not, I give you notice, but I shall follow the injunctions you have been giving me. Here followed, a Discussion, which left an Impression upon my Mind that he thought the Waters very helpless without the aid of powerful medicine, I therefore was more restless than ever to get away and swallow My pills, in some place more congenial to My taste. Our little Edward Joined us from Sedgeley Park. I hired a piano, and he was playing all day, he has not forgot what I taught him, and if he had the Opportunity of learning would be a great Musician. Charles has also a great Ear, but is not so eager to play as Edward—We spent a day at Gloucester, I saw the Cathedral again with pleasure. In the Evening at Dusk, I saw the door of another Church open, and glided gently in, it was almost dark; as soon as I entered, a Melancholy low Voice

struck on my Ear, like a Lamentation from the tomb. I went down the Aisle and then up again towards the Communion table and there I perceived a thin pale Clergyman kneeling and praying aloud, 6 or 7 Women were kneeling in a Row facing him, and a Lady sat in a pew on one side; on seeing Me advance (which I did as Slowly and quietly as I could) she opened the door and invited me in, but I excused Myself civilly, and remained standing near. When his prayer was over, he commenced a sort of Exhortation, in a low Unctuous Voice; what he said was good, and his pious, penitential Countenance made it more impressive.—I guessed he was one of those, who stile themselves *Evangelical*, and as the Bishop of Gloucester is of that sort, it accounted for this Unusual, pious Occupation of the Church at this Hour.—I cannot help feeling interested for these Methodists.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld at  
Cheltenham.*

COSSEY.

*September 14.*

. . . . .  
Frederick says He never was so happy. They were at St Helena the 22. July. Poor M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand had miscarried on the 20. Frederick was an Hour with Her, and then dined 'with General Bertrand and his four Beautiful Children.' Those are his words. They Came in six weeks from St Helena, and in ten from the Cape of good Hope. He hopes

to go through his first examination next month and the Second by the end of January. Cap<sup>tn</sup> Dillon has Certainly, I should suppose, Left Portsmouth; but if you write to Him, Mr. Bedingfeld Could forward the Letter. It Certainly seems more at home, that your Little Edward should be with Him. I long to hear from you. Your Brother is nearly well of his Leg, and all other inhabitants quite so: we expect Frederick here about Friday. Pray write. I Leave off that my Letter may not be delayed. Always affectionately yours.

After a Stay of 10 Days, having had a recurrence of Spasm in my Side, we removed to Bath, where I felt again at home, we arrived there on the Morn<sup>g</sup> of the 22<sup>d</sup> having Slept at petty France, we made a long days Journey of it from Cheltenham because we stopped to see the Roman villas lately discovered on Sir R. Hicks Estate on the road to Painswick, we breakfasted at Painswick, and walked down to the Manor House, which my Br. Ed. bought with the farm round it, when My Father sold the Estate. It has been little altered, bears great Marks of antiquity but never was a grand Building. I met in Painswick Church Y<sup>d</sup> the most boldly discontented Man I ever conversed with, a Cobler—ripe for rebellion, levelling &c. &c. but he did justice to My Father's benevolence 'He *was* kind to the Poor, not like the rest of Your great Ones.' The ground of this Old Man's discontent appeared to be the persuasion that the Clergyman, of the Place, had cheated his wife of a Legacy—he was looking over his Hedge into the Church Y<sup>d</sup>, which made me ask him if he was the

Clerk he answered: not he, nor did he know anything of the Church, or want to know anything &c. &c. &c.

BATH.

22 September. Got to Bath, took a Lodging n. 2 North Parade, drank tea at Mr. Ferrers.

24. Saw the grand procession of the Masons, with the Duke of Sussex at their head.—Striking and incomprehensible—Processions are impressive Instruments in the hands of Men, to work upon the feelings of the Multitude.

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On the way home a stage was made at Portsmouth, where Lady Bedingfeld notes that :

Our business there was to Equip our Son Edward, for his Situation as Midshipman on board the Phaeton, we saw the Capt., next Morning he is Nephew (Natural) to Old Mr Mervin Dillon, and bears the family name. I was pleased with his look and address. Sir Rich<sup>d</sup> gave orders for Edward's clothes, and from that day to the 13th Oct: our time was taken up with the details, that these preparations required, the Phaeton was repairing and the Crew on board a Hulk, the Capt. did not allow Ed. to go on Board, but advised us to take him with us, to the Isle of Wight where we spent two Days. I had never been there before and enjoyed the partial Tour we made extremely. Charles and Edward were wild, and sometimes alarmed me by the adventurous

spirit, but I remembered My own rash deeds and said nothing.

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The next move was once more to Oxburgh, where the remainder of the letters for this year are addressed. One of the first found on the return home was the account sent by Master Felix of the ordeal undergone by a favourite dog. The style of the epistle, from so young a writer, quite justifies the maternal pride with which Lady Bedingfeld always refers to the boy.

GHENT,

*November 1st.*

On monday Cadet underwent a great operation : a little piece of his tail was obliged to be taken of. His muzzle was put on and his head wrapped up in a cloth, that he might not *See who did it*. The great gate stood open also, that the blacksmith might run out as soon as he had finished the operation. Mrs. Parke held Cadet's head, whilst the blacksmith cut his tail. She was fit to die with fear, and blacksmith was as much afraid as her ; he was some minutes before he could get Cadet's tail in the machine. Silence was kept that he might not hear any voices. He was left to bleed an hour and the blacksmith then came and bound up his tail with a composition of burnt tinder, whilst Mrs. Parke had to hold him again. He went on pretty well till thursday when he was very bad indeed and we thought he was going to die ; but now he is getting much better. Mrs. Parke gives him everything the blacksmith orders. He is washed 2 a day with a hot bath made of herbs and other things.—I hope that in my next letter I shall be able to say he is quite well.

*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.**November 1.*

. . . . .

Mr. Amiot is returned from Paris. He says rebellion walks there upright and rejoices at the entangled state of England. The only happy *good* Person is the Princesse Louise the Nun, who is at the temple with a Community and Pensioners, Looking in perfect enjoyment.

. . . . .

5.

Poor Miss Betham has been sitting here a Long time! she says the most singular Things, with a quiet sensible face. She thinks it her duty to unfold the *truth* which it has fell to her Lot to find out, and she means to publish it in Print. It is melancholy to hear her talk such unreasonable stuff. And it is in vain to reply, all the Charm of right understanding being shut up with folly.

. . . . .

18.

Talton is this very morning pleading his own Cause in Westminster. He is Confident, but I Cannot help fearing the result—what an excellent Speech Judge Bailey made to that infidel Carlille in Condemning Him to fine and imprisonment. I think that Foreigners must be edified at the religious Seriousness of the active Magistracy of this Country,



and of the Horror that openly avowed infidelity produces.

‘That infidel Carlille’ was Richard Carlisle, the printer. The action in question was that of the King *v.* Richard Carlisle, brought by the Attorney-General against the defendant for having republished Thomas Paine’s ‘Age of Reason,’ and Palmer’s ‘Principles of Nature,’ works that had formerly been adjudged to be of a blasphemous nature.

Carlisle conducted his own case ; the trial lasted three days. He was found guilty, and fined £1,000, with two years’ imprisonment, for the ‘Age of Reason,’ and £500, with a further term of one year’s imprisonment, for the ‘Principles of Nature.’ He was unable to pay these fines, and remained long years in prison.

*Autre temps, autres mœurs!* Lady Jerningham rejoices at this preposterous and iniquitous sentence ; it was, however, only the other day that a new edition of Paine’s ‘Age of Reason,’ edited by a distinguished man of letters, was issued from the offices of a high-class publisher and dispassionately reviewed by the British press.

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THORNDON HOUSE, BRENTWOOD,

23.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

I Can inform you that Sir R<sup>d</sup> arrived Safely this morning in London, and Called here before I was up. He will not give us the pleasure of Seeing Him at dinner, but has promised to Call in the evening. As for the Picture of Lady Litchfield I am very much obliged by the offer, but I entreat She may not be transported from Oxburgh, now that She has more title than ever to be there, by having a descent of Grandchildren in the House. She was first Cousin to S<sup>r</sup> Henry whom she sent her Likeness

to: Her Mother being the daughter of Sir Richard Beking, and Consequently Sister to Sir Henry Arundel Bedingfeld's Mother—The Last Sir John Arundel of Lanherne Leaving only two daughters, Lady Beking and Lady Bedingfeld. This gives me the pleasure of thinking that I descend from a Miss Jerningham which I had never traced up till Lately. I was satisfied with being Mother to one, but I Like the additional tye.

. . . . .

*December 15.*

The Fête of wednesday was magnificent as you will See in the Paper. Ed. and Emily Came back at five. The Prince was hissed by the immense mob round the door, and Lady Hertford, dressed in her Scarlet Crape in a Chair, nearly overturned. But Bow Street attendants were in the Hall, and she was ushered in Safely. They then sent for *Patrouilles* on Horseback, and all was in order. The Duke and Duchess of Clarence were there. I wish She Could have met you. Her manner is found pleasing but she is not handsome, as you know. 48 Attendants in the most Brilliant dresses, with the illumination of the apartments Seems to have been the great Magnificence displayed.

. . . . .

14.

Tomorrow there will be a grand Ball at the Spanish Ambassador's. The gentlemen in dress Coats, and it was said the Ladies were all to be in

white. Edward and Emily go. She in white; but I hear from Ursula who works at M<sup>de</sup> Triand's, that Lady Hertford is to be in Scarlet Sattin, Trimmed with Crape of the same Colour. This will make a very conspicuous appearance.

The French Ambassador is not yet named; M. de la Tour du Pin and the Comte de Caraman have both been mentioned.

Young George Smythe has succeeded in his journey here & goes to-morrow for Paris, on his way to Turin. He carries his second brother with him, who is 18, & proposes getting him also into the Sardinian service.

January 24. 1820.

Edward is yet at Stafford, and seems to be in good Spirits, thank God. He has found in Miss Hugh's Library a Book of travels that says: '*Nous avons ici à Venise, un Anglois qui a enlevé sa Belle Soeur; Ensuite il l'a épousée et cette petite plaisanterie Lui a Couté £30,000 Sterling, dont il se réjouit Comme preuve de son amour. Cependant l'imagination La plus glacée ne peut rendre L'intérieur de ces deux amants Passionés. Il y a là un degré de froideur habituel qu'une Française ne suffriroit pas une demie journée d'un Roi.*' These Personages are without doubt Sir Henry Mildmay, and the ill-fated Lady Rosebery.

The Duke of Kent is dead, and the good old King unwell, living upon Milk. This Season has been very severe.

The Duke of Kent died on January 23, the King on the 29th of the same month, and the Duc de Berri was assassinated on February 13 by one Louvel, a maniac, who thought to kill in the heir-presumptive of France the last of the Bourbons.

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*February 5.*

I hope you have read all the affecting accounts of our good deceased King. He Certainly was one of the most upright of Characters, and died as one going to Sleep.

Cap<sup>m</sup> Usher Called upon me yesterday, in Black. He said he had just handed the Duchess of Clarence into her Carriage to visit the Duchess of Kent, where She goes every day. The Duchess of Kent is in deep affliction, and the Dutchess of Clarence, after her first interview with Her, was so affected She Could not recover Herself. Cap<sup>m</sup> Usher now belongs to the Clarence household, and hopes to get the Command of a yacht. His first Question was after you and S<sup>r</sup> Richard, and he trusts He shall see you in London

Our present Sovereign has been in great danger, but is recovering.

. . . . .

21.

The Duchess of Clarence visits the Duchess of Kent Daily, and the Latter is a Little Better.

What misfortunes have poured upon Royal Houses! The Poor Duc de Berri's Fate, is alarming to all. He died poor man, with Christian Courage, and it may perhaps have been for Him a

merciful dispensation, but His poor Duchess is quite inconsolable.

. . . . .

*March 30.*

On Monday, which will be the fourth meeting (I think) on the Catholic Business; it is expected again to pass, and then, the fight will be with the Bishops. The danger we are under is their demanding something as security, which we Cannot in Conscience yield up. But even if it should be thrown out (which is not Likely in this moment) we shall yet in a manner have gained our Cause, exposed our enemies' Malice, and shewn ourselves worthy of better Luck.

. . . . .

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## NOTES AND DIARIES.

In a small leather-covered pocket-book appertaining to the Collection, I find, roughly jotted down and without apparent order, scraps of Diary belonging to the early part of this year, intermixed with notes or memoranda and sundry 'fugitive pieces,' all in the hand of Lady Bedingfeld. Several extracts from the disjointed repository of thought fit in at this point in the excerpts.

Ever and anon the record of events, or of self-communing, takes the shape of an imaginary 'dialogue between Head and Heart,' the entity 'Heart' appearing sometimes under another rubric, Camilla to wit. Several other copybooks are still extant, filled with these singular lucubrations, sometimes really clever, which take the literary shape of a disputation between the reasoning and the emotional sides of the writer's character. This very

old-fashioned 'conceit' was no doubt remembered from the Paris convent days.

The lines entitled 'Expectation,' may, perhaps, have been penned just before a long-awaited meeting between mother and daughter.

*March.* During My fortnight's Stay in London previous to My return to Ghent I saw the Dutchess of Clarence three times in the Morning, and dined once in the Palace. The Company besides the D<sup>k</sup> and D<sup>ss</sup> were Capt. and Miss Fitzclarence Cap<sup>t</sup> Usscher, a german Lady, Matilda, Agnes & Me the Dinner was at 7, in the Evening two Younger Miss Fitzclarence came and a German Musician who played with them, and by himself upon the Piano, we went away at  $\frac{1}{2}$  ten.

I had known the Dutchess at Ghent previous to their Marriage when she was on a Visit to the Dutchess of Saxe Weimar her Sister.

### GEORGE 3<sup>d</sup>

A few Minutes before, this Venerable Monarch expired, he extended his Arms, and bade his Attendants raise him up.—the Doctors signified to his attendants not to do so, in the Supposition that the Effort would extinguish life but upon his repeating the request, they Obeyed, and he thanked them.

His Lips were parched and Occasionally wetted with a Sponge. He, with perfect presence of mind, said :—'Do not wet my Lips but when I open My Mouth.'—And when done he added : "I thank you, it does me good.'


This was told by the Duke of York, who was pre-

sent, to the Dutchess of Clarence. She said that it gave her pleasure, to see how much he was affected in speaking of his Father.

The Dutchess of Clarence told me that when she took leave of the late Queen, previous to Setting off for Hanover, She felt a great deal, particularly as the Queen did not like to talk of her health or to take leave of anybody. The Dutchess fearing that she should never see her again felt hurt that she might not Express her gratitude to Her Majesty for all her goodness to her; and when she had wished her good night, and Shut the door of the Room, she could not help opening it again Softly to see her once more: the Queen heard it, and called the Dutchess in. But then she merely spoke upon some Indifferent Subject, pretending not to perceive the Dutchess' concern.

I observed to the D. of Clarence that her kind and Constant Visits to the Widowed Dutchess of Kent, must be a source of great Comfort to her. She replied, that the Dutchess of Kent's consolation came from a Much higher Source; that she was truly religious.

She also said that the Duchess of Kent's little Girl, was a very fine Child and full of Spirits. Someone sent its Mother a Miniature Picture of the Duke, done when he was very Young, which she suspended round the Child's neck. When the little girl was brought to the Dutchess of Clarence, she had her two little Hands spread over the Picture, and laughed as if delighted. In an Infant under a year the Circumstance must have been accidental,





but my Amiable Dutchess (of C.) said it affected her very much; as also when, upon the Duke of Clarence entering, the Child pointed to the Star, and exclaimed: Papa! Papa!

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## DIALOGUES.

HEAD.

Camilla, what have you got there?

(HEART) CAMILLA.

Some lines, I wrote two years ago, in Calais, where I went to meet a dear friend. They express, badly, one of My feelings and which I used to think peculiar to Myself, but I have since learned that Cowper the Poet experienced it—

H.

Poor Cowper had, I believe, every Variety of feeling, amounting to the Melancholy sum of Madness; but he had Poetic Genius to Dress his Wild Vagaries in, and you have not.

CAMILLA.

I know it, and yet I can imagine things, but numbers are denied me. Here is My Attempt.

### *EXPECTATION.*

Ah, why does the Expected Hour  
That is some long lost Friend to bring,  
Awake within a Painful Power,  
As if 'twas some half dreaded thing!

Why tremble, as if loth to hear  
That voice so very dear to me !  
Why fear those Eyes, to look upon  
Which I would travel Miles to See ?

Love's wayward fancies none can tell,  
But this is Friendship's holy Shrine.  
Why dread its soothing presence, then,  
When All it brings is *truly* thine ?

'Tis that of late My Lazy Heart  
Dreads the quick beat of heighten'd pleasure ;  
It hates to laugh—it hates to Weep,  
But likes to keep one wonted Measure.

Like the grey tint of some Still Day,  
When Nature's Beauty nought does borrow,  
Such I would have My tenor be,  
Alike removed from Joy and Sorrow.

Such I would have.—But, hark ! That noise !  
Fling down the Skreen, that I may see !  
Delight and Joy the House Bell rings  
I know 'tis she !—'tis she !—'tis she !

1818. C. B.

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The notes concerning the journey to England were written at the end of the year, but they refer to the present period, and the 'dialogue,' composed after the return to Ghent, deals mainly with Oxburgh.

*Christmas, 1820.* My Stay at Cossey, was a mingled Cup, of pleasure and pain. Fraternal Affection, however endearing, does not give that vivifying *Sheltering* feeling that Paternal tenderness does. I now stand by the side of the Sun ; I once Stood Under it. Cossey is the home of those I dearly love,

but it is no longer Mine!—My Father lies in the Vault!—My Mother's Chair is empty!—a new Race of Children is sprung up! most amiable, Most Affectionate, and little dreaming that in their disjointed Conversation they sometimes abuse Objects I have been accustomed to admire! and tap about, with unhallowed hands, things, that were once deemed precious!

The Voice that can no longer be heard seems still to Vibrate on My Ear!—'Charlotte, do not push that table; do not turn the Couch that way, it will be Injured!'—And now perhaps the table *is* pushed, the Couch *is* turned and broken! Better, and more convenient ones fill the place, and who feels it but me? Yet—I do my Brother injustice. *He*, of all Men the Best, unites to the greatest Integrity and Simplicity of Character, the most feeling heart. Lady Jerningham (My Sister in Law) told me She and her Daughter wished the Drawing room (about to be repaired) to be painted of a different Colour; Sir George however said: '*My Mother is coming to Cossey, she has been used to see it green, let it be again painted Green*'—Lady J. added: 'the Motive *honors him*, but I should like to have it Scarlet!' Oh! how I loved green in that moment, and yet how anxious, if I stood in My Mother's place and knew the Circumstance how anxious I to paint it Scarlet—Scarlet with my own hands!

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## DIALOGUE.

*(My head and my heart under the Name of Camilla.*

*Dialogue on returning to the Low Countries between  
My Head and My heart, Under the Usual name of  
Camilla, written at Bruges. March 23<sup>d</sup> 1820.)*

H.

Well Camilla, I have been looking over Your Letter List, which by the by You have turned into a Sort of Journal, and I find You have been going over the same ground as You did three Years ago, when You brought Your Family to settle at Ghent. How long have You been staying in England ?

CAMILLA.

Since last May ; the greater part has been Spent at Oxburgh, a place I am so fond of that to be there is in itself Happiness !

H.

That is to Say, Oxburgh being the ancient Seat of the Bedingfelds and the future property of Yr Descendants, you take a pleasure and interest in what might otherwise appear Melancholy and Dull.

C.

Perhaps—but I do not like the Idea that Oxburgh can be dull to anybody having active Spirits for *out of Doors*, or intellectual resources to occupy them within—

H.

Active Spirits and Intellectual resources are certainly great Embellishers of every prospect ; but You forget, when You speak of residence at Oxburgh, that you packed up all the Books, and Sir R. allowed no Shooting in the Autumn, and you had no Instrument but the organ, without Music. Your daughters were with Your family, Your Husband measuring timber all day ; what were You about ?

CAMILLA.

Oh, I had Continued Occupation. First, as I packed up the Library, the pleasant amusement of looking into every Book, noting down the title, date and Edition, reading a little in one, and a little in another, so that I passed My days in most agreeable Mixed Company. When I had packed up 1700 Vols. I took the Outline of more than 80 pictures, reducing them by a Scale. Then I numbered every Article of the Furniture, added new, mended the Old. And I hope I need not Mention My Visits to the Cottages, and My lingering Steps, in the grown up Walks !

H.

You had not been at Oxburgh for 10 Years.

C.

No, not to stay, and was actually a week before I could believe I was there. Yet every Object, Every Corner, was so well remembered, that I soon felt as if I had never been away. Yet also what changes in the Inhabitants of our Village ; Slim young Girls become Pale hard working Mothers !—the Auburn

Locks thinned and darkened, and many a grey head laid low! Boys, whose little weak hands could scarcely hold the White gate open when I drove thro' it at My departure, were now the Robust young men that honored my return with the loudest Peal Village Bells could produce.

H.

I know you Shed more tears in quitting Cossey than in leaving any other place—which I do not quite Understand.

C.

Nor I, unless it is that Cossey being the Spot where I first learned to think and feel, every Sentiment of My Soul, every feeling of tenderness, gratitude, taste, devotion, all, all, seem to emanate from those Original ones first felt here. The tears I shed in leaving Cossey seemed to me to flow, for everything past, present and to come.

H.

Not a very intelligible explanation, but I suppose I must expect no better—but to return to where we set out—I was Observing that You are again leaving Your Own Country to Set down in another, are Yr feelings as keen as before?

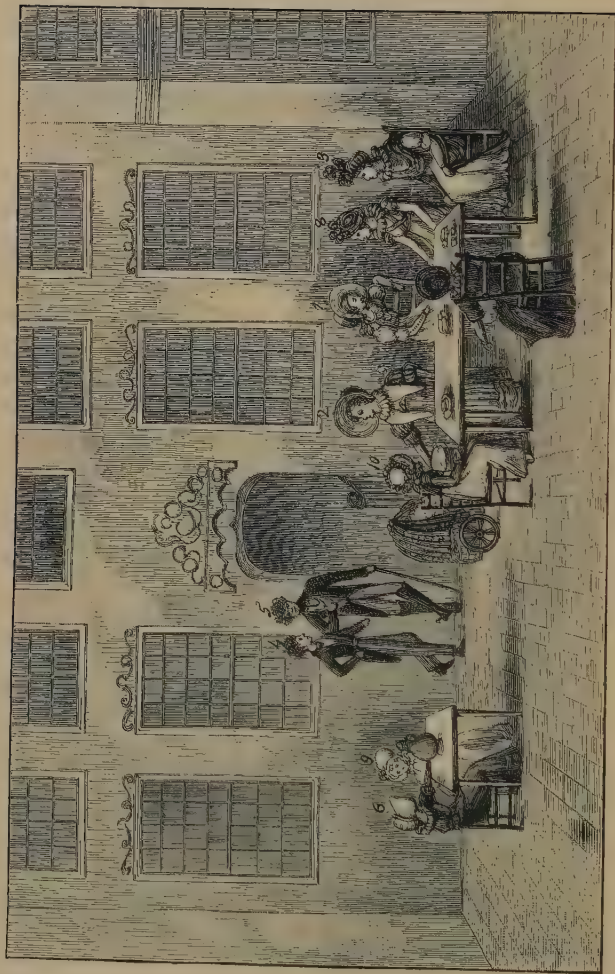
C.

Logic is my Death!

I feel that I am not going to an *Unknown* Country and, in the Midst of all my regrets, I keep My Mind's Eye on my little Felix, who like a little Solitary beacon, shows me My path back to Ghent—When







## A TEA-PARTY AT GHENT (1820).

*From a water-colour sketch by MATILDA BEDINGFELD.*

1. Duchess of Saxe-Weimar.
2. Her Sister, the Duchess of Clarence.
3. Their Mother, the Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen.
4. Their Brother, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.
5. Baron Beulwitz.
6. A Dame d'Honneur.
7. Ibid.
8. Mama.
9. Agnes.
10. Myself.

*To face p. 167, vol. ii.*

I came over 3 years ago I knew not how the plan might answer—we had no House!—no Acquaintances—in every Inn 6 children to take care of—the boys ripe for School and no School in view for them—the Country and its Usages Unknown to me, and the distance, from being untried seeming doubly long. It was like a New Patch upon an Old Picture, harsh and Obtrusive. Time and Use have Mellowed it. The Landmarks seem thrown down, and Oxburgh—Cossey—London—Thorndon—Ghent, seem like one Country over which I feel it is easy to travel, if necessary.

BRUGES 23<sup>d</sup> March 1820  
at Night.

Here Lady Bedingfeld returns to Ghent, where a few months later the marriage of her daughter Matilda to Mr. Stanley Carey, of Follaton, Devon, was to take place.

Once more is the steady correspondence resumed between the mother in London and the daughter at Ghent. The topics of most constant interest are, as usual, the Catholic agitation (in which Edward continues to take active part), the trial and doings of Queen Charlotte, and all the scandals connected therewith, the question of the Stafford peerage (still a long way off settlement), the visit and return abroad of 'Charlotte's Duchess,' etc.

*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*May 23.*

Edward and Charles are gone to Stafford, it was quite necessary for Ed. to go out of this Contradictory bristling atmosphere, for the Catholic address, with which He had taken such pains to make it produce a shew of unanimity, and for which he had Litterally procured near 20,000 Names, was, a few

days before the Levée, protested against by Lord Arundell seconded by Mr. Ed. Petre. They wished it to be set aside altogether &c. I hear from some who were there, that your Brother Ed. behaved with great propriety and Spirit.

The address was an immense Roll of Parchment ; He put His Hand upon it and said that the Names that were there Confided to Him should be delivered to the Duke of Norfolk ; and that if it were inconvenient to the Duke to present the Same, He should do it Himself and resign all further interference with the Catholic Business. Several took it up of his side and Represented how impossible it was at that period to make the smallest alteration. Accordingly, at the King's first Levee, it was presented by the Duke of Norfolk, attended by Lord Clifford &c. and the King spoke most graciously to Edward : also to Lord Fingall, who had an address from Ireland.

The King evidently appears to wish the Catholics to Look up to His good will for the Catholic Peers are Certainly to be summoned to the Coronation. In the mean while the Queen's return is the Bugbear in the Papers, and none but the King and Privy Council know exactly what will take Place about Her.

*June 9.*

This Country is I fear nearer disaster than it has been since the days of Charles 1st. The Queen's bold return to England, and her Lodging in Alderman Wood's House in South Audley Street, with a

Constant Mob cheering Her and for two Nights past Breaking every Window that did not illuminate, (a thing which, However, I did not do) ; the threatened Impeachment against Her, which a Committee will hardly be able to Screen her from, all these are really Scenes that are of very serious aspect. I am not usually a Croaker and I hope I am now mistaken, but the Spirit of the present time is most alarming. I however trust that the Queen will not push matters to extremity, but accept of the Mercy allowed Her, which is £50,000 a year, and the right to reside on the Continent with a travelling Name, as all Potentates have out of their home Residence.

. . . . .

Mr. Devereux, in Searching Records at the British Museum, found the following entry :

An. 1 Jacobi Secundi

‘ Sir H. Bedingfeld, Knight and B<sup>t</sup>, as Lord of the Manor of *Ashele* in Norfolk, Claims to perform the office of Napery, and to have the Table Linnen when taken away.’

‘ Not allowed because He had not His evidence ready, to make it out but with a *Salvo Jure*.’

Adieu, my dear. I hope the warm weather will be back soon. In the meantime you must keep by the fire.

23.

The Duchess with her two attendants arrived Last Night, and your Serviteur the Chamberlain was here this morning before breakfast. He seems

in great spirits, talked of you &c., and we are *Convenu* that to-morrow, about two o'clock, He will accompany his future here. I shall certainly, in honor of you, have my name wrote down for the Duchess of Weimar, and Edward requested the Chamberlain would dine here on Sunday, if not *prie* by the Duke of Clarence.

. . . . .

These Princes of the Earth Lower themselves when They have quarrels like Dustmen. The Parliament has had the Wisdom to keep back these green Bays of malice, and Mr. Wilberforce, Last night in the Commons made a motion to recommend positively to the Queen acceding to the King's order about the Liturgy, for They had both been violent for and against. That being gained, I hope she will soon either take her departure, or reside at some dwelling out of the reach of the London Populace. She is now in our old House, 22 Portman Street, and a Continued Mob round the door.

Lady Hertford's day is Closed, and Lady Cunningham is now the meteor. She has a Beautiful daughter grown up, but the mother is the object.

It seems as if all portion of Connubial affection was poured over the Late Royal Pair, the measure full and *pressed down*, so that none is left for the Potentate.

30.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

Your Chambellan, and M<sup>elle</sup> de Munster were married this morning at ten o'clock, by Mr. Scott,

in Bolton Row. The Baron arrived in his uniform; The Baronne with Melle. de Hanstein (belonging to the Duchess of Clarence) *en voiture*. She had been here yesterday à Confesse, was well satisfied with Mr. Scott, and the *rendez-vous* agreed on for this morning.

After the Ceremony we went down to tea and Chocolate and Strawberries; and at 12, The Party with Ed., and Emily accompanying, went to the Baron Juste, the Saxon Minister in Portman Street (next door to the Queen). There the Lutheran Ceremony was performed, and a magnificent *Déjeuné* followed. The Mariés from thence were to proceed to Captain Usher, at Battersea, or find a *gîte* under his direction; to visit Richmond and return after a two days absence. This was I think the Last Determination, the first intention was quite ascetic. After the Ceremony each was to return to daily work, but I believe the Duke of Clarence humanised the Business, and requested Capt<sup>n</sup> Usher's assistance. The Little Baronne was very well dressed, in white satin and a handkerchief, Loose about the Neck, of British Lace, which she told me you gave her and she had kept for this day. The Baron was in his uniform, and the whole Business graced with high good Humour. I hope they will be happy.

The weather has been killingly hot, but is to-day better. You will see by the papers what a dreadful Plague the illustrious Lady is; many People fear some mischief will ensue. She has the mob for her, and They are numerous and occasionally active. Mde. de Beaurepaire, who Called upon me this



morning, says that a Young Man whom the Queen seemed to like and who was I<sup>z</sup>think a Painter by Profession, being ordered by Her to take her Picture, on being ushered into her Room found her on the ground without shoes or stockings, eating a Potatoe; that He wished her to take some other attitude but that she Laughed at his Prudery.

. . . . .

‘Your Chambellan’ is the Baron de Beulwitz, in attendance on the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar.

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*July 7.*

. . . . .

✓ The Mariés are returned in good spirits. They are to dine with us on Sunday. What an odd Business Lady Hunloke’s is! She dined yesterday with Sir George and was going for the evening to Devonshire House; there must be some mystery *attendant* all that.

The Queen’s affair disturbs every Body’s mind here; you will see by the Papers how violent They are. I am for *government* but the Mob so decidedly for the Queen, that Portman Street is at all Hours full of women and Boys looking out for the Queen for ever, and she shews herself on the Balcony of our old House 22. Some think she is a Little deranged, but I fear not sufficiently so for Bedlam. She really causes alarm to sober People. She Lowers Royalty, and this even dos not want to be hastened to that Point.



The Stafford Peerage, which was to be argued on Friday, has now been Changed for appearance by the oblique opinion of the Chancellor; and the attainder of Lord Stafford is to be petitioned off, as the most likely method of doing the Business.

. . . . .

*August 9.*

You will see by the paper that the Poor Duchess of York is dead. She is extremely regretted all round Oatlands as She gave up her whole time to the exercise of Charity and to the well Being of those around Her, Built Cottages for those of her domestics who married, had a School which was under her protection. Her Hours were singular: She was read to most part of the night and took her Sleep Late in the day. Several Large Dogs shared her apartment, and were often dirty Companions, from the vicissitudes of Life. The Duke and Her were always on a friendly footing of acquaintance, and no green bag discussions. She died of water in the Chest.

Your Duchess and Mde. de Beulwitz are to Leave London on Monday. Captn Usher Carries them over to Calais, where the Chamberlain will be in waiting; Madame Beulwitz and her friend, M<sup>elle</sup> Hanstein (belonging to the Duchess of Clarence) dined with me a few days past, their Duchesses were to be at Gloucester House. M<sup>elle</sup> Hanstein is very pleasing, she is from Brunswick. She remembers Lady Findlater there.

. . . . .

18.

We are here, My dearest Charlotte, in the Bustle of trying the Queen, and I fear no essential Benefit will ensue. Not but that She comes thoroughly under a saying of Charles 2. which the poor Chevalier read aloud: 'the more you stir a *Tory* the more he st—ks,' but the Picture of Vice is always immoral; the discussions it forces every where are unfavourable to those who are not entitled to fling the first stone, and I wish it was all over. The Crowd yesterday was said to be immense for to usher the Queen, and Alderman Wood! But Precautions having been taken, no mischief ensued. Every Thing that is improper and indecent Can be proved; but She is tried by the Law of the Land, and if the offence dos not meet the Letter of the Law the rest is all *Fudge*.

The Duchess of Weimar and the Little Mde. Beulwitz went on Monday Last and, I see by the Paper, Crossed the Sea on Wednesday. The Duchess was pleased to say that she had wished to call upon me, for to say it to you, but the Death of the poor Duchess of York, and her immediate departure &c—*enfin des choses très honnêtes*. By the Little *Dame d'honneur's* account, I believe the Sisters to be very amiable.

. . . . .

There are prints of the Queen for 18d. which represent Her as unpleasant, yet People say She looks well.

. . . . .

In the autumn of this year occurs another of the family be-reavements, of which the latter portion of the letters and diaries is so full—the death of William Jerningham.

Lady Jerningham's intense devotion to her daughter, her constant solicitude for her Benjamin, Edward 'the Dear,' and her pride in the heir, appear not to have left much room for anything but a somewhat perfunctory maternal feeling for her second son. William had spent the preceding year at Ghent, near his sister. Just before his death he had been on a visit to England, leaving his wife (the second wife; the first had died in 1814) on the Continent. During the return journey he fell sick; and expired at Dunkirk. The body was sent back, with many difficulties, viâ Yarmouth, and interred in the family vault at Cossey.

*From Sir R. Bedingfeld to Lady Bedingfeld at Ghent.*

OXBRO,

5 Octo.

I was never more Shocked, my dear, than seeing the Post mark of Dunkirk on your letter, as I was immediately struck that some Serious illness had attacked poor William, for I had rec<sup>d</sup> a letter while at Thorndon on Monday from Sr George, to say he had been ill, but when the letter came away he was much better and doing well. I cannot tell you what an effect it has had upon me, for having seen him at Calais on Monday the 25th in good Health and Spirits, so Sudden a change is truly awful. Poor William! I think of nothing Else. Not receiving a letter to-day, I cannot help flattering myself that there is still some hope; his constitution being so strong, what a comfort you must be to his wife and M<sup>rs</sup> Moore.

I hope I shall hear to-morrow, for the Suspense I

am in is painful in the Extreme. God grant your account may be favourable.

Your sincerely and unalterably attached  
R. B.

I wrote to you  
1 from Dunkirk  
2 Calais  
1 London  
1 Thorndon and this, 6 in all

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*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

COSSEY,

*October 6.*

Oh My Dearest Charlotte, what an awful and sad trial! and so sudden, so unexpected! for tho poor Dear William, was not in the tenure of Health that He might have been expected to have, yet far seemed the Dismal fate that was hovering over Him with an invisible, tho I trust merciful, Dispensation.

Your brother George, who is all religion, thinks poor William was called for as having, by the good resolution He had made of future regularity, deserved to be helped by all occasion of falling from his purpose.

All the letters came by the same post, except the first from M<sup>rs</sup> Moore, which was not alarming in Comparison of the succeeding sad event. I had your letter, and solaced myself with hope, which your brothers allowed me to keep till the day after. Edward is gone to London to enquire how he can be

useful, and I am yet here edified at your Brother and hardly able to Conceive that I have lost poor William. I hear that Sir Richard met him at Calais and that He was in good Spirits, but the pain Came suddenly on in the Carriage. His neck was stiff in going from here, but He said He felt quite well other ways. I Could not help writing a melancholy word to you My Dear, pray take Care of your Health, and Let me hear from you, as your joy is my joy, and your Sorrow my Sorrow. All thank god are well here. Direct to London.

Your affectionate Mother.

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*From Young Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

COSSEY,

*Oct. 26.*

MY DEAREST SISTER,

As circumstances may detain Sir Richard beyond the time this days post will reach the Continent, I must avail myself of it to give you the melancholy details which followed so closely on the last lines which I wrote to you. We all feel a great consolation in having been the sorrowful attendants and followers of our poor dear Brother to the Tomb of his Father ; where, safe from the *Storm and Tempest*, he lies in peace by the side of his dear Wife and Child ! All preparation being made in hanging the Sanctuary, Altar, &c. &c. with black, and having 8 lamps distributed, as on Christmas night, round the Chapel, and 2 large golden ones with shades on each side the altar, 2 of them decorated with Yew and

Cypress—We had a melancholy dinner at five, and at six Sir Richard and Sir George and Charles Ed. went away in our carriage to Norwich where, under the walls, they were to meet Mr. Darell in a mourning Coach with scarfs &c. &c. and await the Hearse and Mourning Coach and 4 others from Yarmouth containing Fox, and the faithful Robertson! At seven they had the *misery* of seeing the Hearse slowly advancing, wh. they followed and arrived *here* exactly at eight. How shall I describe the dreadfully affecting sight to me and my children assembled at the library windows when, by the light of the moon then cloudy and rainy, we saw amongst the trees this truly sad procession? The anxiety we had previously been in respecting the Passage at least gave a melancholy satisfaction mingled with our regrets, that all was safe and before our eyes!

We proceeded to the Chapel; it was full—for many people had assembled two previous days, thinking they would pay this last mark of respect to one most *certainly* beloved by *all* who knew him—The Dead March played, and the Priest with six Alcolyttes bearing the Cross on high, incense and holy water, advanced to the Porch to meet the funeral. It came in, Sir R. and Sir G. walking together followed by Darel and Charles, then alone Robertson. Then, from the Tribune, I followed Him with Laura, Charlotte and Isabella, Fanny and Francis Georgina and William—The Coffin was deposited near the sanctuary the mourners kneeling behind the Six Oxboro' Golden Candlesticks near the Coffin, myself 2 Children—4 and 4 at the two upper benches the

singers behind us, and the servants, *old* and *New* behind them, then the people who chose to come—in the tribune my school, and people also. *The Miserere* and *De Profundis* were solemnly chaunted and the funeral service performed by Mr. Staunbelt in an impressive manner and with feeling—The Vault then was opened already lighted up, and the remains of your dear Brother lowered into it, and placed where I have told you—Sir G. followed down—and in a few minutes sent for us—He himself placed the Coffin of the little William on his Mothers, and had that of his dear Brother put close by his wife—Sir R. and Darell came down—and as to me it is always a heartrending scene from the circumstance you know and w<sup>h</sup> may you never feel—but still it seems as if one came again closer even in mind to the beloved objects we mourn, there is consolation mixed with deep melancholy in entering that last abode of our family. I wished for you, oh how often! and felt very great satisfaction that Sir Richard was there—how *much* he felt himself I need not tell you. After the organ had finished—Sir G. had told them to play the German Air his poor Brother used to be so fond of on *that* Organ, and thus we departed thro' many people but who I felt more than saw—and after an hour and a half from the time we enter'd, *all was over*.

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A few extracts from letters received by Lady Bedingfeld from her mother and Lord Glenbervie, at the time of the Queen's trial, give a curious picture of the uncertainty of mind and of the mixed feelings which the event created in society and among the people.



*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*November 10.*

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The Queen's Business is ending as it ought to do, but tho' the ides are Come they are not past; all agree in her guilt, with a small exception, and the Divorce is agreed upon. But there is some apprehension of a sad spirit being in existence and which may easily break its trammels.

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17.

. . . . .  
The People have attempted a mad illumination, on Saturday and Monday; but we had the pleasure of being dark, with Lord Chetwynd's and Mr. Ward's House.—They are Place men; we in this House, free agents. Dr. Stoddart Came to Ed. for Protection, His House and the new Times office, were nearly demolished. Miss Betham, poor thing! who is zealous for the Queen was in delight, walking about the streets, and writing Stanzas on the occasion, for she possesses her usual facility in that way, and her good Heart; but the Head is really *félée*.

. . . . .  
Doctor (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart, who had been editor of the *Times* from 1812 to 1816, and who, whilst in that office, had made himself remarkable by his rancorous denunciations of Napoleon, took a strong part against the popular demonstrations for Queen Caroline.

The political satires and caricatures of the period continually introduced Dr. Stoddart in the character of Sterne's Dr. Slop.

*From Lord Glenbervie to Lady Bedingfeld.*

ARGYLL STREET,

11. Nov.

So you will see our Queen, that immaculate innocence, or as the wits read, *in-no-sense*—has got off yesterday with flying colours. I think it is more generally on the ground of *inexpediency* than of *not guilty*, tho' I can conceive many conscientious votes to have been given on the distinction between *beleive* and *proof*. You may have heard that there is in the Scotch Laws on the trial of criminals that distinction made in the forms of acquittal. If the Jury see enough to lead them to *beleive* the accused to be guilty, but think the *proof* not quite conclusive, they pronounce their decision not in the otherwise more usual form, even in that country, of *not guilty* but substitute the words *not proven*. And I confess I myself so strongly disapprove of the late prosecution as a public measure; and, as there was such room for retaliation that I should have been most subtile in trying to convince myself that all the facts sworn to by unimpeachable evidence (for there was certainly a good deal of perjury, if not also of subornation) might by *possibility* have happened and yet the guilt not been incurred.

What is to be done next? you will ask. And I would set about guessing if I did not beleive that neither the King nor his ministers, whoever they may be, can tell—Both houses are adjourned till the 23<sup>rd</sup> instant, by which time we shall see—what

we shall see—But what it is I do not pretend to foresee.

I find there are now printing: ‘Memoirs of his own times,’ a Posthumous work of the late Lord Oxford (Horace Walpole). They will not be so able nor so interesting as those of Cardinal de Retz, nor so gay and lively as ‘Les Mémoires de Grammont’—But I expect considerable amusement from them; much gossip of easy digestion, and abundance of Anecdotes.

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M. d’Este, son of the Duke of Sussex, excites at this time something of a flutter in the Jerningham and Bedingfeld dove-cotes. We gather from a letter of young Lady Jerningham that the idea of a possible marriage between the handsome Captain of royal descent and her daughter Charlotte was at one time entertained. This, however, was not destined to happen. Charlotte was reserved by fate to be the wife of the fourteenth Lord Lovat.

*From Miss Wodehouse to Lady Bedingfeld.*

TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

*Novr. 17th.*

. . . . .

We have all three been here near 12 weeks, and I have enjoyed the quiet way of sitting about society more than I had imagined it possible for me to have done. The Duke of Sussex is at home every Thursday Evening from 9 to 12 O’Clock. Dancing in one Room, and a Loo Table for himself in another apartment. Mr. D’Este, His Son, is just arrived from Norwich where his Military duties called him. He was known to your Brothers and Sisters at that

place. He appeared to great advantage in the Dance, having learnt abroad, w<sup>h</sup> certainly produces a better style of Waltz and Quadrilles. The former I had not witnessed in any perfection since I saw the Emperor of Russia Dance with Lady W. Russell in London.

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*From Young Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

COSSEY,

*Monday 11. Dec.*

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All that week we had a very pleasant party here, consisting of Mr. Mrs. and Captain Keppel of the Guards (she was Miss Clive), Capt. D'Este, Mr. Middleton, Emily's Brother, and Mrs. Hudson. They all left on Monday but D'Este and Middleton who are very good friends. I staid till Monday.

Sunday's service passed thus: Middleton sitting quite shy and afraid all the time *bound down* with a book *on one knee*; the other, with a book also but kneeling at every proper part and exactly like one of us, saying before he enter'd 'I wish I had brought *my own book*,' but this sub rosa, as it might get him into a scrape. He knelt with us, and as I could not pay him any Royal honours, I gave him *two cushions* to make amends. He is certainly a most agreeable person, and very *fine gentleman* and handsome, and has a kind of manner, w<sup>h</sup> makes him say what he chuses in a style *almost Royal*. Can you understand? At present I think all hearts are safe, and

he has so many obstacles to making a selection that I dont believe he would marry any one. He seems to keep a guard over himself in that way, and not paying *particular* attention to any, tho' I thought at the end of the week Charlotte seemed to have a sort of preference. You asked me what I should do?—I really do not know! I should be strangely put to, to answer. Sir G. also would feel it, as you know; but I console myself that he is going abroad for two months to his Mother at Paris. And after that his Regiment will have left this country—all the servants are so fond of him, and his own also; one has lived 16 years, the other 7. Infine he is quite a Malek-Adhil. He took Charles Edward up with him, for he went to see his Father last Monday and goes to Holkam to-morrow, and said he should call on *the way*.

I think the Girls had as well see handsome Heroes *before* they settle in life as *afterwards*—considering the few good looking people remaining amongst the apostolic tribe. We returned on Friday from Rainham, the old place of the Townshends, now inhabited by Col<sup>n</sup> Dixon and his family; we went to meet the Duke of Gloucester, were a party of 20, and passed a very pleasant time. I think His R. H. improved by his various fonctions in society. He is to come here next year—(we put off the evil day as long as possible) the party consisted, amongst others, of his aid de camp Sir Archibald Murray, a clever young Scot, Lord and Ly. Charles Townshend, Gen<sup>l</sup> and Ly. E. FitzRoy, Col<sup>n</sup> Dalton, the Keppel family, Lady Anson and Mr. Coke, and six Dixons, 2 young

women, and 2 men of them in the Guards. They all went to Holkam on Saturday and were to be 32 there—we *came home*, to *dear home*.

The house is filled with family pictures and others. In my room my companions were: your grandmother and cousins, viz: the Duchess of Cleveland, Duke of Monmouth and Cardinal York. Count of Vermandois, Cardinal Fleury, Nell *Gwinn*, Marquis Townshend. In Sir George's: *Pym*, *Pope*, Sir Wm. and Ly. Jones, Ly. Cornwallis, Betterton and numerous Townshend. In the Saloon, De Vere of Elz<sup>th</sup> and his 12 Captains.

In the drawing room: Queen Anne, given by herself, and the late Prince and Princess of Wales, and a beautiful picture of a Townshend Boy; Charles 2<sup>d</sup> several times over—and Charles 1<sup>st</sup>'s family hung about the Room. In an immense room above: *the* Belisarius (a *very* fine Picture) and several fine full lengths of the family; the best is Sir Roger Townshend, by Vandike, and the De Vere Heiress. That room is never used. Lord Charles lives in a *very* small house near and is to come into Possession, in *eleven* years, of Rainham and 15000 a year. At present he has not 2000—Ly Charles was his cousin, a Miss Loftus—a pretty young modest looking person.

Cabinets of *all sorts* and *sizes* about the house, high backed ivory and ebony chairs, old French commodes running riot all about, and several pictures wanting *feeding* dreadfully. There is a Cary amongst de Vere's Captains and a Peyton. You would delight in going over all this, but the *real inhabitants*

are wanting, and an Uncle L<sup>d</sup> John and the present expectant *quarrel* about every thing to be done ; so that this old house is in a pleasant state of ruin, it *was* of the Elizabethan age, but *is* of Inigo Jones.

FitzRoy and ourselves I perceived took much more interest than any one else in the whole concern.

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*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*December 12.*

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Edward in a former tour, to Torr Abbey with the Late Mrs. Cary took down from the Pedigree, as follows :

	Married
Sir Wymont Carew, or Carye of Snettisham Co. Norfolk, ob. 13 April 1612. Buried at Snettisham under a marble Tomb. S.P.	Catherine daughter and Co-heir to Sir John Jernegan, of Somerleton Co. Suffolk Knt Relict of Henry Crane of Chilton Esq <sup>re</sup> ob. 13. Febr'y 1613.

I recollect that in an old inventory at Cossey, there was Lady Cary's Room. She was Sister to the then Lady Jerningham. S<sup>r</sup> Wymond Carys Brother Carried on the Succession, and one of His Grandsons was the famously Good Lord Falkland, killed at the Battle of Newbury, fighting for Charles I. The Cary Family go up to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. They had originally property in Devonshire, but Torr Abbey was purchased.



The Duchess of Clarence is delivered of a Princess before the time expected, but the child appears to be doing well: You will see the account of it in your paper; and it is to be a future Queen Elizabeth—but, I trust, not so sanguinary.

The Princess prematurely born to the Duke of Clarence was not, however, as one knows, destined to live and become another Queen Elizabeth. The child died the following year.

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27.

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 Captain D'Este, who is quartered at Norwich often goes to Cossey. He is a very handsome Man, and shows Himself a Prince by being more highly well Bred than any one else. He is very Like the King in Person and Manner, and what is singular Like Mrs. Fitzherbert. There Cannot however be any reason for that, but it is an odd Coincidence.

• • • • •  
 Henry Bedingfeld, then aged twenty, seems to have been taken *à la suite* of the Duchess of Weimar. The following is culled from one of his letters from the *Residenz*, to his father at Ghent.

WEIMAR.

November 11th.

• • • • •  
 Every thing here is, according to the vulgar expression, perfectly at a stand still. The young Duke and his wife are gone into Poland to meet the Emperor of Russia, and, 4 days ago, the Grand Duchess fell down and broke her arm, bruised her

side and I believe sprained her ankle. A broken limb is a dreadful thing at any time, but especially at her age. But she is a sort of woman to bear any thing of that description with great fortitude. To me her mind seems elevated above the common occurrences of life, and one circumstance (but which I don't like to write) quite proves it—I hope they will take the hint and not wax the floors so much at Court.

The palace is an irregular building, one of the wings having never been compleated, some say for want of a solid foundation, others for want of money. The interior is well furnished but quite in the foreign manner ; chairs all round the room and no tables, a disposition of things calculated to render an assembly formal and one's entry into the room a little appalling. French is very generally spoken *at Court* and I never in my life spoke so much of that language as I have during my 3 months *séjour* here.

. . . . .

The Duke Bernard is not yet arrived and the Dutchess is still at Meiningen. She has been here for a day, but I did not see her ; he however sent me word from my mother not to smoke, which was very unnecessary, as when I wrote to my mother and promised to smoke no more I *immediately destroyed my Pipe*. The Prince of Orange has been here again but I did not see him either.

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The Catholic claims in this year were again submitted to Parliament, this time by Mr. Plunket, who had stepped into

the position left vacant by the death of Mr. Grattan. They were brought forward on February 28. Mr. Peel was now the chief opponent. The motion for a committee was carried by a majority of six. Two Bills were founded by Mr. Plunket on the resolutions agreed to—one repealing disabilities, the other enacting securities. These securities, however, were vexatious and offensive, and were repudiated by many Catholics, as interfering with their conscience. The two Bills, nevertheless, were consolidated and passed in the Commons, but rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of thirty-nine.

The letter concerning Miss Howell is included here as an ordinary instance of the working of Catholic disabilities.

*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*Good Friday.*

You will I hope have had good accurate accounts of the speeches made for us in the House. Lord Lansdowne's was admirable from the beginning to the end. Lord Granville's fine, but I do not like the abuse of Charles 2, especially as about Lord Stafford; it was the violence of Parliament that Brought on the Business, and the King had the weakness to Consent to what He was at a Loss to Contend for.

. . . . .

*May 1.*

. . . . .

I hope you have heard of our delightful defender, Lord Ashburton. He is Son to a famed Lawyer, Dunning, who originally seconded S<sup>r</sup> George Savile when, in 1780, He proposed that Catholic Bill which passed and drew Lord George Gordons vengeance on its Supporters.

Lord Ashburton spoke for the Catholics, made a protest in their favor which I hope you have seen, and then introduced Himself to Edward, who got Him to dine here and discovered that his zeal for Catholicity is great, the same for the Stuart Line and for the Legitimacy of the Bourbons—*enfin un Homme parfait!* He has an estate in Scotland, is married to a Scotch Lady, and usually resides there but always Comes up for the Catholic Question. He says that, when the Duke of York had finished his fine speech of terror and declared He should think the same to the day of his death, He was ready to Call out ‘Long Live the King!’ One Certainly Cannot now wish for the Duke of York.

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29.

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Miss Howell is returned from being Matron at the orphan female School at Dublin (salary 100<sup>l</sup> a year) having been desired to Leave the place on account of her occasionally being seen in the Catholic Chapels. She has apologised for this by saying that knowing, from her acquaintance with your Family and others, that the reported stories invented by prejudice in Ireland were false, she had, as a sacrifice to truth, resolved to edify herself by going occasionally to the Romish Chapel, in order that she might be more able to prove how falsely they were reported. But her dismissal, tho very politely worded, is positive and she is distressed at it.

## FEMALE ORPHAN HOUSE, BOARD CIRCULAR.

DUBLIN, *June 2.* 1821.

The Board, assembled on this day, feel themselves under the painful necessity of notifying to Miss Harriet Howell that in Consequence of her frequently visiting Roman Catholic Places of worship, an impression has been made on the public mind, and particularly on some Leading Governors and Benefactors of the institution, which makes it indispensable that Miss Howell should, as soon as She Can arrange the affairs of her department as Matron of the institution, withdraw from her Situation.

In making this notification the Board are anxious to express their fullest Sence of the Fidelity and Zeal with which Miss Howell has uniformly acted since she became Connected with the female orphan House, and to assure Miss Howell that she will Convey with Her their sincerest wishes for her Happiness, their Respect for her Talent, and their esteem for her Virtues. ('She may freely add: Her Contempt for their Bigotry.')

Signed with much regret by Cha. Touche, P.P.

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In the spring of this year Charles Bedingfeld, then aged eighteen, began a career in the Austrian service—a career which, owing to old and strong family interest, was destined to be decidedly brilliant.

A letter from a certain General Ambrose foreshadows the preliminary negotiations.

BATH.

*March 2nd.*

MY DEAR LADY BEDINGFELD.

I came home yesterday with the intention of writing to my Dear friend Sir Richard, to whom I request to be most kindly remembered, and sending him an abstract of a letter I rec<sup>d</sup> from Colonel Martyn in answer to that I wrote to him from Spa. It was half filled with expressions of gratitude for the kind reception his poor Son received from You and Your poor brother at Ghent. In regard to Your Son Charles he says he thinks L<sup>t</sup> General Count Fresnel who is now Colonel (proprietor) of the Reg<sup>t</sup> we served together in, would not refuse me a commission for him, but I sh<sup>d</sup> much rather he got into the Grand Duke Constantine's, because it's the Regiment I commanded as Colonel. Many of the Officers are under obligations to me and I can flatter myself I was so far beloved by the greatest part of them that my recommendation would have some influence. The Colonel of the Reg<sup>t</sup>, Lieu<sup>t</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup> Count Hardegg, and the Colonel Commandant Prince Windishgratz, I am not acquainted with; they both came to it since I left it, but with the Lieu<sup>t</sup> Colonel Baron Loen and Major Martiny I am intimate, as with most of the Captains. I see a Baron La Marre among the sub Lieutenants, but he entered the Reg<sup>t</sup> long after I left it, I believe however I have met his father. Martyn does not mention if the Army, now about to enter Naples, has formed their reserved squadrons, which is a most essential circumstance, because if they have—and it is usual on the breaking out of a

war—and a peace should shortly follow (as may be easily surmised) there will be supernumeraries which must be placed, before any commission can be disposed of.

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Two letters from Henry Bedingsfeld, who accompanied his younger brother to Vienna, one written on the way out, the other on the homeward journey, give some idea of the difficulties of travellers in Austria at that period.

SCHARDING.

*May 30th.*

MY DEAR MOTHER.

Here I am in a small village on the frontier of Austria, a kind of prisoner on parole for I am confined to the town and environs. The fact is, the Police of his Majesty of Austria finds my Passport bad and good for nothing, because it has not been signed by some Austrian minister; consequently it has been dispatched to one at Munich and I must wait its return which *I hope* will be in 5 days. Charles's Pass was good, and he has leave to go on but naturally chooses to share my banishment. It was in vain that I said Charles was in their service, and I was accompanying him to his regiment. I was answered that they were very sorry, but they had the strictest order to lett no one pass that could not produce the Handwriting of an Austrian Minister; they strengthened this assertion by mentioning to me several persons of rank who have found themselves in the same predicament as myself and concluded with an exhortation to keep my patience, for stay I must, however angry I might be. Here



we are then in an alehouse or rather sour beer house (ale is not known) in a small town or village and filled with Douanes. The Danube flows most furiously along at the foot of the walls and is passed on a very weak wooden bridge which *shakes under the weight* of a man. At one end of the Bridge is a Bavarian, and at the other an Austrian, Picquet. On our arrival (last night) we were pretty strictly searched, but we had luckily taken the precaution of concealing Madame de Robiano's Gown in the lining of the Carriage, and I am glad to announce its escape from Douane rapacity.—Can you conceive anything more *ennuyant* than our position; there is nothing to be seen, no Bookseller's shop where one might find something to pass away the time. The only resource is a Billiard table which I have found. The town is black and smoky it was in great measure burnt down by the French in 1809 *and contains pretty near as many ruined as entire Houses.*

. . . . .

From Würzburg to Ratisbonne we were 3 days on the road and only dined at Nurenburch, in which town I could well have exchanged the five days I am to spend here. From Ratisbonne many go down the Danube to Vienna in 4 or five days, that is, several travellers subscribe and hire a small ship, unluckily there was no one who wanted to sail and as an extra ship costs 12 Napoleons we gave up reluctantly the plan. There are baggage boats which sail weekly to Vienna; but, as from the great strength of the current the expence of bringing a ship or boat *back* to Ratisbonne is very great (it

requires 18 sometimes 30 Horses) the baggage boats are temporary miserable things and are taken to pieces and sold for planks on their arrival at Vienna. The Costume of the male Peasants in this part of Germany is striking and resembles much the Swiss; the Female dress is also very pretty but rather shocks an English eye, as the petticoats end at the top of the knee.

. . . . .

KLATTAN.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have adopted a plan which I am sure at first you will disapprove of, but you must hear all I have to say before you pass judgment.—I have bought at Vienna a second hand Calèche for 16 Napoleons. It was not a rash project of the moment. Reflection, the advice of Mr. Lamare and Mad. Robiano (two great économes) and a calculation I have made have induced me to pursue this plan. From Scheerding To Vienna is not so far as from Vienna to this town. At Scheerding I hired a job coachman (in the south of Germany diligences do exist, but that is all, they are weeks performing a short distance). I was 5 days going to Vienna, setting off each morning at 4, dining at eleven (when the Horses are taken out and one is left in an ale House 3 hours). The day's journey always ended between 5 and 6, and there one must pass the evening and night in a village. The *tout ensemble* cost me 140 Florins—I have come from Vienna in two nights and one day, of course not dining at

inns. We took eatables with us and the expence came to 110. Speed is my object and especially when I can buy it cheap. I hope to see you very soon, for I shall go day and night from here to Ghent. All alone in a job coach, without Charles who is an excellent companion, I should absolutely grow melancholy before I arrived at Ghent. The Calèche is strong and not ugly and Mr. Lamare who was with me said it was *very* cheap. So much for this. I know the idea of travelling post is frightful, but best in reality : it is not so expensive.

We went immediately on our arrival here to the Luitenant Colonel Baron de Loens. The Prince who is expected from Vienna tomorrow had already given him notice that we were coming and had named the squadron to which he was to belong. We were very well received and he immediately introduced us to Charles's Captain, considered in the regiment as a very severe but a very good man. He has taken my brother quite under his protection, and I have no doubt will be kind to him. We have made acquaintance with all the Officers, who are for the most part good kind of men, and Charles has already found a friend in his Luitenant, a young Prince Ludovick who seems steady and is one year older. It would please you to see Charles walking about in his white uniform, which improves him very much. Most of the young men live 2 or 3 in a room together, but as I begged the colonel to give Charles a regular and steady person for companion He has placed him in the same room with the serjeant of the Company, who, à propos, is a very gentleman-

like looking person about 35 yrs and who has promised to help Charles in every thing and teach him to draw, and to write German. The discipline is extremely severe but Cadets are never corporally punished. Only two Squadrons of the regiment are at present here and I am sorry to say, Mr. Lamare is at Prague—Charles had an uniform at Vienna; but it has since been entirely altered, and two new ones were ordered—This is a very miserable small town, but Charles's squadron change quarters in 3 or four weeks. Where they go to I dont yet know.

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The death of Napoleon, on his rock of St. Helena (May 5)' released his faithful followers, the Bertrands, from their self-imposed exile.

This great event, the absurd splendour of George IV.'s coronation, the futile attempts of the Queen to participate therein, the death within a few days of each other of the discarded royal spouse and the supplanted royal mistress (Queen Caroline died August 7, and Lady Jersey July 25) the King's Irish tour, the return of Fanny Bertrand, furnish the main themes of Lady Jerningham's gossip to her daughter during the months of July and August.

*July 10th.*

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE

Your Brother, Lady Jer. three daughters and three Sons arrived, and Mr. Vanderbregen petrified with admiration on the *fertility* and Beauty of England which made his Lamentation more evident. He has twice related that, with two wives, He has only one daughter to exhibit.—‘*Je n'ai que cela!*’

Madame Vanderbregen told me also she had for eight years made herself miserable and ill, Longing for Posterity.

But what do you say to Poor Bonaparte's demise! I hope you have detailed accounts as there are in the papers here. He was Buried with the highest military Honors, and an officers' guard appointed to watch over His grave.

A Letter in the paper to day says: 'Yesterday, in the afternoon, several of us went to Longwood House, where we saw him Lying in state, in His full Uniform, with the Crucifix on His Breast. His Priest stood at the foot of his Couch, weeping, in deep mourning. At the Head stood General Bertrand and Count Montholon, similarly employed, but what particularly Claimed our Sympathy was the appearance of Madame Bertrand, who was in an adjoining Room, weeping Bitterly, and whose Converse discovered the strength of her attachment and her deep regret for the deceased.'

Another Letter mentions that the establishment are Coming over immediately in the *Camel* Store ship. What Changes! What Revolutions! As M<sup>de</sup> de Sevigné says somewhere, this decease *est La matière d'un traité de morale entier.*

The Coronation is fixed for the 19. The Queen is as tyresome as she Can be, but it will be decided to day that the King will be Crowned quite alone afterwards, not to begin the Ceremony again for her use.

Tho I wrote a few words yesterday to Sir Richard, I feel a want of Lamenting with you, that you were absent from the neighbourhood of Westminster abbey when such grand pageantry was exhibiting. I feel now so unequal to help my self in a Crowd, and so entirely under the prohibition that excludes those who are neither useful nor ornamental, (hardly even bearable) that I never took any step to See what I suppose every Body in London had some glimpse of. But at four oclock yesterday morning, hearing a Coach stop, I got out of Bed to Look who it was for, and saw a tall venerable elderly Man from the House facing, habited in Scarlet Robes with a good deal of white en Relief. I was so agreeably surprised at the peculiarity of the sight, (He was a knight of the Bath) that I felt regret at not having endeavoured to See Something of the fine procession, of which this knight was only as a dot. Edward and Emily were in a private House. In a word there was more than accommodation for every body ; all went off well.

The Queen had endeavoured early in the morning to be admitted in the Abbey. She went to different doors, but was every where informed that no Person was to be Let in to the abbey without a ticket from one of the Peers ; thus she was obliged to turn back, and by way of exciting the mob, made her Landau be opened. She was accordingly Cheered, and Lord Londonderry's windows were broken.

As the Peeresses had Places in the Abbey, and tickets on sending for them, Lady Dundonald felt that it was an opportunity of appearing in her Rank,

and accordingly went on the Peeresses Bench. Her Sister Miss Plowden, in a house. The dress was as for Court, without trains or Lappets.

The King appeared to be pale and with unpleasant feeling when He went to the abbey. They gave Him there a glass of water with sal volatil in it. He revived and returned with a Chearful Countenance, supported by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Devonshire. The idea of all being over had as much effect as the Sal Volatil. At the Banquet several young gentlemen desired to be admitted as Pages, in order to See the Hall. Young Edward was Lord Bayning's attendant. The Peers who walked had five tickets to give away. Lord Dundonald excused Himself from appearing on account of infirmity. The dress was above 300<sup>l</sup>.

. . . . .

27.

The King is Crowned, and the town is yet in Convalescent rejoicing. On Wednesday there were about 1000 Persons at the Levée, yesterday a very Crowded drawing Room (where *the twins* went for the first time). Every Body was presented anew, on account of His being an anointed Monarch, and this evening The Duc de Grammont, Ambassador extraordinary for the occasion, gives a fête at Almacks; the King will be present. He is however soon going to Ireland and his voyage will be from Brighton to Dublin; several Frigates are to accompany the Royal yacht.

The Irish Catholics have agreed upon making a



most beautiful address of Loyalty on the occasion which alone ought to Secure *proper* notice. God send it may! Ed. was at the Levée, and with Emily &c. at the Drawing Room, and they go this evening to the Ball. The Invitations are from the Duc de Grammont, and Lady Opulston (his daughter). Edward had a Lucky idea, about the Constable's staff, of offering it by Letter to the King for the Coronation as having been used by the Edwards and Henrys. It was not accepted; the King however graciously sent word that He felt the attention of the offer, but should be sorry to have it pass out of the owners Hands. This was said to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and repeated by the King to your Brother at the Levée. However, the Duke of Wellington with another staff, was the high Constable of the day, but pleasant words are always sunshine.

. . . . .

*August 3.*

Poor Lady Jersey died at Cheltenham about a week ago; the news Came to London on the day of the Duc de Grammont's fête at Almacks where The King was, with Lady Cunningham.—You will have had perhaps Princess Augusta at Ghent. She is gone to visit her Sisters, and the King is by now in Ireland. He was universally greeted and huzaed at Portsmouth, but He Looks yellow and fatigued.

The Queen is announced in the paper to day to be ill with disorder in the Bowels. Dr. Holland attends Her, with two others.

. . . . .

7.

I think you will have seen in the papers the arrival of the Bertrand Family at Portsmouth, as they made Long, and favourable mention of them. The Camel store-ship entered the Harbour as the Royal vessel went out, and the King politely sent to enquire after M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand. Sr James Witshed sent his Barge for them, and Lady Witshed &c. welcomed their arrival at the George Inn.—On the 5. they arrived in the evening at Brunet's Hotel, Leicester square; and, yesterday morning about two oclock, Came général Bertrand expressing, and really *appearing* quite glad to See me. I was alone and He staid a Long time talking *d'amitié* of all He had heard from His Wife, enquiring after every Body, you in particular.

We touched gently upon the memory of his poor Master, the Emperor, but He Could hardly bear it. I saw He was forced to wipe his eyes, but on every other Subject very Chearful and pleasant. He is well Looking, and Polite *sans simagrées*; an agreeable Frenchman. I was thinking of the Character Bonaparte gave Him, when He first presented Him; *c'est un honnête Homme*. As He was taking Leave of me, Julia Lady Petre stopped in her Carriage and sent me up a note to say that Lady Jersey, having heard that M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand was with me, wished to know at what Hour she Could be introduced to her to day, as she was immediately going on the Continent. Bertrand hearing the name of Lady Petre in the Hall, and that there was an enquiry about His Wife, went to the Coach Door to answer the Compliment and was surprised to find a face Less Blooming than He ex-

pected. What *qui pro quos* they made together, I know not: but before my note was Conveyed down, she was gone—In Less than an Hour the General returned with his Wife and four Children. She is very tall, and very thin, a pleasing interesting voice and manner, but in very delicate Health.

. . . . .

I asked M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand if she had known Lady Jersey, she dos not recollect she did, but as Lady Holland has also enquired about Her, I suppose it is the Bonapartist remains that wish to be Cited.—The Poor Dow<sup>r</sup> Lady Jersey is dead; the Queen who was nearly given over, is reviving. I am glad of it on account of Ireland, that the King may make his visit there agreeable to their wishes.

. . . . .

## 14

This morning all are in a Bustle and a hurry to see the remains of the unhappy Queen Carried thro London to Harwich, there to embark for Brunswick. The King received the news of her death off Holyhead, and it is said; appeared much affected. He went off the deck and was seen no more that day but had all the masts of the squadron Lowered as sign of mourning. The Royal Family are in Black, but there is not any order for general mourning and People begin to Suppose that it will be Left to every one to do as they Chuse. The Bertrands are yet at Brunet's in Leicester Square, and are very acceptable Guests for my Neighbourhood. But They wish to return to France, and expect to be

able to do so Soon. Bertrand Continues being very excellent and amiable. She also, but is in weak Health, which makes Her indolent of moving. I, who am a Little in the same predicament, Contrived however to go one evening to see Her, and Count Montholon, O'Meara (the Surgeon who wrote a Complaint of S<sup>r</sup> Hudson Low) were there. Montholon is a younger Man than Bertrand and well Looking, but unpleasant and dictatorial. On M<sup>de</sup> Bertrands handing Him a note she had then received about things taken at the Custom House, she said, 'tout est arrangé.' But he replied with a Surly manner :—'*Oui, Madame, tout est arrangé . . . pour vous. On vous Laisse vos jupes et vos Chiffons, mais Bertrand et moi, nous ne sommes pas nommés, c'est bien Là, Le gouvernement anglais!*' I Looked round at Him, *machinalement*, but I would not say a word, and his diatribe was forced to be over, *manque de discoureurs*, for Bertrand in Common Society is a Lamb, and felt the impropriety of the other's manner.

The young woman I sent to S<sup>t</sup> Helena for the Bertrand Children, is returned as M<sup>de</sup> S<sup>t</sup> Denis with a Little Girl; she married Bonaparte's Secretary, who had been with Him 16 years, and They are waiting for Leave to return. I asked Her about poor Bonaparte. She says that He was two days dying & that the Priest was by Him the whole time. The abbé Bonavita was ill there, and returned, but the younger Priest (an Italian) remained, and is now with the Household at the Sablonière Hotel, Leicester Square.

The Queen's Will is to day in the Paper. She has Left nearly every thing to W. Austen. I think he was her Son.

. . . . .

. . . . .

Fanny arrived with Lord Petre in London on the 14. and they were to go the day after to Brighton. She was wishing to hear from, or of you. She found General Bertrand with me, and said 'I wish Mama Could see Him, He is so exactly what She would Like.' Indeed it is impossible not to feel an affectionate approbation of Him. He and His Lady dined with us yesterday, the whole Family were in deep mourning for Bonaparte and now there is a Mourning for the Queen, so that her dress was a Black gown made high, and trimmed down before as if it opened, but it did not, a mob Cap on; and, tho she stoops, she has altogether *un air fort distingué*, and is very agreeable, both in French and English. Leave Came yesterday for Passports to be given to every one of the party, except *Le Général Bertrand*; the poor Man seemed Hurt at the exception. But Edward says that it is because He has too much good in Him for to be admitted, that Principle and generosity of mind excludes Him. She told me that if He Could not go to France that He would settle in Belgique.

Buonaparte died with the utmost resignation, having fulfilled all the duties required before the Last days. He then had the extreme unction and the Priest never Left the Room. It is the Com-

panion of the abbé Bonavita, (who was Himself obliged to Leave St Helena from very Bad Health) that did all this important Business. He is now in London, and included in the Passports. He returns to Rome where He was brought up, but is of Corsica. As for the temporalities of Bonaparte I have not dared to enquire about it, and know not if He had any thing Considerable to Leave.

I hope that our unhappy Queen is safely out of Britain. There was a most shameful Radical discussion before the Corpse was allowed to be placed in the Hearse, and then a formidable mob, to whom they were obliged to read the Riot act, and to fire in Consequence of their open revolt. The King behaved with feeling and decency, and has been hailed in Ireland in a way that I hope will make Him want to do them good.

. . . . .

28.

I hope you read the paper about Ireland, it dos good to hear of such proper Loyal feeling. Lord Fingall has St Patrick's Ribbon, and the Catholic Bishops presented their own address. The King Cannot do any more without the assistance of Parliament, but his good will may set the Business a going, if, as I hope, He is Sincere.

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'Poor Fanchon's lord,' as the eleventh Lord Petre is often called in the letters, was evidently far from being a favourite with her family. An extract from one of young Lady Jerningham's

epistles to her sister-in-law gives a fair suggestion of this dislike and affords a glimpse of the household discipline at Thorndon.

COSSEY.

*Aug. 23.*

. . . . .

We passed two days at Thorndon—where Fanny was as usual *most delightful*—I thought the Lord was not in good humor *with me*, and He had curtailed my light, by allowing only one candle on my *toilette*. My maid asking for more was informed: ‘my lord only allows *one*.’ I took care to burn it down to the Socket as a remembrance of my horror of ‘darkness visible’—but I shall not of course notice any thing I can meet with, for the sake of keeping on good visiting terms with my dear Niece—I only laugh at it *with you*—as we need to do so at *Similar privations*.

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*From Sir George Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

COSSEY.

*Sunday, Sepber 23<sup>rd</sup>.*

. . . . .

The Duke of Gloster has written to inform us that he proposes being here on Tuesday the 6th. of Nov<sup>ber</sup> and remaining untill Friday the 9th. but we shall be able to manage very well for Henry, and I should like him to be here at that time, as it will be a good opportunity of being acquainted with his *Royal Highness*.

. . . . .



This is Prince William Frederick of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, second Duke of Gloucester, only son of George III.'s second brother. He had married, in 1816, his cousin, Princess Mary, sister of George IV. In 1811 he was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Henry Bedingfeld was at that time about to pay a visit from Ghent to Cossey. Later epistles from this young man to his mother give his impressions of the royal visit.

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One of General Ambrose's periodical letters to Sir Richard, concerning the prospects of his son Charles in the Austrian service, contains a reference to King George IV. which is of some interest. The King was then on his way to Hanover, where he made his royal entry on October 11.

LILLE.

*The 29th. Sept.*

MY D<sup>R</sup> SIR RICHARD.

Upon receipt of your last letter I wrote from Spa to Lieu<sup>t</sup> Colonel Baron Loen requesting his attentions for your Son, not being acquainted with the Colonel Prince Wendischgraetz. I expect his answer at Bath where I gave him my address and shall communicate it to you. I am confident by that time he will be an Officer and was glad to find that Major Gen<sup>l</sup> Baron Spiegel's Princess is an old friend of Lady Bedingfeld's. I met him at Spa, and as I began to speak to him about your Son, he told me they had been up on a visit to You, and he was resolved to get him a commission in the Hereditary Prince's Reg<sup>t</sup>, if he is not sooner promoted in G. D. Constantine's. But I presume, if possible, Count Hardegg and Prince Windishgraetz will not let him leave this Reg<sup>t</sup>. I served twenty years in the other

too, which was always looked upon as (what we in England call), a *crack Regt.* The supernumeraries are all placed, and the demonstrations now making upon the confines of Turkey will afford plenty of promotion.

We felt, I assure you, a great Loss of You this year at Spa. The crowned heads had left it before I got there, but I understood it was not more unpleasant on that account ; on the whole, however, it was but an indifferent season. The Duke and Dutchess of Devonshire with her three Sons, two Mr. Forsters, Cap<sup>tn</sup> Clifford and Mrs. Lamb, Mr. Tempest with a large family and M<sup>r</sup> Talbot with his family were the only I believe You might be acquainted with. You know the Seeles are at Ostende and Geo. Weld in Lancashire.

I met yesterday our King midway between Brussels and this town ; he was looking extremely well. He supped and slept here, for which treatment, with his usual munificence (as the story goes here) he paid 7000 franks. His guard etc. of course partook of it. Great preparations were made at Brussels for his reception : troops were sent towards Ghent, but unfortunately, I believe, none to Tournay, where there is a Reg<sup>t</sup> of horse and one of Infantry ; but they were out at exercise and did not seem to expect him, tho' Lord Londonderry and the D. of Wellington were arrived there on Tuesday night. Lord Clancarty went to the Hôtel de Wellington and had his own house magnificently fitted up for his Majesty's reception.

*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

COSSEY.

October 5.

. . . . .

The good Henry, of Cossey, is now quite well, and most irreproachable every way ; but He represents to the Life the truth of Lord Normanby's speech for the Catholics—the Hardship of a Parent, who seeing a Son with every intelligence to make a figure in Life, is obliged to say to Him : You must be satisfied with your own Correctness and not intermeddle with what may be passing, as drawing Breath in your own Country is all that is allowed of. Henry seems to be desœuvré and humble, tho with talent and judgment. His Horizon damps his spirits. He never mentions a word of all this, but I think it is *à peu près* the Case.

. . . . .

12. LONDON.

The Bertrands are yet here, but have passports to return. They are now in Edgware Road, a very neat House. I met there Last Night Mr. Joubert Lately returned from Cachemire, where He went by the King of France's orders to Bring over *Les Chèvres* that furnish this *admirable* magnificence. M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand has one given her by Bonaparte that is valued at 400<sup>L</sup>. I think it is a species of madness.

. . . . .

Sir Hudson Low, (Late troublesome Governor of St Helena) is in London. He dined Lately with much Company at the Prince Esterhazy. Lord

Londonderry was there and after dinner enquired who He was, which gave pleasure to M<sup>de</sup> Bertrand, who says that at S<sup>t</sup> Helena They supposed Him known to the universe.

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*From General Bertrand to Lady Bedingfeld.*

LONDRES.

*le 16. octobre.*

MADAME,

Ma femme vous doit, je crois, une réponse depuis L'isle d'Elbe, et je crains que sa mauvaise Santé ne l'empêche de vous écrire comme elle le projetait. Je ne veux point quitter L'Angleterre Sans vous adresser mon respectueux hommage et vous exprimer tout le regret que j'éprouve de voir S'éloigner encore Le moment où J'espérais avoir L'honneur de vous Voir Ainsi que Mr. Bedingfeld et vos enfants. J'ai été assez heureux pour appercevoir un instant Lady Petre. Permettez que je me réunise à ma femme pour vous offrir ainsi qu'à toute votre famille.

L'Expression des Sentiments affectueux avec  
lesquels J'ai L'honneur d'être,

Votre très humble et très obéissant Serviteur.

LE C<sup>TE</sup> H. BERTRAND.

Speaking of Madame Bertrand, in his book on 'Napoleon and the Fair Sex,' M. Frédéric Masson gives a panegyric of the woman who, as 'little tall Fanny,' figured so frequently in the earlier letters of this collection :

'In striking contrast to this worthless *intrigante* [this with reference to an alleged mistress of the ex-Emperor], whose cal-

culating spirit brought her to Rochefort and retained her at St. Helena, we note the dignified figure of the Comtesse de Bertrand. A devoted mother, a happy wife, she found her highest satisfaction in the discharge of a holy duty. Her birth, and connection with the Fitzjames, would have entitled her to a place among the noblest at the Court of Paris. She chose, instead, a house, or rather a hovel, infested by rats, within easy reach of the Emperor, though she had not even the consolation of nursing him or making herself in any way useful to him. She remained by his side to the end, lovely, grave, and tender, preserving her honour with all the tenderness of a Roman matron. She followed the sad procession to the Valley of Geraniums, and stood beside the grave of the dead captive like some statue of grief. And she, an Englishwoman by birth, was the only woman who wept over the hero England slew.'

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Lady Charlotte Goold (Lady Charlotte Browne, daughter to first Earl of Kenmare, married to Mr., since then Sir, Francis Goold) was at this time living in Brussels.

So was Mrs. Henry Dillon, the *chère tante*, about whom the letters are so full of complicated and mysterious allusions. Mrs. Dillon's daughter, Maria, was then engaged to Augustus Philip, Duc de Croy-Dulmen. She happily espoused him on the 5th of the following month.

George IV. was then on his way back to England, but little satisfied, apparently, with his excursion to Hanover. His Majesty's ill-humour, on the subject of the residence of English persons of wealth on the Continent, is decidedly quaint.

*From Lady Charlotte Goold to Lady Bedingfeld.*

BRUSSELS.

*Friday night, 26. Oct.*

DEAREST COUSIN.

Our *Chère Tante*, Cousins and the Duc Set off on Wednesday Night for Dulmen, where they were

to arrive this day. The Prince and Princesse De Croy, the two most Violent against the Marriage, are the only Members of the family there. They are to be present at it and Come away immediately: I do Not envy Maria her first Meeting with them. The old Dutchess and others of the family were here ten days, but None of them Called on Mrs. Dillon. That I believe She does Not Care Much about it. Now She has gained her point, Nothing Staggers her. I know No one to Match her but Lord Castlereagh.

You know She wrote you about Mr. Williams being out of town, Consequently disappointed in getting Money—When the journey to Dulmen was decided on, She went to Danoost, affected great Surprise at there Not being a letter from the Bankers in London to him, Said there must be Some Mistake, told Danoost of the Marriage and journey and Made him give her £150. I Must Say, as the Duc Carried them off, he Might have paid for their post horses. She told Me it Would Cost her Thirty Napoleons to go and the Same to Come Back!

His Majesty is expected here in a few days having again Changed his plans. Great part of Lord Clancarty's baggage, Plate &c. was on board the Barge, when it was all to be unpacked again and he returns to receive him.

The day he was at Laecken there was a play and I hear from every one it was the Most Stupid piece imaginable; in it they played *God Save the King* then Sung it and at last danced it as a *pas Seul* by a very bad dancer from the Theatre. In Short His Majesty, Sitting between their Dutch Majesties, felt

asleep and Seemed quite tired. He was very affable to the Queen, Spoke *very* little to the Prince and avoided the Princess entirely. It was evident to every one She had Made herself Magnificent, was one Blaze of diamonds when She was presented. He said: '*Madame Vous êtes très brillante*' and that began and ended the Conversation. I hear She is extremely indignant.

I don't know what it is, but I am told that when Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt was at Spa, he was asked by the Jerseys and by the Duchess of Devonshire to Meet the Prince of Orange at dinner; having known him so Well in England he declined, Saying that after his behaviour to the King he did not wish to renew the acquaintance—His Majesty was extremely displeased to find So Many English here. Mr. Ratcliffe went to meet his Majesty with his four horses and his Servants in White liveries. The King Said if that Gentleman thought he was paying him a Compliment he did not take it as Such, for, as he understood he was a person of very good fortune and was able to go about in such Splendid Style, he had much better go back to England. Some of the English asked Lord C. on the propriety of presenting an address; but his Majesty declined it, as he Could Not receive an address from English persons *on the Continent*. I think one Must keep out of his way when he returns. It is Said he is very Much disappointed in his tour and in a hurry to get home, as the gout is pinching him.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

LONDON,

*October 30.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I will not deprive my self a day Longer, of the pleasure of talking to you of your Children.

Primo the Little Seaman arrived grown, and improved. He came on tuesday, went to Thorndon the saturday after to be at his Sisters arrival on Sunday for Dinner, returned tuesday and found a Letter requiring His immediate return to Portsmouth as the *Phaeton* was one of the King's escort, so that His Elder Brother, whom He found arrived during His Thorndon visit, Could only see Him that evening. But I even think that short time, may have impressed Edward with what is good and gentlemanlike, for your dear Henry has a very Large portion of Both to adorn the most pleasing Countenance and well Bred manner that I ever saw in any one—in a word He has every Recommendation and dos Credit to every one He belongs to. He is this day set out for Thorndon in His gig with Tom, who Looks quite a Creditable Servant.

Your Brother has invited Him to be at Cossey for the 6, when the Duke of Gloucester is to arrive for three days; so I Believe He will Hear Mass on Sunday at Bury, go on for to arrive at Cossey on Monday, and make a Second visit to Thorndon, after some visits elsewhere, staying I hope a prolonged visit at Cossey, as all Chapel duty goes on there so regularly that all ages must profit of the Habitual speaking instruction.

Henry of Cossey will be so glad to see Him, and indeed every one else there. He has been amused in London with going to 'The Coronation,' which has filled Drury Lane 63 Nights. They say it is Like being there: Elliston takes the Kings manner so exactly that you may suppose your self at the Ceremony—Edward is expecting the King at Paris and proposes Coming to you after.

This is Matilda's ninth day of Maternity, and I hope she is quite well. I have not heard from Mr. Cary since the first joyful day, but I hope all have been equally Halcyon.

I am in terror about what may be going on at Dulmen. I am so afraid of its failing. I sent the *extrait Baptistaire* directed to Dahoot, as I thought Mrs. Dillon might be gone, and it was Called for.

Mr. Blount of Maple Durham, died in Berkeley Street, yesterday morning 29, of an inflammatory Cold, but I am more shocked and Concerned for poor Dr. Rigby, who died on Saturday 27 at Norwich, after a short Confinement, which seemed Latterly to Be Bilious. I saw Him when at Cossey, about, and was surprised at the difference of His manner; his countenance was grave, and He merely gave me an account of the slender hope he feared there was: I said I trusted He was well Himself. He thanked me, but without the Look of Conviviality He was accustomed to have.

Mrs. Sulyard has been more seriously Complaining than usual. She is at Cossey.

Adieu my dearest Charlotte, my Love to your pretty daughters and Good Sir Richard, and dear

little Felix. Clementina will make Her first Communion on all Saints day. I think it is the day you made yours.

Your ever affectionate Mother

Frederick tells me that each Captain has the ship for three years so that the Phaeton is safe for another year.

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*November 6th,  
The anniversary of Jemappe.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

Your sons are both employed in greeting the Royal Family of Albion. Henry is at Cossey, where the Duke of Gloucester will be to-day and stay three more. The little Seaman Ed. is in the Downs, waiting for a Call to Calais to escort the King. He hopes after this to be able to visit you at Ghent, and I think it will replenish all that tends to good within Him to be there. He wrote me a very pretty letter from the Downs, off Deal.

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*From Sir G. Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

COSSEY,

*November 10th.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

Your Son Henry will have informed you, of his safe arrival here on Saturday last. We were all most happy to see him again, and find him *every way*, very much improved in looks, manners, etc., etc.

He found *Henry Norris* here on his arrival, with whose *eccentricities* he was *much amused*. His Royal Highness and Cap<sup>t</sup> Foster, his Equery, (a very nice young Man) arrived on Tuesday, at 5 o'clock. General and Lady Elisabeth Fitzroy, and the *Dixon* Family (the Duke's great Friends) having previously arrived. Everything went off extremely well, but I am very sorry to inform you, that Lady J. owing to a very bad Cough and Cold was unable to come down stairs the whole time. It was extremely distressing at such a time, it devolved on Charlotte to do the Honors, and she acquitted herself with much credit.

The Duke was extremely well pleased with everything, the Place, the Shooting, the Chapel, where he was received with *God save the King*, the Flag on the Tower, etc., etc. He told his Page he never had been in a more comfortable Place, and that *he should certainly come again*. We killed about 100 Head of game in the 2 days. He went off yesterday for Rainham (Col. Dixon's,) where Charlotte, Frances, your Henry, and myself are to join him to-morrow.

Your Henry appeared *perfectly at his ease* with the Duke I imagine from his habit of being with *Princes*, and seems wonderfully well acquainted with *everything and everybody* here, just as if he had never been absent from this Country.—He is certainly a very fine and Handsome young man, the two Cousins are exactly the same Height. I believe he intends going to Swaffam Coursing meeting from Rainham.

Adieu My Dear Sister, pray tell Edward if with

you, that I am extremely sorry to hear such bad accounts of Poor Mr. Middleton, of whose recovery there appears to be no hope. Lady J. begs to unite with my daughter and Henry in kindest love to you and Family.

Believe me,

Most affectionately yours,

G. JERNINGHAM.

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*From Henry Bedingfeld to Lady Bedingfeld.*

COSSEY,

*November 11.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I should have written to you before, but I positively had not one minute to myself; I having been quartered on the Farm, and all day going about with the visitors. They are all just gone, and every thing went off very well considering that Lady Jerningham was unable to appear; she has a most dreadful cold and cough, has been blooded, blistered, and in fine has been very unwell but is getting much better. Charlotte did the honors and looked vastly handsome at the top of the table.

The party staying in the house, were General and Lady Elizabeth Fitzroy (she is sister to Lady — Blachford and I told her that Lady Blachford had dined with us at Ghent) Colonel Dixon and family, who live at Rainham. Other people came to dinner. The Duke is very like the late King and upon the whole well enough though *I* think him rather foolish and prosing. We are going to meet him again

tomorrow at Rainham, and from thence I think I shall go to Norfolk having an invitation from Mr. Fountaine. All the world is to be at Swaffham Coursing meeting and I feel inclined to add one to the number. I found every thing so delightful and every one so kind when I arrived here that Cossey is to me a kind of island of Calypso, though there is nothing to be apprehended with respect to the Nymphs. Henry is exactly as tall as me, *and full as stout*; he is an excellent young man and I am very glad to have made his acquaintance. I have been to see the Darrells and found them rather out of spirit; I believe some catastrophe has happened to Mrs. Darrells Banker or Trustee.

The man who has hired Oxburgh manor is a fashionable hatter in Bond Street. *On dit* that he kills quantities of Game and sends it up in Carts to London, I only tell you this that future letters to Mr. Shrewbridge need not be couched in too respectful terms. I hope to go to Oxburgh next week for two days and shall observe in silence; you may depend upon my acting as a good son and not meddling with my father's concerns, I shall tell all complainants so. Thos. Wingham appeared as soon as I arrived at Norwich on my way here. I gave him something and thought him gone. But no, he came to Cossey yesterday and it is really dreadful to see him: he has hardly any thing on to cover him and appears weak. I gave him a kind of lecture and dismissed him content, it made me quite melancholy to see him in his present garb, having remembered him so smart.

Grandmama has probably told you that I have exchanged away my Gig, what with our bad passage and the journey to London, together with its age, it was so shaken that all the bolts were coming out and it showed symptoms of entire dissolution. Sir Geo. said a most odd thing to me the other day: talking about marriage he observed: 'you, Henry, have been long settled to marry Miss Howard.' When I said, 'no, not at all,' he answered: 'oh, I thought it was all arranged even before you left school.'—What could he mean?

I dined the other day with Mr. and Mrs. Berney and made acquaintance with his electioneering mother. Mrs. Berney is good natured but not quite the polished lady.

I received my father's letter, and shall execute what he desires with proper circumspection.

Adieu my d<sup>r</sup> Mother, I shall write to you again shortly and I beg of You to direct your letters Cossey.

In the mean time I remain, your affec. and dutiful son,

HENRY.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

LONDON.

*December 3.*

. . . . .  
Lord D. has gone through a most sad and dreary exile at Florence. He has written a Book to be printed of opinions and Sentiments which I fear may be singular. He says, poor Man, They are



melancholy and descriptive of his own situation. His affairs have been more *embrouillées* than any Body's. Mr. Strickland has made what amelioration it was possible to make and the Tenants begin to be more regular. But He found all in Confusion, and Lord D. was eight months or more, without any remittance.

He has several Children Living; two I think are dead.

He is as usual full of Politicks; every Body is ruined, England must have a Bankruptcy, &c., &c.

. . . . .

18.

. . . . .

I have had a most Satisfactory and Charming Letter from the Duchess de Croy. She writes from Dulmen and after mentioning Her Mother with much gratitude she says:

‘The affection and attentions of my excellent good Husband are greater than I Can express, and I thank God every day for having bestowed on me the Blessing of such an excellent Friend and Protector. I have received a most affectionate Letter from my dear Cousin Edward, which I answered to the *Hotel du Pas de Calais*, as directed.’

She then says that her Husband takes a pleasure in talking of all Her Relations, that He speaks of the poor Chevalier as ‘His Friend of all times.’ Her Mother and Sister are yet with Her, but They all Come soon to Brussels, the *Hotel de Croy*, she says, is *Rue des Sablons* so that She will be near the

*Place Royale.* In a word her Letter proves Her to be a most interesting, pleasing Young Woman.

The Late Duke of Cumberland, had positively been married to a Miss Wilmot, and had a daughter, before He married Mrs. Horton, the Lady we knew. It is Like a Romance, but the papers that prove the Business have transpired (they were in a draw at Warwick Castle) and they are Signed by the most weighty authorities.

A Princess Poniatowsky, Sister to the King of Poland, Came to England about 1765. She fell in Love with a Dr. Wilmot a Clergyman at Oxford. They were privately married; she had one daughter, and died. The Child was brought up as His Niece, was very handsome and accomplished; the Duke of Cumberland married Her early, and *her* daughter is the present Claimant. She was baptised by her Grandfather, as is testified by the signature of the Late King, (I think), Earl of Warwick, &c. and were Locked up as state papers. The Claimant was entirely ignorant of Her Birth till Lately. She is in distressed Circumstances, so as to reside within the Rules of The King's Bench. It is an odd Business, half hushed up, and half public. She has been married but has, Luckily, no Children.

Lord D. desires His Love to you, He is a most extraordinary Man—Great Genius, sprinkled with idiotism. He is writing a Book of opinions on most

Circumstances, part of it is Sublime, part faulty in principle, and sometimes from oddity very Eloquent. Mais *La Marque de L'ouvrier* is a *décousu* of every thing. I think however it will give Him some Credit in the World.

. . . . .

'Lord D.' now is, of course, Henry Augustus, thirteenth Viscount Dillon. His financial affairs were much involved at this period, and he, like several other members of his family, was living abroad for purposes of economy. His book of opinions was published in 1822.

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Another letter, from General Ambrose, at Bath, to Sir Richard, at Ghent, gives some interesting details about the Austrian regiment to which Charles Bedingfeld was then posted.

BATH.

*Decr. 24.*

MY D<sup>R</sup> SIR RICHARD.

I informed you that I wrote to Lieut. Col. Baron Loen recommending Your Son to his care, and desired him to direct his answer to me in the month of Dec<sup>r</sup> here at Bath.

I this day rec<sup>d</sup> it: he gives a most pleasing description of the young man and praises his good conduct, which ingratiates him with his Colonel who is very fond of him. I am glad to see, by a list he sent me, that there are not many Cadets in the Reg<sup>t</sup>. He is in Captain Waldhütter's troop, who, he says, takes pains with him.—A good Officer, tho' advanced from the ranks.

The Reg<sup>t</sup> was ordered up to Vienna upon the Anniversary of Certain privileges granted to them



Credit in the World.

opinions was published in 1822.

MY DE<sup>R</sup> SIR RICHARD.

I informed you that I had



Wheeler & Co. N.Y.

*Charles Bedingfeld.*  
*2nd Son of Sir Richard Bedingfeld, Bart.*

London Richard Bentley & Son 1846





200 years ago ; these privileges were lost in some of the wars and often again petitioned for, but without success. However the Emperor, in consequence of their good and gallant conduct in the late wars, and particularly in the two last campaigns, the last time they were in garrison at Vienna not only gave the Reg<sup>t</sup> a present of 1000 Duc<sup>ts</sup> but ordered these privileges to be renewed and given to them. It seems about 200 years ago, some Saint appeared to the Colonel who then commanded the Reg<sup>t</sup> and told him to rise and save his Emperor who was besieged by the populace in his Palace. The Colonel in consequence of this holy admonition, immediately set off with his Reg<sup>t</sup>, arrived in time, dispersed the mob, and liberated his sovereign ; for which, in the moment of gratitude and enthusiasm, He granted them the following privileges

- 1st. The Reg<sup>t</sup> is never to be disbanded or reformed.
- 2nd. No sentence of death shall ever be executed in it.
3. The Col. commanding the Reg<sup>t</sup> can always wait upon the Emperor without being announced.
4. When the Reg<sup>t</sup> passes Vienna the Col. must be assigned rooms in the Palace.
5. As often as the Reg<sup>t</sup> has occasion to pass the town of Vienna, it may march through the Palace, the Trumpets sounding and Colours flying, and
6. In such cases they may beat up for recruits in the Palace itself.

I got a letter too from Colonel Martin who lives in Hungary. He says he invited your Son to come & spend some months with him, to see that country and learn the language, but he declined it; to be sure its a great distance from Klattan to Bonyad. He gives me a piece of news which Baron Loen does not mention, namely that the reserve Squadrons *have* been reduced, by which the Supernumerary Officers will stop all promotion until they are placed, which will take a year or two.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

LONDON.

*January 29, 1822.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

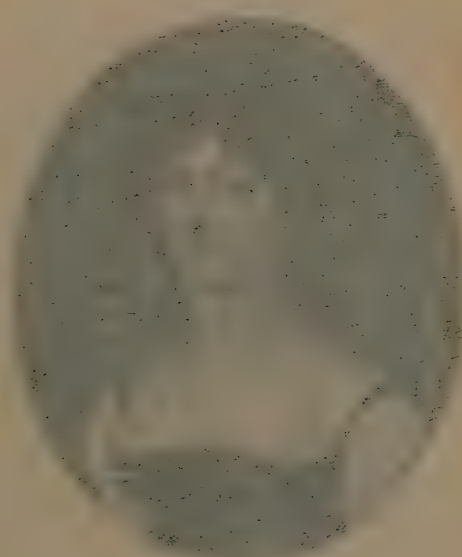
Since Last post went out, your good daughter Lady Petre, has had a Little Girl.

. . . . .

Henry Jer. is going to be in Magdalen College, Cambridge. Mr. Neville, a Son of Lord Braybrook, is the Master, and He dos not require any attendance at the Chapel. S<sup>r</sup> R<sup>d</sup> Acton belonged to it; and His Brother, who has a vocation to be a Priest is there yet, so that it seems eligible that Henry, who has always been attentive to improvement, should have what this new opportunity offers.

. . . . .

I am quite uneasy about poor Mrs. D., and *par contre coup*, for the poor Little Duchess. It is dreadful! and why did she not accept of your great







*Frances Charlotte Bedingfeld.*



good nature and make a visit at Ghent? it would awe the others a Little for to be noticed by Respectable People. She says they think her a *spy* for the English and French Government, and that so she has subsisted till now. It is dreadful.

. . . . .

The little girl cost her mother her life: 'poor Fanchon' died the next day. She would seem to have been Lady Bedingfeld's favourite child. As to my lord, 'whose state of mind,' according to Mary, Lady Petre, 'it was impossible to express,' he was very promptly consoled. Within little more than a year we find him married again.

It is to be noted that throughout the whole of the collection not one line of this beloved daughter's handwriting has been allowed to remain. It would seem as if the mother could not bear the thought of those letters ever being perused by indifferent eyes. There is something pitiful in the little we can gather about the gentle, pretty creature's short life—an uncomfortable courtship broken by the strange illnesses of the aspirant to her hand, and all the early months of wedded life passed in nursing. The few glimpses we get of her between the births of her four children show her to us lovely, timid, subservient, a very Grisel to her peer's wishes. Agnes Bedingfeld, writing from Thorndon, very shortly before her sister's death, remarks upon her altered appearance and her despondency. Her husband's mother herself never referred to her afterwards otherwise than as 'the departed angel.'

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*From Mary, Lady Petre.*

*Jan. 31.*

Alas! Dear Lady Bedingfeld I feel I must write to you, tho' every word must give you pain. As consolation at this moment would be vain, nothing but Religion and the knowledge that such an afflic-



tion can only occur from the unerring hand of God, could support us and guide us. Or surely we should murmur at an appointment so directly opposite to our nature. We must resign ourselves to the Will of God by believing that a just dispenser of Good and Evil could not afflict us like this without some great end. Let us add to this the well known virtues and goodness of Dearest Fanny, and certainly great comfort arises from the idea that *she must* be happy. Poor dear William's state of mind it is impossible to express, and in short we must all feel we have lost what can never be replaced us. She bore all her sufferings, and they were great, with that angel-like Patience and fortitude she so imminently possessed, and died as she lived like an Angel resigned to the will of God.—William's words were 'she had *no fault* and she kept mine in Check. What will become of me and the Poor Children! But God's will be done!' Altho, as she wrote you word, she was at times in great pain and suffering, still I never had any apprehensions of Danger.

. . . . .

I did not write again, knowing from dear Fanny that she wrote you every particular about herself, and trusting and believing all would end well would not give you at the great distance more anxiety by writing, when I expected every day to be able to put an end to that anxiety. But Alas! God has ordered it so, and we must submit to his decree. The cause of her Death is evident; it was occasioned by the extreme Hemorrhage in the Morning before her Labour came on, which produced such weak-

ness, added to a most severe Labour, and entirely exhausted her strength. And she never could rally again. Some Inflammation likewise coming on on Sunday evening, the treatment for which she was unable to bear, finished this awful and lamentable event. At Six o'Clock the Physicians gave us hopes, and she was better till a few Hours before her Death, but so weak as not to be able to speak more than a word. Mr. Aubert was with her. I have Dwelt on all these particulars, thinking tho' they may give you pain still it would be a satisfaction to know them—as to myself I say nothing. Words cannot express my feelings, and I have but one consolation which is that I trust and hope I did *all* I could do. I have lost in her an affectionate and Dutiful Child such she was always to me and I loved her as my own—I am too much overpowered to write more.

Believe me Dear Lady Bedingfeld,

Yours affectionately,

MARY PETRE.

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*From Lady Ferningham to Lady Bedingfeld.*

*February 1.*

MY DEAR DEAR CHARLOTTE:

I Cannot be Silent, yet I know not what to Say! It has pleased almighty God to take what seemed to belong to Him, and you were Chosen to bring this Blessing to perfection. When I wrote to you Last, I had begun to be alarmed, but Little thought the fatal stroke had then become irrevocable. It seems that Hopes were held out till a

few Hours before the fatal ending. No one dared to imagine so melancholy an event, but we *must* submit to the all Powerful Hand of God, who Chastises with mercy and will give even merit to our submission. Pray remember how many Look up to you for Comfort and Support: Your Maternal Care is yet very necessary, and will, I trust, be Cheered by the Almighty's Blessing. Mary Lady Petre is quite unhappy at the sad Loss, and fears that it may be supposed she neglected some means of avoiding the stroke, but far is it from any one to think so. She and every Body did their utmost, but the awful Call from Heaven Could not pass unheard. Lord Petre is overwhelmed with grief, and well He may.

. . . . .

Drs. Herbert and Clarke are reckoned the first in their Line, but all is annihilated, when the word of the Almighty Calls.

. . . . .

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*From Mrs. Edward Jerningham.*

*Feb. 8.*

. . . . .

Could I venture to say any thing more, I would add a reflection that strikes me always on such events—the longest life is in fact a short dream—yesterday those we loved went before, tomorrow we follow. At the hour of death it will be consoling to think of meeting our beloved Friends in another world; and you, my dearest Sister, more than any-

one, have a well grounded hope of seeing your dear Daughter in the possession of eternal happiness. She is, I have no doubt, already praying for you above, and probably has taken her seat in Heaven, clothed in her baptismal robe of innocence.

. . . . .

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*From Lord Glenbervie.*

7. PULTENEY STR<sup>T</sup>.

BATH.

11. Feb.

MY DEAR LADY BEDINGFELD.

My discretion is no longer able to restrain me from taking this method of expressing the sincere, deep and heart felt sympathy of one of your most attached and faithful friends, in the heavy visitation which has lately befallen you. I have too much domestic experience not to have a perfect sense and knowledge of what you must now feel and suffer, and I have had the great good fortune to know enough of your heart and understanding to satisfy me that friendship has it not in its power to suggest from the sources of religion or reason any topic of consolation for the present or hope for the future which has not presented itself to your own mind. I therefore do not write to intrude any such unnecessary and unavailing reflexions on you at a time when your maternal heart is still bleeding with the wound it has so freshly received.

But I think you will not be sorry to receive this testimony, from a place which you so long inhabited

and which was the abode of that worthy mutual friend to whom I owed the great happiness of your acquaintance, of the part I have taken and take in your grief and affliction.

I have frequent opportunity of seeing and conversing here with many persons of our common acquaintance. General Milner and his family are here and Mrs. Moore whom I met at Your house, and there is a family of Langton, Catholics and partly Spanish, who often speak of you with the highest respect and compassion. From some of these I have learned that your daughter Agnes is now with your excellent mother in London, and they understand that it is your intention and Sir Richard's to re-establish yourselves in England in the course of next summer. When you are able to write perhaps you will have the goodness to inform me if that is really so.

I came here in the end of the year in a very indifferent state of health, but having derived so much benefit from the waters and more quiet way of life than that of a London winter, I mean to protract my stay till perhaps the end of April; and with a view of returning again, if spared so long, next winter—O if I could hope that you and Sir Richard had the like plan in contemplation! I have a niece here with me, both my sister-in-law's children being in Italy with Lady Sheffield's, and my daughter in law is at present with her father in London. I expect her here soon.

Last summer I amused myself with a translation of part of the burlesque Italian Poems of Ricciar-

detto's with an Introduction on that species of writing in Italy, and Notes. It has lately been published, and I am going to order my bookseller Murray to send a copy of it with this letter to Lady Jerningham with a request that she would take the trouble to forward it to you with this letter. I hope it may serve to distract your thoughts for a moment—At any rate you will receive it with indulgence as a small pledge of the warmest affection friendship and esteem—Remember me most kindly to Sir Richard and believe me ever your most sincere friend and servant

GLENBERVIE.

When you write please direct to Argyll.

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*From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingsfeld.*

LONDON.

*February 19.*

. . . . .

Edward has been exercising His Benevolence and good taste, in wishing to give me a different view of my Room. I was in my Bed, or near it for about a week, and during that time He had put down a Light pretty Carpet. His two amazing Pictures from the Low Countries, with three Howards guard the Walls; in a word he has entirely fulfilled the injunction of doing as you would be done by. He has wished to recreate my mind with the taste He possesses, now I am a Low groveling animal, that habit has great power over. The fact however is, that except the

size of the pictures, all is improvement, and the Carpet Chearful and Pretty.

. . . . .

March 15.

. . . . .

I have had a visit this morning from the Duke of York. Edward's fine Picture of James 2. and his Queen and Children, done by Mignard when at St Germain's, was mentioned to His Royal Highness, by S<sup>r</sup> H. Halford and the Doctor told me that the Duke wished very much to see it. I said Edward was at Stafford, but on being more importuned, I told the Doctor (who had made me a *free* visit to talk of it) that the Duke of York was at Liberty, any day and Hour that He chose, to Come. So this day at two oclock was named. I desired your Cousin John B. to be here to go down to meet Him, and at two oclock, the Duke and Doctor arrived walking.

Agnes, Emily and I remained in the drawing Room and when they had finished with the stairs, the Duke and the others Came in. Edward has here two singular Beautiful Flemish Pictures of a *Fête* given I think in the *grande Place* at Brussels; there are an immense Number of whole Length figures, and the Windows Crowded with Ladies in Ruffs. This furnished Conversation, and the Duke went off on Horseback, the Doctor *en voiture*, and we were resigned to their departure, having however reason to hope the Duke was satisfied.

. . . . .

My love to good Sir Rich<sup>d</sup>, Henry and Charles and ever your entirely affectionate mother.



19.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

I received your kind remembrance of me yesterday, with the afflicting and Consolatory good Letter from the abbé Aubert. It says every thing, and I hope that You will endeavour to rest a Little upon it, and not feed on grief. I hear that Lord Petre has not yet seen the poor little Infant, that it is coming to London with Lady Petre and is a remarkable pretty Child. *Marshal* says that Lord P. was in attendance to the Last moment, when He was obliged to Bow to the Supreme will of an all wise Creator, who, we may think, removed out of mercy this Innocent Child of Light. You had the forming of Her, and She will not now begin to be unmindful of the good she received.

. . . . .

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Madame d'Arblay was at this time a near neighbour of Lady Jerningham in Bolton Row. A letter from her, bearing the date April 12, is a good specimen of her later and 'Johnsonian' style.

DEAR MADAM,

Your Ladyship's so kind mention of me to my Niece at so afflicting a period, gives me a spur irresistible to express at once my acknowledgements and my commiseration. Alas! how restless is woe! and That chiefly which is irremediable. But that every new deprivation is a new signal for new Preparation

to Follow as it Leads—how could our Hearts endure unbroken,—or even our Heads underanged—such fatal blows to our earthly felicity?—I have felt very unwell with myself for not answering, long since, the charming Letter with which your ladyship honoured me on the subject of my amiable Charlotte; but I fancied my most acceptable answer would be waiting upon Lady Jerningham. And for that exertion I was spiriting myself up, when a new stroke to my peace, in the very sudden loss of my last Brother, Admiral Burney, checked all new efforts at social intercourse, and even deadened old ones. In a different class, and way of life, I might nearly repeat of this dear Brother what so eloquently your Ladyship writes of your own; or, rather, to meet that character, so impressively drawn, I must *amalgamate* the best qualities of the two Brothers that within the last sad 4 years have gone before me. The yet deeper, however, than brotherly privation by which Your Ladyship has recently been wounded, had made me fear I had passed by the time for compliance, and that my projected visit would no longer be opportune: Charlotte however, filled with gratitude for your Ladyship's goodness to her, and partially persuaded of its extension to her Aunt, loves to suggest that Lady Jerningham may rather more than less require new attentions from new calamity. And if She can suppose that any from ME would be seasonable, who can wonder she should desire I should hasten to mark my own Sense of obligation to your ladyship in seconding her? More fit, too, am I—and more ready to go to the house of mourning than of joy:

—though I would struggle hard not to suffer that species of congeniality to mar your ladyship's filial design, in leading me to sadden, instead of seeking to chear, the Parent I see so dear to you. Such, therefore, as I now am, my *health* being no longer an obstacle, I cast wholly upon your Ladyship's decision, whether or not it be now too late to shew my willingness to avail myself of your encouragement and my vicinity. We could not want subjects of mutual interest while one to her so precious, and to me so animating, would always be at hand : and while my grateful recollections of the Chevalier Jerningham at Paris, and of Mr. Edward Jerningham, the Poet, in England, might afford many amusing details : and a source of conversation would always be open upon the Good, the Wise, the eloquent M. de Lally, who, with a partiality the most flattering in copying for US his Cossey Album, indulgently inserted an *Envoi* for Bookham. My Son, who is just returned from Paris, has frequently seen this excellent Statesman and accomplished Orator, who is now in peculiar good health ; and he has enclosed for me, in a Letter written with all the warmth of heart that so singularly endears as well as embellishes his Genius, sundry of his latest and truly admirable Speeches. Alexander has made a tour in Switzerland last Summer and Autumn that has been equally, I think, beneficial to his health and his Mind. He has been so enchanted with the scenery, so regaled with the clear pure air, and so delighted by his intercourse with the Inhabitants, that he is returned an enthusiastic Mountaineer.

I beg leave to present my best compliments to Sir Richard, and have the honour to be, Dear Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged and Obed<sup>t</sup>

F: D'ARBLAY.

April 1822.

From Lady Ferningham.

April 18.

The poor Comte de Lannoy did not Look formerly as if He would have had such a Lengthened period as 91.

I am sorry you Could not meet M<sup>de</sup> de Bérenger at Brussels ; for, that poor Mrs. Dillon and the Dow<sup>r</sup> Duchess should Bustle one another, à *La Bonne heure* : But that the Duke should be humbled by His new Connection I Cannot allow of, and if I have the great happiness of going again to Ghent, I shall be tempted to Look at Brussels. I wish your tall Handsome Henry would Call upon His Cousin. Lord Dillon hears from His Wife, who is very intimate with M<sup>de</sup> d'Albany at Florence, that the said Lady, being first Cousin to the Dow<sup>r</sup> Duchess, has written to Her to say that Her Son has made a very proper alliance ; that She knows all the Connexion &c. and that she ought not to disdain Mrs. D.

Mr. Canning had been appointed to succeed Lord Hastings as Governor-General of India. Wishing, perhaps, to give *éclat* to his departure from the theatre of his glory, he moved, on April 30, for leave to bring in a Bill which would restore to Catholic peers their right to sit and vote in the House of Lords.

The Bill passed the Commons by a small majority, but, like all its predecessors, was rejected by the Lords.

Edward Jerningham was, as usual, to the fore in pushing the 'Catholic business.' But this was to be his last effort. Within a very few days he began to show symptoms of the terrible disease which was to prove fatal both to him and to his wife—'the little saint-like Emily.'

*April 30.*

MY DEAR, DEAR CHARLOTTE.

This is a hurrying day (as Mr. Canning's motion will be this evening, and Edward wishes to dine before four o'clock having several anxious Cats to accompany Him to the House.)

Lord Petre is in London, and has Called upon me. His manner was proper, and He enquired when I would Like to see the Children. The day following was fixed on and They Came with their maid, Lady Mary Petre accompanying their entry. The Poor Little Things are grown and are very fine Children—the second Boy Beautifully interesting and very sensible for two years of age. Somebody gave Little Mary a new doll, and Sometime ago she was asked to play with it, which she then refused saying her 'poor dear Mama had told Her she must not play with it till her Birthday.' Many other Little remarks and speeches She has made which shows her sensibility. She is in the face Like her Father. I have not yet seen the poor Little infant. She is delicate but has a good nurse, and will I hope gain strength. Lord Petre wishes to Sell his House in Portman Square. He is now in it, but told Edward He Could no more enjoy Himself there.

*From Countess Constantia Clifford.*

LOWER SEYMOUR ST. N<sup>o</sup>. 8.

PORTMAN SQR.,

*May 7th.*

. . . . .  
Last Friday Prince Hohenloe effected a wonderful cure, at Newhall, on a sister Gonzaga whose arm was paralysied or at least a tumour had fallen in it so that she had lost all use of it, and the Prince had been written to request his prayers for her. He appointed last Friday 3<sup>rd</sup>, to say Mass for her, and engaged her to assist at Mass at the hour he had named. At the last Gospel she felt something give a crack at the top of her arm, and the noise of it was loud enough to be heard by the whole community, and she felt a sensation of something running down her arm; and when Mass was over she lifted her hand to her head without pain, then put it behind her back and in short can use it like the other. Next day the D<sup>r</sup> came to see her she walked into the room moving her hand and arm about in all directions the Doctor started back in astonishment, and asked her what she had done. The nun asked him if he thought the day before that she could have moved it as she then did. He said that he considered it impossible and nothing short of a miracle (he is a Protestant) could have effected it, and that he had consulted another eminent surgeon respecting her case, who gave it as his opinion that nothing could be done for her, and that he feared she must submit to have her arm cut off. This was related to me by the Rev<sup>d</sup>

M<sup>r</sup> Marest who called about two days since and was present when the D<sup>r</sup> arrived.

The Prince Hohenlohe in question was Alexander, Prince of Hohenlohe-Waldenberg-Schillingsfurst, a Hungarian priest. He was then a young man under thirty, and already celebrated for sundry 'miracles' wrought by his prayers. Later on he became Bishop of Sardica *in partibus*.

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*From Lord Petre.*

*May 8.*

MY DEAR LADY BEDINGFELD.

I am much obliged to You for your kind letter, and am glad you received the box safe, for I never Sent any parcel which contained things of so much value.

As to expressing my feelings to you I feel quite unable to do it, and even if I could I would not, for they are Such that I should be only adding pain to your sufferings, but every day makes me feel more my loss, and of course convinces me of what my dearest children have lost and especially poor Ma, and time will relieve my own feelings, but my feelings for them must of course be increased as they grow older.

They are all, thank God, in most perfect health. I may be prejudiced but I think they bid fair to be like their dearest Mother. Ma wishes much to write a line to Grandmama Bedingfeld. With every thing most kind to Sir Richard.

Believe me to remain,

Yours affectionately and Sincerely attached

PETRE.



MY DEAR GRANDMAMA.

I learn my lessons every day the same as poor Mama taught me.

Your affectionate Granddaughter,

MA PETRE.

10. Portman Square,

May 8th. 1822.

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*From Lady Jerningham.*

May 10.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE

Poor Emily has been ill since Last saturday 4. She rose with head ach, and Sickness which Continued all day and on the Sunday evening Dr Nelson said it was an Eresipelas in the Head.

. . . . .

The most miserable Woman now in London, is perhaps Mrs. Stewart (alias Miss Penn). She married a Brother of Lord Bute, who was first Bishop of St Davids, and Lately archbishop of Armagh; it seems that He was in ill Health, and some draughts were sent from the apothecary, with a Bottle of Laudanum, for occasional use, this poor woman in her anxiety to relieve her Husband, took the Bottle and poured out that with *Laudanum*. He drank it off. She soon perceived the Horrid mistake and ran down stairs and out in the street for medical Help, but it was too Late. The archbishop died in great agony about two Hours after.

. . . . .

13.

I mentioned in my last that Emily had an Erysepelas, on her face, and was in a very Suffering state from fever, that the swelling of her Face and Head gave Her. She is better : but poor Edward has fell ill of it, and is now in the most suffering stage.

. . . . .

28.

I wish to write to you, and yet I have hardly words to tell the uneasiness I am now under dreading the possibility of more ! my Poor dear Edward, who Was taken with the dreadful Erysepelas a week after His Wife, (that is the 11th. inst.) has it to such a dreadful degree, having got a Little Better but has returned to new swelling and fever, that besides the misery of seeing Him suffer so much I am extremely alarmed, and with the dread of having more reason to be so. The Bark, which is the great remedy, dos not agree with Him. They add things to make it stay in the stomach, and it brings disorder. In a word this malady is as dangerous, as its appearance is desperate. Emily is on her Bed also, with weakness, but she eats and drinks and will recover her strength. Your Brother and L<sup>dy</sup> Jerningham have stopped at the Brunswic Hotel, on their return from Bath ; and I have been in terror Lest his super-eminent goodness in any thing relating to Religion would Lead Him, to say things that are too alarming, and Can more easily be felt than expressed. However I trust in the mercy of Almighty God, that He will allow of D<sup>r</sup> Edwards Continuing to promote

good works! For a more upright Sincere good Heart does not exist.

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It was left to Sir George to prepare his sister for the news of the tragic event which brought her back at once to England by her mother's side.

On May 31 he writes from London to his brother-in-law at Ghent :

MY DEAR SIR RICHARD.

I trust that the letter by the last Post, will in some measure have prepared your and My Sister's minds for the Dreadful news I have now to communicate!

Poor Dear Edward is no more!!! He breathed his last at 2 o'clock on Wednesday Morning the 29th.

. . . . .

My Poor Mother would remain untill all was over, and, I am happy to say, bears this dreadful Calamity with much more calmness than one could possibly have expected.

The Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Harris came about 10 oclock and repeated the agonizing and other Prayers, as did also My Poor Mother before he came, and to which he endeavoured to answer!!!

. . . . .

Poor Emily is in a dreadfully weak way, and does not as yet know of her Irreparable Loss. She said to me yesterday looking steadfastly at me '*How is Edward?*' I replied 'He was rather better,' and

Immediately endeavoured to change the subject. Sir W<sup>m</sup> Knighton who formerly attended her, and knows her Constitution, was called in last night, (as Halford comes no more) *He has hopes of her Recovery*, but she is certainly in most weak state.

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Lady Jerningham's letter, bearing on the same dreadful news, is docketed thus :

‘ This letter arrived at Ghent after my departure for England. Lady Jerningham, when this letter was written, was in her 74th year.’

LONDON.

*June 4. Tuesday.*

Oh ! My dearest Charlotte ! I am overwhelmed indeed with the sad and severe Loss of my ever dear Edward ! who from His Birth occupied my mind (with I suppose a presentiment feeling of what every one now acknowledges his worth to have been) and whose Melancholy Suffering illness was, I am afraid, ill treated tho, from the beginning by Sir Henry Halford, and Dr. Nelson. They gave Him Bark immediately, but he could not take it, and violent fever was kindled, and so it went on. On the Sunday morning, at five o'clock, I wrote to Dr. Halford to entreat He would Come, which He did. He said Bark alone Could allay the fever, and He must be prevailed upon to take it every three Hours; with difficulty this was effected, and the Doctors thought Him better. But on the Monday evening Joseph said He was sure He was worse, but yet he took Broth and this horrid Bark, tho Less often. I

staid with Him till two and He appeared to sleep. At five I returned, and that day I wrote to you. Mr. Bramston has written since to Sir George that He was perfectly Sensible of his Situation, and wished to perform His duty regularly, but Mr. Bramston told Him that in his illness a firm purpose for the future was all that the Church required, and would not Let Him go on speaking. He Could not give the viaticum, because of the throat being attacked and difficulty in swallowing, but gave extreme unction in the presence of Joseph and the Nurse. In the evening a mild young Priest who Lives with Mr. Fryer, Mr. Morris, Came and said occasional Prayers. He lay quiet, but breathing Hard, till 2 in the morning when the Breath stopped. No Convulsion; in that moment it appeared Relief. But the Loss of His existing was Certain. I hope I am resigned to the Will of Almighty God. But I know not what to do without him.

A melancholy dispensation is that Emily Continues to be so weak and ill that it is impossible to Let Her know the sad Event that Providence was pleased to Convey thro Her to her poor dear Excellent Husband. *He* was alive to every thing to the Last, she has now more of torpid apathy and has not fortunately made an enquiry. An abscess that formed on the side of the Back was opened this morning; the Surgeon says that if she has Strength of Constitution sufficient, she will recover.—No one has Caught this evil, but my poor dear Son.

. . . . .

The Morning Post of May 30. says :—

‘ We Lament to announce the death of Ed. Jerningham, Brother of Sir George Jer. B<sup>t</sup> for many years Secretary to the English Catholic Board.—He was a most excellent and amiable Gentleman, beloved and Esteemed by all who knew Him. He attended the House of Commons, on the Second Reading of Mr. Canning’s Roman Catholic Peers’ Bill, on Friday fortnight. He was then in good Health and Spirits, but was taken ill on the following day, being attacked with Erysipelas.’

There have been more detailed Praises, since, in many Papers, but I Liked this Little simple early offering. Oh my dear Charlotte, pray take Care of Yourself! His Funeral was honored yesterday by many Carriages and Personal attendance, *16 Carriages*; and your Brother and Lady Jer. go this evening for Cossey to be present at this melancholy arrival.

Is it not a great deal that I Can write all this?  
But it is to you!

. . . . .

A portion of Lady Bedingfeld's journal is bound in the volume of letters for 1822, immediately after the communication from Sir George.

### JOURNAL OF LADY BEDINGFELD.

I received the foregoing Letter, on a Sunday as I came in from High Mass. My Consternation and grief cannot be expressed! Full of the most painful anxiety also, on My poor Mother's account, I prevailed upon Sir Richard, to take immediate measures for going to England, and at 6 that Evening we set out accompanied by my poor Nephew, Charles Edward, whose Loss in such a Father was irreparable! We got no farther than Courtray that night, the Carriage breaking, which obliged us to proceed in what Vehicles we could find. We reached Calais late on Monday night, sailed to Dover on Tuesday and reached London at 11 on Wednesday M. 5 of June.

The Funeral had left the house that Morning, but the Parlor was Still in most Melancholy confusion. And in Entering this house of Woe, with My other Sad loss fresh in My Mind, I thought I should have died—I sat down in the hall Unable to proceed, but hearing My Mother was coming to the head of the Stairs, I rushed up to meet her, and



resumed some degree of fortitude. She was perfectly pale, but composed—and to See her so took a load off My aching heart. Emily was Still ignorant of her Dreadful loss, in great danger from Weakness, but calm and providentially forgetful of everything concerning dear Edward's illness.

Sir Rich<sup>d</sup>, with Charles Edward, went down by the Mail to Cossey to pay the last sad duty to My dear Brothers remains. I could not appear in Emily's room, but I passed My Melancholy hours in her Closet adjoining where I could hear all She said; or I sat with my Mother, whose courage filled me with Admiration. Mrs. Tho<sup>s</sup> Norris, a great friend of Emily's was almost constantly with her, till she became so nervous and unwell that her Husband thought right to restrain her from coming. Mrs. John Cary was very kind in frequently keeping me company. Emily did not wish her to enter her room. The Medical Men were Doctor Nelson, Sir W<sup>m</sup> Knighton, and Brodie the Surgeon, a considerable Abscess having formed at the Bottom of the Back; she was nursed by her own excellent Servant Caroline, a pious catholic and also by My Mother's Housekeeper, Mrs. Clark; but this most good and Religious woman was taken ill with the same disorder on the 9th. of June, and died on the 18. Emily did not appear to miss her, and though She was quite in her senses upon every Subject She chose to talk upon, it seemed as if her Mind must be injured, when day after day passed, without her mentioning her husband!—Once only on having some Strawberries brought her, she said, 'take some

to Edward, he likes Strawberries.' It is the More extraordinary, because till the day before his death, he was always occupied about her, walking into her room, and when too weak, dragged in a chair close to her Bedside, to look at her!

The door through which he Used to enter was locked after his departure, and she never Noticed it, though the Couch on which she passed the day was exactly facing. She was cheerful Sometimes even playful, with her friend Mrs. Norris, pious as Usual and went to Communion 2 or 3 times and had pious books frequently read to her by her maid and Mrs. Norris. The Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Scot visited her every day and was her Confessor; but 2 or 3 days before her death an Abbé Busson arrived from Paris with Mr. Weld, and as she had been very partial to him there during the foregoing Winter, she was then attended by him.

On the very day he arrived, She early in the morning told the Maid to Shut her Shutters for she knew dear Edward and Mrs. Clark were dead. The Maid did not deny it.—She wept her loss, but it was as one who was soon to follow. This Obstacle to her seeing her Son being removed, Charles went into her room, having first prepared her the day before by a Letter Announcing his coming over. She seemed pleased to see him, said little, but when he was leaving the room, observed to the maid that he was grown quite a Young Man.

That same Evening My Mother came up, for the first time since Dear Edward's death. I was on My knees in the Closet when she passed me and I

felt the Meeting was so dreadfully awful that I remained Motionless, unable to Speak or rise.—My Mother Entered calmly and Sat down by the Bed-side; after a Moment's pause, Emily said :—‘ You know the Shocking loss we have Sustained !’ My Mother answered : ‘ We must not talk of that now. You must endeavour to get well for the Children's sake.’ Another pause ensued.—Emily said :—‘ I cannot speak, I am so weak’ and my Mother replied something I did not hear, took her hand and kissed it, and came Slowly out of the room—I remained Still Motionless upon My knees,—Oh what Support is given to the Miserable by that same hand that gives the Blow!—I have Seen my Mother in the greatest agitation if My dear Br. Edward, staid away an hour longer than she expected; his smallest ailment was a Subject of the most extreme distress to her. In fine, as far back as My Memory can carry me, his health and Welfare was the Barometer of her Spirits. And to See her thus moving calmly about in these chambers of Woe and desolation seemed almost Miraculous.—After she was gone down, I sent in to Emily (for I dared not Shew myself) a large Nosegay of fine flowers that Mrs. General Milner had Just sent me from the Country. She smelled at them with pleasure, saying in her usual tone of Voice : ‘ Oh how Sweet ! how refreshing ! put them in water !’

Alas, they Survived Her ! About 9 Mr. Scot came he approached the Bed and proposed Saying the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. She answered, but I observed she made some mistake. Towards

Midnight the Abbé Busson came, and read Some Short prayers; she said:—‘*Mon Père, j’aime à Vous entendre, mais je crains de m’endormir.*’ ‘*Eh Bien! mon Enfant,*’ he replied, ‘*dormez dans le Seigneur!*’

I did not Sleep in the House, and as My Mother would not retire till I went to the Lodgings, I went away about one in the Morning and returned at 8. I was told she had Summoned Joseph White, My Br.’s trusty Servant, to come and Speak to her about money, wishing him to go to Mr. Wright’s; they could hardly tell if she was delirious or not—L’abbé Busson came and Said Mass in the Closet and prayed by her, and then retired, meaning to return. She soon after became apparently Senseless, so that I ventured to enter the room, and kneel by the Bed. Nobody was in the room but the Maid who Supported her; She was Sitting almost Straight with her head inclined to the right, towards the Maid’s Shoulder, her arms were extended before her her hands clasped with her pocket handkerchief between them! A large Crucifix stood on a Small table at the Bed’s foot, on which her Eyes seemed to look, though the Maid said she could not See. In this meek, saint like posture, without a Struggle or a groan, She Yielded up her pure Spirit to its Maker. Her hands loosened their hold by degrees so that when she expired they were both open, and the handkerchief lying between them—A few minutes after all was over, her poor Son rushed into the room and flung himself on his knees, seizing and kissing his Mother’s lifeless hand; I had not seen





*Emily Middleton.*  
*Wife of Edward Jenningsham*  
*From a miniature in the possession of*  
*Sir Hubert Jenningsham, K.C.M.G.*

London: H. S. Outley and Son. 1896







him before—Joseph White got him away, and I went to My Mother!—

Oh, what a time of Woe and Calamity! I felt Stupefied! Before dear Emily's death, Sir Rich<sup>d</sup> had returned to Ghent with Agnes, whom I was happy to See removed from such a place of danger and desolation!—I had also at this time the tryal of seeing Lord Petre, and My poor little Grandchildren.—The Extracts from the papers here joined, say not one word too much of the Virtues and goodness of these dear departed ones.—My dear Br. was one of the most lively and agreeable men in Society I ever saw; equally so at all times and with every different description of people, seeming (and really being) amused with every variety of person.

Emily was piety itself, with the Cheerfulness of extreme Youth; liking to be joked with about her little arrangements and so forth. A fond and Watchful Mother and a very kind relative; I loved her sincerely! Her talent on the Piano was first rate; she was a Scholar of Cramer's and played as well.—She was charitable even to distressing herself. In short, few such remain.

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Dear Emily died on the 24. June at half past Eleven in the Morning, her remains Left London for Cossey, Thursday the 27<sup>th</sup>. On the 28<sup>th</sup> her Son Charles Edward and the Abbé Busson went down to be present at the Funeral.—little Clementina had been sent with her governess to the Convent at Hammersmith; little John was placed at School;

and the Youngest James was sent for a fortnight into the Country to Lady Lucy Stuart, L<sup>d</sup> Traquair's Sister.

In the Midst of all this Sorrow, I had one gleam of Comfort in Seeing my dear Son Edward, whose Captain sent him up from Portsmouth. I found him much grown, and was quite Satisfied with his Religious Sentiments. He went to Confession to Mr. Scot, and to Communion. He came from Portsmouth on the 14. June and returned the 18<sup>th</sup>.

After dear Emily's death I was requested by My Mother and Sir George to look over her Clothes giving what was proper to the Maids and putting by the rest for Clementina. It was a most painful task, nor could I have got through it if Mrs. Norris had not assisted me. Sir George himself overlooked the papers and Letters, which were all kept in great order. He burned many and restored to me the Letters she had kept of mine.

. . . . .

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Lady Bedingfeld, remaining by her mother's side, did not attend the funeral. Sir Richard writes to her from Cossey.

*Friday morning, 7th.*

MY DEAR CH.

We are this moment returned from the affecting Scene of placing poor Edward Remains in the family vault. The Coffin was placed last night in the Chapel and this morning, after High Mass and the Service for the Dead, taken below. Sir G., His

Son, Darell, Charles Edw., and myself went yesterday Even at 8. to Meet the procession at Easton.

All the Priests from Norwich attended this morning ; the Chapel was Very full and a great many gave evident proofs of their attachment to your poor B<sup>r</sup>. Every day his loss will be more felt. I was much edified with Meckett's conduct, who the moment the people came out of the Vault, ran down and threw himself on his knees, at the foot of poor Sir William's coffin, and there remained for 8 or 10 minutes saying his prayers, bathed in Tears. Charles was much affected when the last ceremony of lowering the Coffin took place ; it Seemed to make a very deep impression upon him indeed.

. . . . .

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The following month finds Lady Bedingfeld once more in Ghent, and the correspondence resumed between her and Lady Jerningham, who, notwithstanding her daughter's pressing invitation, cannot make up her mind to transfer her penates to the Netherlands.

*August 16.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

I have been very glad to Receive a Letter from you to day. But the mention of one Line affects me, tho I but too well Comprehend the impossibility of its being otherways. My Health is really very *delabrée*, and tho perhaps not more entirely so, than most at my date, yet the overpowering affliction that has been ordered for me is so severe, and assumes such forms of Recollections, that I Can hardly sup-

port my self. Sir R<sup>d</sup> is very good, and so are you, but I am slow at determination.

You will See in the paper, the appalling event that has taken place in the Londonderry's Family! I hope there will be a detailed account in your paper, for it is very interesting tho a most sad memorial of the fatal effect of over powering the Limits of the Constitution.

. . . . .

The 'appaling event' was, of course, the suicide of Robert, second Marquis of Londonderry, who had succeeded his father in 1821. The title, being an Irish one, did not prevent Lord Londonderry retaining his seat in Parliament. After a stormy session, in which he had laboured hard, his mind was observed to give way, and on August 12 the news arrived in London of his having destroyed his own life 'by severing the carotid artery with a penknife.'

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*October 8.*

MY EVER DEAR CHARLOTTE.

I hope You Cannot so much mistake my feeling, as to Suppose, I am not most grateful for your uncommon attention, and kind heartedness towards me, I am worthy of it, by the sense I have of your filial Piety, which soars with the other Virtues of your mind and Soul: But I am indolent, and hardly Capable of Supporting the sad Loss I have undergone, this makes me Loiter over the Business I ought to proceed in, and which would bring me to the Comfort of seeing You, and those around you, I Leave this House with an intention of not returning! at my era no other idea would be Sane. I therefore have dispositions to make which would be trifling to many,

but which have each a poise on my Mind. I am however going on, and hope to finish.

Lord Dillon is delighted with His Irish Property, with Mr. Strickland, and all that has been done. A Regular Catholic Chapel has been brought up, bells hung, and 90 Catholic Children, taught by Mrs. Strickland as Head Mistress of the School, attend the Service. He says: 'there is not a Protestant there, it all goes on delightfully.' How happy this would have made your poor dear Brother, but I hope He knows it, and feels the reward promised to those who instruct others unto Justice.

Lady Dundonald's death was after a few days illness, but she had been a Long time unwell from a Bilious disorder.

The Priest from Hammersmith Convent attended Her, and she was quite resigned. Her poor Mother, and Lord Dundonald are in great affliction.

22.

You Cannot I hope seriously suppose that the *qu'en dira-t'on* of the multitude I never See, or hardly hear of, Can have the smallest effect upon me, were there Room for any opinion to be given. 'The World forgetting by the World forgot,' is my present motto, and I attend alone to the Comfort of feeling the Kindness of my Children and near Connexions, those who join with me in honoring the *Past*, tho none are entitled to feel it as I do.

Sir George and Family are yet in their progress. Surely the spell of three will produce one Husband, or Lancashire is no more what it has been. There is a report that Lady Fitzgerald's son has proposed and been refused, but I do not know by which. *Georgina* is reckoned the handsomest of the three, which speaks Beauty to be really fancy.

. . . . .

29.

. . . . .

The Paper of to day mentions, that 'the Duke de Croy, Peer of France, died on the 19 inst. at His Seat, the Hermitage, near Condé. He was 57 years of age.' I am afraid it may be too true, by the Last account I had from Mrs. Dillon; yet I am surprised I have not a Letter. Pray give me what detail you may know, and how she is provided for. He had asked the *grand aumonier* to be God Father, and Mrs. D. God mother, to the poor Little invisible Infant. I feel anxious for poor dear Maria. She does not expect till february.

. . . . .

I am very anxious that the *mobilier* belonging to my dear Lost Edward should be disposed of. There are certainly effects for above 400<sup>L</sup> and I should Leave the place with more ease, if these things were properly disposed of.

Mrs. Garrick died Lately aged 98; she was a Catholic and always at Warwick street Chapel at ten oclock Mass on Sunday. She has Left 100<sup>L</sup>. to Mr. Archer, and 100<sup>L</sup> for the Charity Children of



that Chapel. She has been thought to have been a daughter of Lord Burlington's, but that is now positively Contradicted. She was daughter to an Austrian General, one of ten Children; and Lord and Lady Burlington, taking a great Liking for Her, brought Her to England, and allowed (at her entreaty) of her dancing on the stage under the name of the Violetta. She fell in Love with Garrick, and L<sup>d</sup> Burlington gave 6000<sup>L</sup> for her fortune. Perhaps both stories may be true, but originally she was thought to be an Italian, which is undoubtedly not so.

. . . . .

*November 26.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

I am afraid You are not satisfied with my vacillating, and inactive resolution of Mind, but I Can assure you that I am myself so much the Sufferer by want of energy, that I do not deserve the additional weight of supposing you should think me insensible to all your kindness.—The idea of going to Ghent has been accompanied with the intention of Leaving *for ever* my present domicile, &c., &c. In a word I have put it off, and off, and now I feel that it is too Late for to venture the journey, at the same time do not be out of patience if I say I have not given my project up, and that I am *permanently* here only for the dreary part of Winter. Your Brother was in Town Lately at Bath's Hotel. He said the Rooms upstairs were too melancholy!

. . . . .

I hear the Bertrands are at Paris, that the two elder Boys are gone to the College of St<sup>e</sup> Barbe, but I am afraid it is no more what it used to be, however I am not sure.

. . . . .

December 10.

. . . . .

The Weather is here dreadfully Cold, and I suppose Your atmosphere may be much the same. I feel the frost of years; very *prononcé* Cold air was never pleasant, but it appears to me now as an armed Enemy; thus the Sea, which is its Harbour, assumes terror in this Season beyond what it did in 1784, when I Left you at Paris on the 8. December!

. . . . .

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*From Baron Beulwitz.*

WEIMAR,

*June the 1<sup>t</sup> 1823.*

Your Ladyship's not answering my Congratulatory letter at Newyear—altho' it shows that I happened to—displease—can<sup>t</sup> hinder me, My Lady, to give You notice of Sophia's having been *happily* delivered from a strong, healthsome—girl, on Saturday (yesterday) 31<sup>th</sup> May  $\frac{3}{4}$  after 4 in the afternoon. Notwithstanding her not having slept one single moment since 4 o'clock in the Morn<sup>g</sup> of the last May till this Moment (9 oclock in the Morn<sup>g</sup>) She is so well as *may be expected*.

The Baby, is as often as she sees me, very much

occupied with her father's—nose, which She takes the liberty to beat with both hands. She is a pretty thing of almost a german (Weimarian) Ell, or yard, height! with blue great eyes like her mother's—and they pretend She is my Mignature—(embellished, I hope).

Sophia suffered less than she feared and Shewed much Courage, remembering You in her critick moments (which she bade me tell You).

The Friendship that your Ladyship Shewed to us, and that we retaliate with high gratitude, gives me hope that You will not refuse our petition to become a god-mother of this our first born child.—!

Her Imperial Highness, the heir Grand-Duchess, has offered her self to give her Name *Maria* to the girl. Permit—my dear Lady—that my daughter's second name be *Charlotte*. The third will be *Octavia* (given by the Baroness Stein, Sophia's foster-mother) and the 4th. *Ferdinande* (given by my Father in law).

The christening will be in a few days, when the health of the mother and the Child permit it—as I hope it will. Pray, My lady, give notice of this happy event to Your respectable Mother, to dear Sir Rich<sup>d</sup> and all the Members of Your family. Why can I not name poor M<sup>r</sup> Edward J., M<sup>rs</sup> Edward and M<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Jerningham! I am sure they would have rejoiced with me. . . . I beg Your pardon My lady! . . . So many, many things hinder me to prolong this letter or to write to Your—(formerly our) Highnesses—at Ghent as they are in England I hope they will have a letter from me by the next post before the news will reach them.

Farewell, my dear Lady, with Your whole family !  
Excuse my *hasty*, bad writing with the *Hurry* I am  
in—.

Allways and for ever

Your most faithful

AUGUST B. BEULWITZ.

The 'heir Grand-Duchess' was Maria Paulowna, sister to  
the Tsar Nicholas, Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar.

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A marriage now comes *sur le tapis*, between Sir George's  
eldest daughter, Charlotte Georgiana, born in September, 1800,  
and then, consequently, in her twenty-third year, and Mr. Fraser,  
who was to be created in 1837 Baron Lovat, and who later on  
established his right to the ancient barony, the attainder being  
reversed in his favour. Mr. Fraser was two years junior to  
Charlotte Jerningham.

About the same time, Agnes, Lady Bedingfeld's third daughter,  
who was living with their grandmother in Bolton Row, began to  
show symptoms of a preference for Mr. Molyneux-Seel. Lady  
Jerningham announces the occurrence to her daughter, and  
from time to time reports progress of affairs.

*From Lady Jerningham.*

*June 10.*

. . . . .  
I know you will have a Letter by this Post from  
*ma belle Fille*, to announce what I trust will turn out  
very happily.

Mr Fraser of Lovatt, having been overlooked by  
Georgina turned his artillery on Charlotte who had  
the good Sence to encourage his notice; and, *Bref*,  
an epistle arrived from Him to Charlotte, enclosed in  
a Blank Cover to Sir George, Laying Himself at her

Mercy. He has not been rejected and I fancy will return as soon as He is of age, which will be in July.

Lady J. now recollects that she was at Bruges with three Miss Leslie's, one of whom is his mother and has turned the tide of orthodoxy into the Fraser family, who were before all protestants.

. . . . .

12.

## MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

I write a word without delay, that you, and Sir Richard may know exactly the *Carte du Pays* upon which your Little meek Lamb Agnes is, I think for the moment, Looking with Complaisance.

M<sup>r</sup> Seele Contrives to make Himself so acceptable in Society, that I hear of His being at all the Parties, and numerous balls that are given. Agnes has been at several Lately; and when I question her the next morning of who she danced with, five or six are named & M<sup>r</sup> Seele always one, which I have never seemed to notice. But on Tuesday Last, having M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Cary, John Bedingfeld and his Daughter to Dine with My juvenile Party, I desired Henry would ask M<sup>r</sup> Seele, as they were going out together. I then perceived in the evening that He appeared to be attentive to Agnes and that her meek Little Spirits were raised by his notice.

There was that night a Ball at a Mrs. Binion of Staffordshire; the Petre Family, and all the usual Company there, Mr. Seele of the Number. Mr. Heneage and his daughter had had a dance, a few nights before, in the grand appartement you occupied

in Albemarle Street, Lady Neave's House Company &c. Last Night the Ball was at the Dow<sup>r</sup> Lady Astleys, in Cavendish Square. Agnes has just enumerated five Parteners, Mr. Seele one, now I should not be very much surprised if it finishes by His asking the serious Question—which must of course be referred to you and Sir Richard, tho' Henry is uneasy at the mention S<sup>r</sup> Richard made of this Business yesterday.

As for His Having been refused before, I do not think it signifies at all. Lord Gower, whom Miss Poynte refused, has married Lord Morpeth's daughter, and indeed your good and handsome Father had been refused by Miss Aston and Miss Acton. A serious objection would be if there is any ground for the fear of *Insanity*, or that His fortune would not be equivalent to her Future Comfort. I must endeavour quietly to find these two things out *sous le Sceau de la Confession*—He was brought up at Stonyhurst, and left it as Henry went there. Mr. Scott could I think give me this information.

The Abbé Schleig, and an ancient Mrs. Wright, went off on Tuesday with the Poor Little Henriette Clifford for Ugbrooke. From there she will be translated to Taunton, where she must forget her Mother Language and be as she entered the World, for she knows not to Read. Lucretia enjoys the World, but I believe it may be salutary to return where she is Called for à *haut Cris*. She goes on Tuesday to Bath. Your Brother and Family are well. Charlotte seems pleased with her future prospect, which is Certainly a very good one to all appearance, I hope she will go

on smoothley. Adieu my Dear, my health is better, tho my Mind must be often a Chaos of sad Remembrance; my Love to Sir Richard, and most affectionately Yours

24.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

Your Brother has just Left me and agreeably surprised me with intelligence that I have been so Cautious of getting that I knew but Little. However as I find you mentioned it to L<sup>dy</sup> Jer.: S<sup>r</sup> George has now been with me to say that Mr. Seele has wished John Wright to prepare the way for a proposal, and Wright says that He knows the Suitor has above £100,000 in Cash, to Place as might be approved of. A hundred thousand is a pretty fund and He is said by every one to be a very respectable Character. She undoubtedly approves of Him, tho I have not yet named Him in that way to Her.

. . . . .

July 1.

. . . . .

Lord Dillon is talking away more abstrusely than ever. Somebody on hearing him descant some days ago on space and motion &c. said what splendid Talents Lord D. has! I thought of the auditor who said, '*C'est d'autant plus Beau que je ne le Comprends pas.*' He might be agreeable if He would Come from the top of the Ladder, but as it is, nothing ever exceeded the oddity. His Son a Boy of 13 is gone to Eton, and the Poor Boy writes word He has had



three Battles and been flogged, so that Lord D. says  
'now all will go well : he is initiated !'

. . . . .

8.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

Yesterday's post made Mr. S. very happy, and I must say He has behaved with a degree of delicacy, worthy of Little Agnes's retiring modest Character. He never said any thing particular to Her till He had mentioned to me his wish of writing to Ghent. He wanted to be warranted by knowing that (in the Language of Romance) she did not *hate* Him ; and yesterday, after He had received S<sup>r</sup> Richard's Letter, He determined on going down immediately to Lancashire, and before He set off, sent Agnes a very handsome shawl. She had her own taken from Her at some Ball which He knew of, but never offered to replace it, till the sanction of S<sup>r</sup> Richard's approval allowed of his attention. I really think there is reason to hope she will be happy with Him, tho' the income but scantily Covers the want of Aristocracy. But her quietness & his good humour will, I trust, assimilate together. He has now a house and land in his own hands ; he is fond of farming and country sports. But he wishes to buy another property, near Lancaster, and thinks it would suit him better than what he has. Some years ago he had said that he should prefer another county, but he seems now to be partial to Lancashire.—He belongs to Lord Stanley's Militia.

The Great Northern Match will, it is supposed,

take place in August. The Family Left London on the 2. for Bury, but next morning S<sup>r</sup> George received a Mandate from Mr. Butler to return immediately to London, as the King had ordered the removal of the Stafford attainder in the House of Lords, which was of Course equal to its Reversion.

This has been brought about by a project of your poor Dear Brother Edward's forming, that the Howard Peers should address the King for their Relative, Viscount Stafford. Accordingly The Duke of Norfolk recieved a Letter from the Secretary of State to say that His Majesty had ordered that one of the Privy Council should convey to the House of Peers His desire of having the Attainder removed from Sir Wm. Howard, Viscount Stafford. That removed, no difficulty remains. The proving three or four descents has indeed been Long ready. However, yesterday, a note from Mr. Hobhouse to Mr. Butler announced this Business being put off till next Session, when it will be immediately brought on, accompanied with some of the Scots Titles.

. . . . .

15.

. . . . .

I think I mentioned in my last Letter that the attainders are only to be examined in the next Session, this one being too far advanced. But the King's Message to the Duke of Norfolk about Lord Stafford was so explicit that it is impossible not to go through with the Business when They meet again.

. . . . .

22.

Sir George is at Stafford, He went to the assizes there, to keep the Balance against that odd, Provoking Being, Hamp Cooke, and the grand Jury have found Bills of Indictment for a Conspiracy, against Richard Stafford Cooke, James Hamp Sutton Cooke and two others, so that They must give Bail for their reappearance, or go to Jail. He says They are wonderfully Cunning and Skilled in what is specified by the word Sharper. George returns by Cambridge to Cossey, where Mr. Fraser is at present.

For several years before he succeeded in securing his rights to the Stafford peerage, Sir George Jerningham was much tormented by the proceedings of one Stafford Cooke, who claimed to be the rightful heir to the old barony, and in consequence instituted lawsuits to eject him from his property. Stafford Cooke had actually attempted to obtain formal possession of the Staffordshire estate. The law courts, however, ultimately disposed of the pretension.

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Lady Bedingfeld repaired to England on the occasion of the Fraser marriage, and would seem to have remained there until the beginning of September. Young Lady Jerningham, from Cossey, writes to her at Bolton Row, a few days after the newly-wedded pair have departed Northwards. Attached to this letter is the account given by the *Preston Chronicle* of the festivities on the occasion of the nuptials.

FROM THE 'PRESTON CHRONICLE' OF THE  
16TH AUGUST, 1823.

#### MARRIAGE.

On the 6th inst. Thomas Alexander Fraser, Esq., of Lovat and Stricken, to Miss Charlotte Georgina, eldest daughter of Sir George and Lady Jerningham,

of Cossey Hall, Norfolk. Most of our readers who attended the public amusements of the late Preston Guild will be readily reminded of this interesting young lady and her sisters. It may almost be said that the present nuptials arose out of that festive occasion, for the parties, we believe, were then first introduced to each other. The *Norwich Mercury* gives a very copious account of the interesting events attendant upon the marriage, and from that print we gather the following particulars of the means taken to diffuse pleasure and delight to the villagers and tenantry on the happy event :—

The ceremony was first performed in the chapel attached to the house, according to the imposing forms of the ancient faith, by the Rev. T. C. Husenbeth, domestic chaplain to Sir George, and afterwards, by special licence, at the village church, by the venerable Bishop of Norwich. At ten o'clock the party set out from the Hall in ten carriages; the postillions and servants attending them in white favours and gloves, and the horses' heads adorned with white ribands. At the park gate the tenants and the principal inhabitants of the village had assembled on horseback to enjoy the honour of escorting the bride. They preceded the carriage through the village, which, within the previous eighteen hours, had been decorated from one end to the other with triumphal arches and bowers, ornamented with flowers, flags, and white favours. There was not a house in this populous place that was not adorned with some rustic emblem of gratulation. The entire road through it, upwards of a mile, was

strewn with rushes, and over the church-gate was erected a triple arch, well fancied and well executed, surmounted by the Falcon crest of the arms of Jerningham. The Thistle and the Rose were emblematically entwined.

Arrived at the church-gate, the cavalcade drew up in a line and remained uncovered, while the carriage passed. The party alighted at the gate, and eight girls of the village, attired in white, and crowned with garlands, strewn the path to the church and to the altar with flowers. Sir George led the way up the aisle, the bride leaning upon his arm; eight bride's-maids—four sisters and four first cousins to the bride—the bridegroom leading Lady Jerningham; the nearest relatives of Sir George and his Lady, with their sons, closed the procession. Among these, we were glad to notice Sir George's sister, Lady Bedingfeld, who came from abroad to witness this joyful event. The bride wore a Brussels lace robe over white satin; veil of the same material fastened by a wreath of orange flower buds. After the service was performed, the procession returned to the Hall, where the horsemen drew up and greeted the party with nine hearty cheers.

At one o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Fraser left the Hall in their travelling chariot and four, on their way to Beaufort Castle, in the Highlands. Ale and refreshments were amply distributed throughout the day—music, dancing, and other animating sport, occupied the day; while, in the Hall, the ball was kept up by the tenantry, and enlivened by the presence of the family, the junior branches joining in the dance.

The following lines were written on the occasion :—

Oh ! weep for the pride of the valley ! she's flown  
To glad with her smiles the far mountains and towers :  
Lovely groves ! her lost beauties, once crowning thine own,  
Now bereave thy sweet wreath of the best of its flowers.  
Yet why should we sully that day with a tear,  
Which for her whom we love dawns with hope and delight :  
Like the soft Summer Moon through her unclouded sphere  
Hath she passed—let her part like the Queen of the Night.  
Sweet Lady ! whenever we think on thy form  
'Twill glide round us as now, silent blessings to shed,  
In the full pride of maidenly beauty, so warm,  
Yet so pure, that the snow scarce was marked by thy tread.  
Oh ! how should we paint thee a wife and a mother ?  
Ties fondest and dearest that bind us on earth ;  
No, it only can be the dear bliss of another  
To feel all thy love, and to know all thy worth.  
But should we still remember thee, bride as thou art,  
Till time shall have silvered thy now raven hair ;  
If we find not thy bloom, we shall still find thy heart  
The same as in youth—uncorrupted and fair.  
Then we'll picture thee thus, and whenever we hear  
Thy praises re-echoed from North back to South,  
We shall think on thy beauty, and say with a tear  
Of regret, yet of pride, Here was nurtured her youth.  
And thou wilt not forget us—thou'lt think on that spot  
Which has sheltered that age free from every care ;  
And when husband and child from thy bosom shall blot  
All weaker affections—we still shall be there.  
Then, dear Lady, farewell ! may the land of thy love  
Be as blissful to thee as the land of thy birth :  
May'st thou live all the blessings of Heaven to prove,  
And thy home be the happiest home upon earth.

M.

*From young Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingsfeld.*

*Aug. 13.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

I assure you it required an extraordinary exertion on my part to keep my spirits in the *right line*, after your departure; your presence at Cossey having been most chearing and delightful to me—and the happy reunion of so many newly related of which you was a corner stone seemed broken and disjointed by your absence—*All*, I believe, did lament it; and you should have been a little Robin flying about the Hall to have contradicted the old adage of '*les absens ont toujours tort*'—The constancy would have made your modesty fly out of the window. I thought of you all day at Oxbro' and at night at B. Mills. I am glad your fears were not realized there—Sir Geo. and Henry attended poor L. — funeral W<sup>m</sup> was a very grandam in coaches etc. L<sup>d</sup> Falmouth, M<sup>r</sup> Boscawen, Y<sup>r</sup> B<sup>r</sup>, 3 Wodehouses and Gurdon and — were the Pall bearers, and one Townshend.—The church hung with black &c. and all the people lamenting him.

Henry Townshend will not live at his new abode yet, but continue at Brome, following his *vocation* and probable promotion. On Wednesday I had the *happiness* of hearing from my *dearest Charlotte* from *Edinboro*, wh. place she was to reach on Saturday, and did reach. She went that day 124 miles, and not fatigued, but walked to Mass next morn<sup>g</sup> at half past eleven; a large Chapel, *good music*, and a sermon



before Mass in broad Scotch, *on the different kinds of love*; a list of the faithful to pray for, in which were many Mackvaws.

She was put to kneel by an Aunt Macdonald, who she called on afterwards—and two young men her friends were to dine with them at the Royal Hotel, a M<sup>r</sup> Somerville and a M<sup>r</sup> Ramsey.—She liked the journey much—thought the drive from Berwick to Dunbar beautiful, near the sea and such immense quantities of thick broom, and heath.—Berwick she says is a very interesting old town—The Postboys as soon as they entered Scotland made the same noise to their Horses all the way, as we heard in the Reels of the Caledonian Ball—and a Piper passing the carriage and playing The Campbells are coming—(a tune of the Bredalbane Campbells jacobites) whilst they were changing Horses, brought a *smile of delight* on the countenances of *Master and Servant*.—She was to reach Strichan on Wednesday (staying in Edinboro till Monday ev<sup>g</sup> to see Lions) where M<sup>rs</sup> ——— was around to meet Her, and to go on tomorrow Monday to Beaufort Castle.—She continues to write in very good spirits.—I expect a Letter today or on Sunday.—Next Sunday the sermon will be in Gaelic; how very odd.—I dare say she will learn the language, for she is very ready at taking languages and quite *up to it*.—Arthur arrived last night, and I find him much improved, not so tall as he promised, but that may come—*handsome* I think in face and like his Father a very *distinguished Countenance*—and very pleasing in his disposition I have thought him.—I can well

conceive the sons do not come up to their Father, and that their presence is even painfull to you, so recent alas is the time of their loss—and so near are we able to make comparisons—

I am out of patience with Charles Grandam, he wrote me—after a week—a Letter of Congratulation but I am not pleased with him, for I hate deceit and his not coming here he had no occasion to turn on his dutiful behaviour to his Grandmamma—I well *know* Ly J. would have *liked* him to be here. I have with pleasure heard Sir G. say this morn<sup>g</sup> he should write and *order* him back to old Hall—that *toe* of his will be dangerous if he plays the fool and walks on it so. We had the Surgeon here a fortnight to it, and the nail keeps growing in, but it was quite cured, and he must have neglected the precautions he was ordered to have about it.

Mr Dalton and Eliza go tomorrow and all my dear Boys, Henry for Scotia, and leaving behind poor Charley who was thrown from a cart, concealed it, and yesterday I sent for Scott finding him very feverish and ill. Scott found he had almost knocked a tooth out, and the blow had produced a small abcess w<sup>h</sup> hurt him to his eyes, and his face was dreadfully swelled and Red and painful—he bled him *profusely* put him to bed, gave him 4 *Pills* added to an ounce of Salts I had already don, and *this morn<sup>g</sup>* he is *much better*, but unable to go to Oscott still in bed. His foot will now be cured for we shall keep him in his room till it is.—I was near being ill last ev<sup>g</sup>, and did not see Arthur, but *timely* precaution, w<sup>h</sup> *Fanny* obliged me to take, by an

appeal to what I would oblige Her to do on a similar occasion, has righted me, and I only feel weak this morn<sup>g</sup>—*pain gone*.—The Smythes go on Wednesday, so our party will be broken up—I have *enjoyed it very much*—and thank God for having given it to us to meet as we did. Edward persuaded us to a Gipsy party this week; we dined early, then went to the Owl house, before which a large Carpet was spread—plates on the middle of it—no Chairs or Tables.—On one side, a fire on the ground, at w<sup>h</sup> E<sup>d</sup>, Fanny, Gena and Lucy were frying Sauceges and Mutton Chops *for tea*, on the other side another fire on the ground, and Henry Cary boiling the Kettle, near w<sup>h</sup> Lucretia was cutting bread and butter, and preparing tea—3 donkey carts near, into w<sup>h</sup> with my pony cart, we got and drove about during these operations after enjoying the sight of them—and walked over those charming walks—then returned and were all seated round the tea things on the carpet, and the *Cooks* brought us tea, &c. and a dessert of fruit, and seated themselves—I was like *an old Squaw*, with my back against an oak tree and Bella on one of the roots of it. M<sup>r</sup> Dalton and all enjoyed *it much*, and we did not leave the scene till nine o'clock, or your B<sup>r</sup> either who enjoyed it as well as any—They packed up *every thing themselves* and we sat talking and looking at the pretty scene till dark—as the two fires were kept up, and you would have made a beautiful picture of it the shadows were so fine and the different little groups so picturesque.—No *servant came near*; the cooking was excellent, and E<sup>d</sup> was one moment in a white

cap and apron, and came to Mr Dalton who thought it was our cook—but he soon doffed that pulled off his coat and the twins looked *real* Gypsies and *Lucretia* too.—We were only provoked He had not thought of it before you left—and we were all scolding him for it—but he says he was not inspired till that day.—The Donkeys were Browsing during the tea time near us and added to our picture. I know you like to hear *all about us* so I will not seek to excuse this detail—pray give me some in return, when ever you can spare the time for them, for your Letters are most welcome. Mrs. J. is better, *blue pill* has agreed and she continues it.

I long to hear things are satisfactory as to Mr Seel—for I am sure you will *like him*—he has an excellent heart, and a good *deal of it*.—I feel certain it will be a very happy marriage. Mr Dalton says Mrs Unsworth his Mother, was a Miss Seel of a very good family, and her a Molyneux.—The *Father* was not anything but a very *respectable Whitbread*; after all the latter married L<sup>d</sup> Grays daughter.

Adieu my dearest Sister our united Party desire their very kind remembrances—and your Nephews and Nieces their affectionate duty—Mine pray to Lady Jerningham and believe me ever

Yours most affectionately.

Sept. 1.

. . . . .  
I am half angry with Mr. Seel's diminution of Income, but the more I reflect on *himself* the more certain I feel you will not repent giving your dear

Agnes to Him—I feel convinced you will *enjoy* her comforts by being made the depository of all his sentiments for her, and feeling him *to be* a son in law, not an Autocrat of Husbands as some people have been and I daresay ever will be—By the bye He wrote to Sir George a very pretty letter of congratulation, and the dear little May and Willy each wrote a line *in it* to Charlotte thanking Her for her remembrance of them. The same day a Letter came for me from the *Lady Mary*, *very* friendly, and she asked for the direction to Beaufort, and wrote there.—Amen. I am *provoked* at the manner in w<sup>h</sup> you saw your dear Grandchildren—how much better to have sent them to you for a morning at Bolton Row to have *unrestrained* intercourse. But as we used to say in Suffolk—there are men, women and Herveys ! I leave you to make an application.

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From this time letters are once more addressed to Ghent, where the Seel wedding took place in October.

*From Hon. Lady Ferningham.*

LONDON,  
*September 17.*

. . . . .  
I have been much entertained with two volumes, published last year and thought to be by Lady Caroline Lambe; but the Duchess of Devonshire is so plainly portrayed in Lady Orville that I think her Neice would not have chosen the subject. She appears however in *Glenarvon* to have a wish of pub-

lishing what every one else would fling a veil over, if belonging to the Family. This is titled *Graham Hamilton*.

. . . . .

October 3.

. . . . .

I have had a most distressing sad Letter from Mrs. D. at Brussels. She mentions an intention of doing a very rash act, which I hope she will not attempt, writing to the Duke of York to entreat that He will order a portion of my Brother's pay to be deducted for her drawing. The thing will not be granted, but her mentioning such an intention will be very unpleasant. In the moment I received her Letter I was writing to Sir Herbert Taylor, respectfully to Remind H.R.H. that He had been pleased to say He would recommend Frederick to the Commander in India, I have to-day had a gracious answer that the Duke will immediately have the request made to Commodore Grant, who has the first ordering of every thing there. Mrs. D.'s youngest Boy, who will be 15 in November, has finished His College Education and she wishes to obtain for Him to be a Page, which has been promised, and this Leads to expense for the moment, tho a satisfactory establishment in the main.

. . . . .

7.

The Morning Post and the new Times have in record this day the Wedding you Celebrated at Ghent. I sent yesterday, on the Receipt of your

doubly acceptable Letter, for Joseph, and dispatched Him with your Little Paper which is exactly Copied, (having however I own, effaced what could not add to its importance). I shall write to-day for the Norwich Intelligencer, and now my Dearest Charlotte, I hope you will find Comfort in having every way sought your duty, and performed it, given to all Excellent Education, Preached by example and encouraged their knowing how to follow you. Pray give my kind Compliments of Congratulation to Sir Richard. I have a presentiment that Mr. Seele will be a pleasant addition to your Circle.

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*From Baron Beulwitz.*

WEIMAR,

Oct. 9th.

Your Ladyship's friendly letter, principally written for Sophia, rejoiced *us* very much ; but you mistake—if it's possible that Ladies do so—when you believe the Baron, your most faithful servant, pouting ('boulder'?). No, My lady, The reason of his not doing the duty he likes the most, is that the poor man set out at the 3rd. of July for Wilhelmsthal, where he met their Imp<sup>al</sup> and R<sup>al</sup> Hign: and did the duties of both the absent Maréchal of the Court and the absent Chamberlain, which took away all his time; from Willh: the poor man was to go with H.R.H., the heir Grand duke, to Franzensbaumen near Egra, where he took the waters from the 20th



of July to 17th. of August and found not time enough to satisfy his wishes for writing half of the letters of business and others the most pressing. From there he *must* go to amuse himself, still with His R.H., at the *Court of the King of Bavaria*, Shooting Shamois and Roes at Tegernsee, (a beautiful seat when seen with tranquillity of Mind (!) etc. From thence he must travel through the long-before-seen, pretty Country of Salzburg (one of the prettiest in Europe but—as above) back around the Chiemsee to Augsburg, Ulm, *Stuttgart*, and *Carlsruhe*, through Mannheim and Heidelberg to *Darmstadt*, Frankfurth and Homburg, where he had the honor to see again the 3 Royal Sisters of England, of whom Pr. Auguste heard with pleasure that Sophia has a little girl and that both were well. From this place the travellers visited the *Court of the Prince Royal of Bavière* at Wurzburg, that of *Meiningen*, of *Hildburghausen* of *Coburg* (!) of *Rudolstadt* (*Eleven Courts !!!*) and arrived at home the 28th. Sept.

Now my dearest Lady judge yourself if the poor Baron was pouting with you?

As Wisdom is to write herself to you, I shall leave to her the rest, except the thanks for your letter. The same day it arrived (the 5th. of Oct) I had told Sophia that I intended to write to you as soon as possible, it is as soon as I should be at rest, and at an end with accounts, 'Comptes,' of the journey. I told her a dream (truly !) I had at Mannheim after having seen many pictures, which can show how much I am allways occupied with you.—'I presented my duties to your Ladyship in a quiet comfortable but

(to me) unknown room, you wished to know my opinion of one of your newest pictures, which represented yourself standing on a fine Carpet, behind you those of your Children which I have the pleasure to know, on your left side but separated from you by—what you will see hereafter—the late Mrs. Edw. Jerningham, behind her some persons of whom I distinguished only Sir Richard, the Duchess of A. Capt. Usher, poor Mr. Edw. Jerningham, B<sup>on</sup> Justete—Between you and Mrs. Edw. J. stood Wisdom whom you both held by the hands; behind her in the attitude of blessing her, Your venerable Mother, My lady Jerningham, while Cupido and Hymen led a certain warrior towards her; a group of ‘Blue devils’ followed him attacking him and retaining him by the Spurs, the end of his sword etc. but seemed to fly, chased by Hymen, ‘I spoke of this picture to you in so high words that you laughed aloud at them and I awaked.’ When I told it to Sophia she would not believe *that I dreamed it asleep*, but I can assure you that it’s so!

Take my best thanks for the intended gift to my little Mary Charlotte who is, ‘thank God,’ pretty well—except teething from time to time. I fear there will be sent no Courier, or if one will be sent, perhaps on another rout—Take too my Congratulations and best wishes to your domestical happy Events. I wished Mrs. Seel came hither, as I give not yet up the hope that her parents will do now, when some of the reasons for their being settled in the Netherlands are changed. Pray, My lady, make my Apologie by Sir Rich<sup>d</sup> and your fireside—(at

Lovendeghem you are certainly already sitting near the fire) and be *Convinced* that I am for ever Your most faithful AUGUST B. O. BEULWITZ.

‘The three Royal Sisters of England’ were : the Queen of Wurtemberg (Princess Charlotte Augusta Matilda), the Princess of Hesse Homburg (Princess Elizabeth), and Princess Augusta Sophia, daughters of George III.

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*From Lady Ferningham.*

*October 21. Jour des onze  
milles Vierges.*

Pray give my love, primo to Sir Richard, then to Henry, with thanks for his kind letter.

Lady Newburgh, who extols Him beyond any one (and she will not be contradicted), told me she wished to write to Him, but did not know His direction. I advised *Place d’Armes à Gand*, so I trust He has had an epistle. She had mentioned to me a wish of bringing the French Ambassador, Prince Polignac, and whilst she was with me on Sunday, a fine Chariot with two red footmen brought this more than *grand Seigneur*, for He is a Saint, and a handsome pleasing figure, with prepossessing politeness. I said that I had not been out for a very long time or I should have had the honor of Leaving a Card for him. I enquired after his Cousin, M. de la Bourdonnaye—this is a son of the Duchesse de Polignac, the Queen’s favorite, and was with his Brother Confined for some years by Bonaparte for having belonged to *George’s Plot*. But He, His Brother, and their Friend the Comte de la Rivière, all turned to Religion for Com-

fort and are, it seems, most exemplary. The Ambassador married a great fortune, a Miss Campbell. He Converted Her and she died in London Leaving Him two Children, who are now at Bognor for the Sea.

. . . . .

‘George’s plot’ means, of course, the George Cadoudal ‘Chouan’ conspiracy.

. . . . .

The son of whom ‘Lady Bedingfeld’s Duchess,’ was brought to bed (on Oct. 11) was William August Edward, who became a captain in the 1st Guards, and in 1851 married Augusta Gordon Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond.

28th.

. . . . .

You will have heard that your Duchess was brought to Bed of a Son at Bushy, and I sent Joseph to enquire after her at St. James’s and to write my name down, all in honor of you, for I feel myself too insignificant even to venture at a Civility.

. . . . .

One pleasant event has taken place in the political dispensation: The taxes are lowered, and your good House at Oxburgh will be a more reasonable Charge. My last half year for this Bolton Row mansion in *tax* was 45.15.0 this year I was agreeably surprised with 31.18.0 and the Tax Collector told me He feared the next half year would be more diminished. Upon my saying: Why do you *fear* it? his reply was that the Collectors had so much in the Pound

and therefore that their best Harvest was when the public were groaning.

Your Brother and Family have been at Holkham ; the Duke of Sussex was there, attended by Mr. Stevenson, a Lawyer, Son to the Late Duke of Norfolk and strikingly like Him. It has been said that Lady Ann Coke was again pregnant, but George does not mention it.

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Agnes, now Mrs. Molyneux Seel, writes to her mother from Rome—on the wedding trip.

*From Agnes Seele.*

*December the 10th.*

MY DEAREST MAMA,

I hope you will have received Seel's letter by this time, which was forwarded on our arrival here, we had some difficulty in finding lodgings but at length succeeded, and fortunately found one which exactly suits us.

From the drawing room windows we have a delightful view of the magnificent Church St. Peter, which really is quite beautiful and surpasses what I had imagined in my Idea—we generally go to Vespers there, every Sunday, the music is so very delightful. The numbers of English we meet in every Place is astonishing, I was at a Party last night, and could very well have fancied myself in London. I must tell you a few of them, Lady C. and Mr. FitzGerald, Lady Astley and her 3 daughters, Sir William Gerard, and Mrs. Standish, the

Talbots, Throckmorton's Knights, Mrs. Dalton, Mr. Wodehouse, Mr. Maxwell (a friend of Henry's) &c.—and many more which I have not recollected, therefore you can have a little idea how full the Town is.

During Advent there are no Balls, but every night a *Soirée* at some different Palace. The French Ambassador (le Duc de Leval Montmorency) receives every Sunday evening; Monday, *l'Ambassadeur d'Autriche*; Tuesday, Princess Gabrielle, (not a Bonaparte); Wednesday the Duchess of Devonshire, Thursday a Countess Massimo; Friday—and Saturday, the Opera which opens again after Advent. Therefore you may suppose how very gay it will be during the Carnival, as at present it is reckoned dull. But we have for the last week been out every night, the hour to go is at about 9 o'clock, and about 12 we are at home.

Seel is so well known at Rome, and I must also add so great a *favorite* of the Italians, that we have not the least difficulty in being introduced into any House and they are all particularly civil to us. I had a present of a large Cake sent me a few days ago in the form of a Cardinal's Hat, accompanied with a very kind note from one of the first families here, the Countess Massimo. I am going to ride this morning for the first time.

. . . . .

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*From Lady Ferningham.*

13th Dec.

I must give myself the pleasure of writing to you to day. I felt a want of having converse with you,

though I often feel too great a portion of stupidity to venture at giving myself to the enjoyment of entering your *sanctum sanctorum*. First, my dear, you must thank Sir Rich<sup>d</sup> for a kind letter. John Bed. shewed me one he had received, giving a frightful account of a man going to execution at Ghent, in most unprepared sentiments, who was known to everybody and in the habit of visiting as a gentleman.

What a sad thing ! Our papers are really filled with accounts of cruel murders.—To go to the antipodes of these sad subjects, I am glad to mention having received a most agreeable epistle from Scotland.—The tall, good Henry Jer. has written a most interesting Letter from Traquair House. He says He Has unexpectedly passed three months in Scotland, and that He Cannot say too much in praise of his Brother in Law, and of the pleasantness of the Neighbourhood. The Aberdeen Races assembled Them, and Mrs. Fraser was hailed as a Beautiful Bride.

A Mr. Mackenzie enquired most particularly after you and Sir Richard, said you were so good to Him when He was at Yarmouth with the Rosshire Militia. Henry gives a very tolerable account of Traquair : the House is accompanied by Hills, but unfortunately at their Feet ; however it is well brushed up, and I wish Lord Linton would, for the Catholic cause, take unto Himself a Wife. Those Miss Burns are yet maidens ; it is said that one was engaged to marry M. de Polignac but it is off. Report also says that He proposed with some



appearance of success to Miss Seymour, but owned He Could not ally Himself, except there was a prospect of a Religious Contract, this she would not come into.—*En attendant* she goes to-day to Brighton with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the King went there two days ago.

Lady Dillon was delivered of a Son on the 22. Nov<sup>ber</sup>. He is to be christened Gerald and is to have for Godmother Mde. d'Albany.

. . . . .

This was Gerald Normanby Dillon, who, in 1873, assumed by Royal license the surname of Fitzgibbon.

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19.

I Hunger and Thirst after your Letters—I have had the pleyasure of receiving a very pretty one from Agnes, dated *Rome* Nov<sup>ber</sup> 28. *50 Via Ripetta*. She gives a very good account of Her Pilgrimage, and mentions particularly that the Little Margaret at Florence, whose picture is hanging up here is not done justice to, that she is uncommonly handsome: which paragraph poor Lord D. was delighted with; for, tho' a species of Renegado, he is dotingly attached to His Wife and Children, and enjoys their being any ways approved of. His Head is now *à l'envers* with the ambition of being famed as a *Poet*, and has really facility enough to overwhelm His Judgment, that being His fallible Part. So He is now totally engaged with what He Styles *Litterati*, such as Booksellers, and some Female Scribblers of verse in Magazines and Newspapers. He met two

young Women at the Play, whom he accosted after having Listened to their Conversation, one is a Clergyman's daughter, and the other the daughter of an Architect, Both Blue Stockings or meaning to be thought so. They make money of their poetical vein and have persuaded Lord D. that he ought to have £1000 for the Delivery of His *Rosalind*, from any Bookseller! He is now working hard to Complete the Bubble, and I most sincerely wish it may turn out as He has been persuaded it would. *En attendant* his mind is amused; He looks in Better Health and is sooner to be said *improved* than other ways.

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*From Henry Bedingfeld to his father Sir Richard Bedingfeld.*

ROME,

January 3<sup>d</sup>. 1824.

There are a vast number of English at the ambassador's; more than half are English, and from Norfolk we have L<sup>y</sup> Astley and family, N. Wodehouse, Colonel Money, Sir W. Grand, Mr. Knight and a great many London acquaintances are also here so that I am quite at home.

Mrs. Dalton is here and still in full beauty with trains of admirers, whom she encourages or reproves, with all the elegance of a perfect coquette. There is another set of English here, who do not acknowledge any of us, and keep quite to themselves; they are L<sup>d</sup> Ashley, L<sup>d</sup> and Lady F. Gower, L<sup>d</sup> and

L<sup>dy</sup> *Kinnaird* &c. The latter ought to know me, for he used to be staying at Thornton.

The day after we arrived here a sad event happened. Sir E. Bacon's eldest son was in a shop with a friend of his; this friend had some words with the shopkeeper when his son came round and stabbed Bacon, who was a quiet spectator of the dispute. At first his life was despaired of, but he got a little better and the Doctors had hopes. He is now again in a lingering state and no hopes are entertained of his recovery. The wound is in the upper part of the thigh. The murderer is still at large some say he has taken refuge in the Spanish Ambassador's House. I find these murders are frequent enough among the common people.

I am delighted to find you have got Charles with you and from what you say that his appearance and manners, are quite equal to your expectations. I must begin my letter by sending my kind love to him, and tell him to choose any of my wardrobe (which I have left under M<sup>rs</sup> Parkes' protection) that may suit him. I particularly recommend a certain embroidered coat.

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*From Lady Ferningham.*

LONDON,

*January 9.*

That Miserable Man Thurtle was to be hanged this morning at 12 o'clock at Hertford. The Detail

of that Business has more or less occupied the whole town of London. I think Judge Park (whom I never heard of before) a most upright, respectable Character, seeking the truth for the sake of justice, and Commiserating the unhappy Guilty Felon. He pretended to protest Innocence, but there never was a Clearer Case made out, and that immediately.

. . . . .

Poor Lady Sutton died on the 2 January. The 31 december she had Company at Dinner, and expected more in the evening, when after Conversing with a degree of Convivial spirits she seemed to be Slipping off her Chair, a servant supported Her, and she never spoke again, but Lay till the Friday morning as if asleep.

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News have arrived of the death by drowning of Charles Edward, the midshipman. Lady Jerningham writes to the grieving mother.

LONDON,

*January 30.*

MY DEAR DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I write in the full confidence that your excellent and well regulated mind, will have Calmed the first sad moments of affliction and Dismay that the afflicting Dispensation of Divine Providence in Regard of your Little Sailor Edward may have occasioned, for perhaps He may be now thankfully acknowledging the Benefit of His Creator in Drawing Him so early out of this state of trial.

You will perceive by the Letter which I enclosed

to Sir Richard, the excellent Character He Bore in the Ship and that He is regretted, from being Looked up to as a Deserving youth. The Lieutenant Chambers who writes used to Call upon Him when Here in the Summer, and is Son to a Catholic Lady Chambers, whose Father M<sup>r</sup> Roper (Brother to the Late Lord Teynham) is Living in London, and was at Douay with Your dear Father.—Your good, excellent Charles went to Cossey on Wednesday evening, 20<sup>th</sup> proposing to stay one week. I think it will be of use to Him.

Lord Dillon says that the Navy officers at his Club were all talking among one another of the sad Disaster, and of the promise He gave of being most able in the Profession in Lapse of Period. His Destiny was to Reach the Goal without further Trial!

Adieu, my ever dear Charlotte, pray take care of yourself and think sometimes of your entirely affectionate mother.

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*February 10.*

I was most happy My Dearest Charlotte in receiving Your Letter, and am glad that you have so good and sensible a Priest to Converse with on this melancholy event. The first impression is very Distressing! But in this Case the Recollection of all Circumstances brings innocent years, solid feeling, and above all, the Mercies of God upon youth which are said to be unbounded. May we not then even hope that this sad event Came from that Source we must all Look up to? . . .

Sir George's second Son has been named by the Duke of York to the Dragoon Guards, in paying £340. The Regiment is now in Ireland. I suppose He will join it.

Whoever marries the Prince Polignac must renounce going to the *Theatre*; the abbé Chenaye told me that a match had so gone off. The Prince said He felt it incumbent upon Him to mention that peculiarity and well He did, for the Contract was immediately at an end. I know not with who, but I think it may have been one of the Miss Burns as there was great talk of them.

Lady Stourton's second Daughter, who is very pretty and was brought up at Heath, is entering their Noviceship. Mrs. Poyntz pretty Daughter, who refused Lord Gower (you will have heard perhaps) marries the Marquis of Exeter, a descendant of Queen Elizabeth's *Cecil*. It is reckoned a more Splendid Match, than her first offer. I cannot wish Her to have Posterity.—Lord Dillon is yet here, as eccentric and good humoured as ever, I think improving in Talent and Brilliancy, but the measure of judgment *in statu quo*. Several Booksellers have declined undertaking his *Rosalin de Vere*, but it is now with Baldwin in the City, and He thinks terms will be made.

Lady Dillon regrets Madame Albany at Florence (it was an open House for the higher orders) & says his Wife was in particular favor there. He Himself however in bad odour. Lady D. writes word, 'She did not refuse Compliance with the Church Duties.'

. . . . .

april 9.

Sir George arrived from Cossey on Monday. He had been at Gloucester, where Hamp Cook and his Brother had been absolutely *huéd* out of Court and Condemned to be sentenced in the King's Bench for a Conspiracy.

On wednesday there being a levée Your Brother resolved to go. The King, who had seen I suppose this Long rigmarole in the paper, said cheerfully:— 'I hope Sir George, you are got out of all your troubles.' S<sup>r</sup> George of Course bowed, and turning into the next room, was pushed against these two very Beings, who were at the Levée and went off, having their Carriage bawled out: 'Lord Stafford's Carriage!' It seems very singular that People under Sentence for Conspiracy should be able to present themselves there. Your Brother was adviced to have the Herald Complain of it. In short I think all that is honorable is at an end and Buried with the good old King.

In the account of Company that were presented at the Levée, are 'Hamp Cooke, Lord Stafford, the immediate Heirs in Blood to Stafford, Duke of Buckingham.' One is Lost in Such Bold Romance!

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13.

MY DEAR BELOVED EXCELLENT CHARLOTTE,

I have just read your Letter, and tho' Dated from your bed I trust you will again soon be I hope better than before this serious attack, which seems indeed to have been Long occupied about you. I



am pleased with your Doctor's Letter and think, from his knowing English so well, that He must have a quick Intellect. I am really Better, but yet enveloped in a dingy Cloud. My medical People supposed I wanted strength for to expel Gout; four Drafts a Day, which were real Drams, at Last burnt themselves to my notice. I have Left all off for four Days and am slowly getting to rights, but far be it from me to support *your* giving up any rule. All seems to be wise, and thank God, is rewarded by effect, so pray go quietly quietly on and Let me have again the insuperable pleasure of seeing you quite well.

. . . . .

S<sup>r</sup> George Left London yesterday morning, a proper tho' quiet paragraph was in the new Times about the appearance at the Levée of the Banditti Cooke and Co., and now all is hush again.

. . . . .

May 4.

. . . . .

The Drawing Room which is put off to the 13. it is thought will be helped off by the Princesses. You will notice the request, that every Lady to be presented must send in her Name the Day before, with the name of the Company that attends Her. I hear from S<sup>r</sup> Henry Halford, who calls occasionally upon me, that the King has a Distressful Complaint of the same Nature and appearance as mine—Shortness of breath, Consequently dislike of motion. The Doctor ascribes it to suppressed Gout. I take *Les Gouttes d'Hoffman* for it, but I had rather have the original

pain of Gout than this ethereal Complaint. It is a Long time since I had Common Gout.

. . . . .

21.

I have been most pleasingly rejoiced by the post-man bringing me a letter in my excellent correspondent's own handwriting; and I propose taking with confidence the receipt enclosed. It seems I have a royal disorder: suppressed gout.

The poor King knowing the general impatience of the *Beau monde* to exhibit their finery, fixed on yesterday for to appear as sitting, but He was soon obliged to desist He was heard to say:—'I Cannot remain a minute Longer.' And accordingly the Pomp of Princes and Ministers disappeared, and all was over. Bath's Hotel Came here accompanied by Lady Mary Anne Gage, who Looked very pretty in pink and silver, the Maidens in white and the *Madre* magnificent in scarlet train, &c. positively the handsomest of the four. George handsomely well Looking as usual.

. . . . .

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*From Sir George Ferningham.*

22nd.

. . . . .

I cannot as yet fix the time exactly for my coming as I am waiting for the Bill being brought into the House, which we are now in *daily expectation* of. I went a few days ago to enquire about it and was

introduced by Mr. *Stracey*, the Clerk of the House of Lords, in Lord Shaftesbury's Room, to Mr. Richardson the Agent for the Scotch Attainder.

He made apologys for being *the cause* of the delay, but said in the Scotch dialect, 'You must recollect, Sir George, that it will be necessary for you to have *takken* the *Saccrament*, a fortnight before the second reading of the Bill.' Lord Shaftesbury laughed and said 'This *will do you up completely*.' I replied 'I can take no Sacrament, were there 5000 readings.' It was however immediately explained to him, that mine was on quite different grounds, and that there would be no necessity for my *takking the Saccrament*. He said he was very sorry for having caused me a moment's alarm !

. . . . .

Two more letters from the Countess Constantia Clifford, in the last volume of the collection, give us some of the tittle-tattle of Paris salons during the last months of Louis XVIII.'s reign.

The second of these would seem, on the testimony of an eyewitness, to dispose of the legend that the French King actually died—as he is reported to have said kings should ever die—not in his bed but at his work-table. '12, Rue Monsieur' is the *Hotel de Condé*, now the residence of the Comte de Chambrun.

PARIS,

RUE DE MONSIEUR NO. 12,

FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN.

1st. June.

. . . . .

Prince Polignac is married to Madame César de Choiseul. She is a widow, an English lady converted

since the death of her husband, very clever ; a good fortune, great wit in a little body, this is the description I have had of her. The Prince had only leave of absence for five days to spend that time in Paris. She is sister to Lord Raincliffe, and report says an odd coincidence brought her acquainted with Prince Polignac ; she went over to England to see her sister Lady Rumbolt, whom she met at Dover. However, arrived so far, Mad. Choiseul proceeded to London, and when she wished to return, having some difficulty about her Passport she applied direct to his Excellency, who with his usual amiability took it to her himself, was smitten with her charms. After she was returned to France, he heard of her having become a Catholic, which strengthened his wishes, and he wrote his proposals to her which she accepted.

. . . . .

*Oct. 5th.*

. . . . .

Good Abbé Busson only returned last Saturday, and he admitted me to visit him to day, regretted much not having seen you.

You did not tell me how the affair stood between you and the Duchess de Damas, but this is the time to apply for what your dear brother would wish. The Abbé Busson does not yet know what situation he will hold near the King, because he was one of *Monsieur's* Almoners and they do not retain their place.

I have further private particulars to communicate

to you, respecting the illness and Death of the King, but must ist contradict what the *Garde du Corps* told me of his not being in bed the last days of his life ; for l'Abbé de Retz, one of his almoners, sat up with him the two last nights of his life and said he was in bed from the Monday till Thursday the day of his death, except when he got up to have his wounds drest. It is terrible to think of his sufferings and the horrid state his body was in. Though he was oftentimes impatient and even Passionate to those about him, he never once complained of his sufferings. The last Sunday of his life he would be carried into the breakfast room, though he was obliged to be tied into his chair. It was Madame, Duchess d'Angoulême, who asked the King to see Madame de Cayla (she was in the habit of being admitted Wednesdays and Fridays).

The last Friday after she was gone, Madame said to the King, '*Sire, il y a une personne habituée à vous voir, qui trouve d'ici à mercredi un temps très long sans jouir de ce bonheur, et elle désire que cela soit avancé.*'— '*Qu'elle vienne donc demain.*' Accordingly she was admitted the next day, alone, to his bedside and His Majesty talked to her about the affairs. She said : '*Sire, je souffre de vous voir si occupé de l'état du Royaume ; cédez le à d'autres pour donner tous vos soins à acquérir un Royaume éternel, et songez aux sacremens !*'

He used to call her '*Mon enfant.*' He said : '*Ah ! Mon Enfant, Il y a encore du tems.*' The desire of delay did not proceed from fear or indifference to matters of such moment, but the dislike of depriving the public of their amusements, as the instant, the

King is ill enough to be administered, all public amusements are closed. He had fixed and named the day of his death.

Madame de Cayla, on this refusal, threw herself on her Knees, burst into tears and without speaking embraced his Majesty's knees and feet. His Majesty then said :—'*Ah ! mon Enfant, je ne croyais pas le danger si pressant ! Recevez mes adieux, et qu'on prépare tout pour Demain.*' He afterwards asked for a pen and Ink wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper to Mad. de Cayla, and it was with great difficulty he wrote it. Then he folded it up while it was wet and every word was effaced except *Comtesse* on the direction ; but such as it is she received it.

When His Majesty received Extreme Unction he possessed such calmness and peace of mind that he told the Priest he had anointed him wrong in one part of his face. The last night of his life at eleven o'clock he had the rattles which continued almost without interruption till 4 o'clock. When he expired at twelve. *Monsieur*, the Princesses and Royal family came with many others into his apartment. Madame, from the heat or excess of her feelings, *se trouva mal*. At 4 the Archbishop of Paris approached his bed, felt his pulse and said : '*Le Roy est mort,*' which was not approved, as the *Etiquette* is only for the D<sup>r</sup> to pronounce it. The D<sup>r</sup> then felt His Majesty's pulse and said :—'*Le Roy n'est plus.*' *Monsieur* cried and was excessively affected the whole time ; he approached and kissed his face. Madame and the rest, even the Almoner, kissed his hand. The Duke de Damas went to the outward room and exclaimed

aloud: '*Le Roy!*' which was the announce of his death.

In the *cortège* which carried his remains to St. Denis an unfortunate circumstance occurred, that with the hurry of ordering all the requisites, the Cross and Clergy were forgotten, tho' they were all in readiness to attend. Not receiving the order, they did not go and it had a most disedifying appearance. I hope you will be gratified and interested with these details wh<sup>h</sup> have not appeared in the papers. Lately the general topic of conversation has been how the ladies shall manage to dress themselves in the Court Costume which took place last night.

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And now we come, in these excerpts, to the last letter of the collection—a note, evidently sent up by hand, from Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld, written on a half-sheet of paper which still shows the marks of cocked-hat folding.

I wish I Could Come up stairs; not to *give* my Company, for it is too stupid, but to enjoy yours, and be sure that *all* tell truth. Are you really easier? I positively must insist at your not endeavouring to Come down, and am most happy that such good Company is arrived.

This scrap of paper, reverently fixed to the last sheet of the last book of letters, bears a few lines in Lady Bedingfeld's own handwriting:

'My dear Mother's *last* note to me, when I came over to see her in 1824, and was taken ill myself.'



I wish I could come up stairs, not to  
give my company for it is too stupid  
but to enjoy yours and to see that  
all the truth are you really easier?  
I positively must insist at your not  
endeavouring to be down, and am most  
happy that such good company is arrived

My dear Mother's last note to me  
when I came over to see her in 1824 and  
was restless ill myself.

C.B. agnes  
+ My dear Mother alludes to my daughter  
first then arrived from Paris with  
her first child

LADY JERNINGHAM'S LAST LETTER TO HER DAUGHTER,  
LADY BEDINGFELD.

To face p. 300, vol. ii.



With reference to the 'good company' that is arrived there is also the annotation :

'My dear Mother alludes to my daughter Agnes, just then arrived from Paris with Mr. Seel and her baby.'

To judge from some letters immediately preceding the last, the date of this note must have been really January, 1825, possibly the 1st of the month.

Lady Bedingfeld was then fifty-five, and Lady Jerningham in her seventy-seventh year.

After her mother's death, which took place on March 1, 1825, Lady Bedingsfeld apparently ceases to preserve the letters she receives. But she seems to have kept up diaries with much regularity. Unfortunately, however, for the interest of the present excerpts, only a few of the books seem to have survived. At any rate, the collection includes but a few fragments, viz., February and March, 1830 ; April, May, and September, 1831, and August and September, 1833. Great is the pity of it, for they are undoubtedly interesting.

The first of these is already a continuation. It is labelled :

MY JOURNAL,  
4TH BOOK,  
February, 1830.

and bears an epigraph :

*'For Folk of other Mould, right well I wot,  
'Tis all time lost, they comprehend me not.'*

This part of the diary was written in the Convent of Hammersmith, where, after the death of Sir Richard, in November, 1829, she had taken up her abode—not in any way as a member of the religious community, but merely as a resident pensioner. It begins and ends with tantalising abruptness.

[The Abbess was a Miss Selby, of Biddlestone, Northumberland.]

1830.

*Monday 22. Feb.* The Abbess, to my painful Surprise did not come to see me at her usual time before my Dinner. I felt almost inclined to be hurt ! what

unreasonable beings are we! as if she could know, of what Value her visit is to me—and Why it is of such Value I cannot tell.

The Dinner was gloomy. Mr. Bellisent again absent! Mrs. Adlerkrone, terribly low, and talking of her complaints in an alarming manner; she was lamenting that Mrs. Rieman was going to a party and deprecating the Idea of being all alone at Supper. I felt so sorry for her that I said: ‘No you shall not be alone, I will come down.’ She caught my hand eagerly and kissed it! expressing her gratitude: her state is most painful to witness. When I went to my room, I had a visit from Mr. Biddulph. He had a message to the Abbess from John Wright about the money left by the Countess De Front, £50 Legacy to the Convent. I sent for her, wondering what she would say about not coming in the Morning. She said nothing—Only: ‘how have you been all day?’ Mr. B. had a Mind to see the Chapel so she took us into the Quire and from there I led him down into the Chapel, and so to the Door, and returned to my room, thinking how *Exigente* I was, and that of course the Abbess could not go on coming to see me every day. In the middle of these thoughts she entered and then said her Brother from the North had come to see her in the Morning, just as she was coming to me. I felt pleased at that Explanation—and shewed her a Letter I had had from my daughter the Nun and some old Letters. She staid with me till her Supper time 5 o’clock. I told her I had promised to go down to the P.B. supper, and the reason; she did not approve of it, out of kindness to me—When

dusk came on and I could not see to do anything, all my Melancholy came over me and every thing else was forgotten—I laid down on my Sofa, and wept.

After a time the Servant brought the Lamp and the tea things and I revived, drank tea and wrote to Constance Clifford; there was no Complin, but at 8, I went down according to promise and staid till 9. Poor Mrs. Adlerkrone was sadly agitated, and while she was cutting her Bread with the Dinner knife I almost felt afraid of what might ensue if her Malady increased in the Smallest degree; she was mild however and subdued, but difficult about her supper, and visibly wretched. She says that she cannot read or apply her mind to anything, that everything is 'swept out of her Mind'—that it is 'empty like an unfurnished house'; and if she did not offer up prayers continually, the Devil might take possession of it.—I was glad when the Lay sister came in and said it was 9 o'clock—She told me also she could not bear the sun shine, that it hurt her extremely; and though she was so Cold, sometimes when her fire burnt well, she was obliged to pour water upon it, and to run into the farther part of her room. I cannot help thinking she is got to the very edge and selvidge of reason, one step more and she must be confined!

*Tuesday 23rd.* Pretty well all day. The Abbess told me her Sister, Mrs. Clavering, had a mind to come here, but that she did not wish it as she thought she could not make her keep within bounds. I said that if she wished her to come (which I thought very natural) I would alter my plans, that she might have these rooms, but the Abbess explained to me that it

would not do, and moreover that she was sure Mrs. Clavering had no serious intentions of the kind; that in the same way formerly she used to say she would be a Nun. I hope it is so but it makes me feel a little disturbed. Mrs. Adlerkrone was very much agitated at Dinner, her Speech was affected as if she had an impediment, like stuttering, and spoke in such a low tone of voice. Her 'little friend,' Miss Rourke, was come to see her, but did not dine with us. She joined her after dinner. She would certainly be much better at Acton, with the Miss Douglasses; they have occasionally nervous boarders, and are of course in the habit of bearing their odd ways. She is too much alone here—I wrote to Rome in answer to Countess Clifford's Letter.

*24th. Feb. Ash Wednesday.* Very nervous. Went to first Mass—and just as I was watching to go to the 2nd. at the right moment, my Nephew Edmund J. arrived. I regretted leaving him, but could only shake hands and obey the summons of the Bell. I was nervous and anxious to do what had been told me, about the ceremonial of the Ashes, and I felt uneasy about the Abbess, who could not go on with the prayers: after the 1st Mass her Voice failed her from weakness, which it seems it often does when fatigued—According to directions I followed the Pensioners to the Chapter House where we all sat very quietly till their Mistress summoned them (the Community having all received Ashes) to enter the Quire. I followed and Mr. Bellisent, having duly crossed our foreheads with them at the Quire rails, went



down to the Chapel and we went to our usual places. The Abbess came at her usual hour, but I could perceive an alteration in the tone of her Voice, higher and weaker. She only laughed and said it was often so after a long Office; she eats scarcely anything, I am told, and of course must be very weak. I feel quite Uncomfortable about her. How much wiser it is to care about nobody! but then again, how insipid every place would be! There would be no amusement but eating and drinking! I wrote to my little G. Daughter, May Petre. She wrote me a letter of Condolence in December, which I made Matilda answer at the time, but I felt suddenly inclined to do it, and inclosed it under cover to L. P. with 3 lines, saying I hoped he would make me a visit when he came to town. It is better not to seem conscious of it, and I dare say he is not so himself. I shall now see what he will do—Mrs. Adlerkrone did not appear at Dinner, but is not worse. The Abbess came to me again after her Supper, if Supper it was! and told me she was not going to the Evening Office, which I was glad of, though it is a certain sign that she feels worn out.

Edmund Jerningham was William's eldest son. He married Matilda Waterton.

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*Thursday, February 25.* This has been a beautiful fine warm day, I walked in the garden at 10, and again at 3, but there is something in the air and sunshine that contrasts so much with my inward feelings that it depresses instead of reviving me. Mrs. Adler-

krone was not at Dinner. We had Mr. Norris. About 4 I was surprised by a kind visit from Mrs. Poysets. I entered into many details about her poor Cousin, and her tears fell with mine. She persuaded me to take a little drive with her in her Barouche, and I thought it was better to do so though I did not like it; she set me down again in about half an hour. Her daughter was married on Tuesday to Capt. Fred. Spencer and they went to Cowdray; they are to live near Lord Spencer's. She said nothing of the other Convert Brother. Lady Bradford is expected at her house in Town to-day—the Abbess staid with me from 6 to 9. She would like her Brother to Marry My Niece Lucretia; he is a Widower with several Children, but I think Lucretia would accept him. She said he had a great deal of feeling.

Lady Bradford was a dear friend of Lady Bedingfeld, and had been a neighbour in the old and happier days. She was now also a widow. She, later on, held some Court appointment under Queen Adelaide.

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*Friday, Feb. 26th.* An Unequal day. Agitated by a Letter from Agnes and her husband, they cannot hear of a house at Liverpool, but one at 8 gs. the Week, an enormous price. She wishes to get to Crosby by the Sea, but fears the roads—No mention of the exact time she expects, she will have received my Letter to-day asking the Question and I shall not write again till I have her answer. A letter from Henry; he accepts with expressions of gratitude my gift of the furniture in the Bath House.

He has not found out '*My humble Br. in Christ*' but thinks, as I do, that the latter may be Silvester Hemson's. Mr. Rock has received one, to the same effect. Poor Rumball has been very unfortunate within the last two months, he has lost his only child, 2 fine horses, 2 Oxen, and on the Night his poor little Girl was buried his house narrowly escaped being burnt, a bed taking fire from the Snuff of a candle.

Lady Bradford is arrived in Town, and Mrs. Gen<sup>l</sup> Milner; very different people but both very kind to me. I don't fast regularly, eating as much of a French roll as I can for breakfast without butter, but I feel very weak and faint, and my mouth dry. I drank two days some *Beer and water*, but I dare not continue it, for my Stomach seems disordered. I take some tea at five, with milk in it, but nothing to eat; and before I go to Bed, about 9, I shall eat the remains of my French roll left in the Morning and drink some water. When we have meat for dinner I shall feel better. This Evening I cannot help crying! I feel so depressed! My dr. Mother's Anniversary is on Monday—Mr. Bellisent says Mass for her to-morrow—Mrs. Adlerkrone dined with us and seemed better.

$\frac{1}{2}$  8. A beautiful Band has just begun playing in the Street; it is not so soothing as the Nun's Evening hymn. There was no Complin to-night, to-morrow being a feria—and complin said after Vespers.

*Saturday, 27th. February.* Much depressed all the morning. The Abbess's Visit revived me; she

generally comes about  $\frac{1}{2}$  12 and stays till the Bell rings for the Boarders' dinner—Her Conversation is very pleasing to me and we both seem to Speak without reserve, confidentially; her mind keeps her up, for she is very delicate and her Voice was again near failing her in the prayers after Mass. I had a letter from Sister Gertrude Norris a nun at Orell Mount, I was very intimate with her formerly, and used to forward her going to Bodney when her Vocation was coming on. Miss Langton called upon me about 3 o'clock, looking so sleek and handsome! She very kindly brought me a Lent cake, and a Bottle painted in imitation of Old China. When she left me, it wanted but a few minutes of 5, I walked to the end of the Garden, and to my surprise found the Abbess. I thought she looked startled, and reproved me for being without a hat or additional shawl. I passed on, thinking it was the right thing to do. I saw the old Gardener Livermore for the first time; he is a most venerable white headed old man, has lived here these 50 years and more, and speaks so solemnly!

During the Riots in 1780 this Convent was marked for destruction, but was saved by the Mob being told that Queen Elizabeth had been Educated here. The poor Nuns of the day were concealed in the Houses of the tradespeople—The Blessed Sacrament was buried some where in the Garden, and this same Livermore watched it for 3 days and 3 Nights, I do not wonder they respect him. He is just recovering from the Gout, the Abbess was talking to him when I came up.

I returned at 5 and drank tea, and just as I had finished, the Abbess made me an Unexpected Visit and staid with me till  $\frac{1}{2}$  6. I had a Note from Lucretia ; her Chest is still rather painful. I cannot help feeling uneasy about her, she has been looking Unwell for some time—I sent my Lent Cake to the Abbess by Sister Placida—during Complin and after I felt a good deal of pain in my Body and left side, I believe it was fatigue. I took the remainder of my morning roll, and a mouthful of Gingerbread, and drank a Glass of Cold Water with Sugar, and it removed the pain. It is now past ten and I feel it returning. As I do not mean to eat any more I shall go to bed ; it is weakness I think.

*Sunday, Feby 28th.* As I sat at Breakfast, Sister Placida came to tell me that the Abbess would not come to see me till after Benediction—I felt a blank, but fancied she was going to have Company and was glad to find she considered her visit to me as a regular daily duty, for I am always in fear she should leave it off. It is the only time in the 24 hours that I have any rational conversation—for my Company at Dinner is bearable and that is all. Poor Mrs. A. is less low, but her head and Memory are confused and she talks in such a saintly style that she reminds one of the Methodists.

I wish the poor Spanish priest could make more progress in English. I did not go in the garden all day. After Benediction Mother Prioress came, and I thought I saw part of the Abbess's head at the door, but seeing Dame Mora here, I suppose she

preferred coming later, which I liked better as our conversation is more confidential than with Mother Prioress—I had my visit after supper and I then understood that on the 1st. Sunday in Lent they wear their Veils down and keep silence till after Benediction. This was the reason the Abbess came not in the Morning. She read me a Letter she had had from the Young person who lives at Lady Headfort's; she still expresses a great wish of being a Nun, but the Abbess is right in not taking her here. I have a mind to mention her to the Superior at Bruges; she would be at a distance from her Protestant protectors and they could afford to take her without Money. I was as usual very low all Morning—I wish Agnes could find a house at Liverpool for her confinement and that she would let me know when I must set out. I wish I may be able to spend the Lent here.

*Monday, 1st. of March.* My dear Mother's anniversary R.I.P. I felt it, but not so much as I used to do—My last grief seems in some measure to have swallowed up former ones, and yet I have thought of her and dreamed of her oftener!—Oh! when will all these Secrets of the Soul be Understood?

Edmund J. made me a good natured Visit, and he related some interesting particulars about the new Convert, Mr. Spencer. It appears that his Zeal urges him to defend the Religion he has adopted beyond the usual bounds of discretion. Conferences upon Religion made in public seldom do good, and in the present instance it has added much to

the natural concern and discontent which his father, Lord Spencer, experiences. Under the apprehension that his son was going to become an itinerant preacher he went to the Duke of Norfolk, said that he even *feared* that his Son would leave us, to become (what I suppose he esteems the next to us in folly) a Methodist, and expressed a wish that the Duke would speak to our Catholic Bishops upon the subject — expressing a sort of wish that, since he was determined to be a Catholic, he should be immediately ordained. This of course was spoke in ignorance, but in a Worldly Parent natural enough. The Duke in consequence went to consult with Bishop Bramston. He found him not alone; a Gentleman was sitting with him who was introduced to the Duke as the Hon<sup>ble</sup> and Rev<sup>d</sup> George Spencer! Here then, in the presence of the Subject of his Missions, he opened the business. Dr. Bramston gave some forcible advice to Mr. Spencer, explaining to him the discipline of the Catholic Church, and the necessity of Study and self-investigation, before the Sacred functions of Priesthood could be exercised; he advised him to gain every possible information upon the Subject of the Catholic faith and said that he thought this end would be greatly forwarded by his going to the English College at Rome for 2 years. He pointed out that his Father had made him an allowance more than sufficient for all his wants, and that he must not forget he was a Nobleman's son. The Duke was very much pleased with Doctor Bramston, who, being a Convert himself and a Man previously



acquainted with the World, knew the ground he had to tread on.

The Duke has seen the Bishop since and told him that before coming to him Mr. Spencer had been induced to engage to meet some Protestant Clergymen for the purpose of open disputation ; one place is Birmingham—and he conceived he could not avoid keeping his promise—the Bishop was therefore obliged to yield in this instance but intends sending some prudent Priest with him. Edmund seems anxious that Lord Traquair should see, and like, Lucretia ; but she is still confined, poor Girl, with her bad cold. I think the Abbess would much like that her Br., Mr. Selby, should marry again and take a Niece of mine. He is, I believe, past 40 and I suppose his fortune is moderate ; the children are still very Young. Edm<sup>d</sup> seems to prefer the Scotch Coronet, but it covers a head said to be very whimsical, and he Stutters. In age I believe he is Senior to Walter Selby.

Lucretia, eldest daughter of William Jerningham, did far better for herself than the well-meaning match-makers proposed. She married Edward, thirteenth Viscount Gormanston.

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Mrs. Adlerkrone was in better spirits at Dinner and in a Complimentary Mood ; she annoyed me extremely by extolling ‘ My powers of Conversation ’ &c. &c. poor little quiet Mrs. Rievnan, adding her puff of incense ! I am not however much elated with being the first in this trio—In a beleaguered town, hunger makes all food palatable—and so is

my conversation. I walk in the garden in the Evening; there was something very soothing to me in the Weather still and grey, and fresh—like subdued sorrow. The Abbess and Mother Prioress were each walking up and down (separately) the long gravel walk. I had *Godfredus*, which greatly helped to elevate my mind. I felt it however rather embarrassing to pass the Abbess without any mark of recognition, and took refuge in the farther garden, but there it was rather damp. At half past 4 the Nuns said the Long Litany; I found a quiet passage to the bottom Chapel, through the Garden, and I spent a little time there with satisfaction. I should be sorry however to give up my place in the quire.

I quite enter into the Spirit of Mr. Kenelm Digby's Work, and am convinced that the best in me are the feelings of Chivalry, imbibed in my childhood. They have kept me out of harm's way, in an Ideal World, above the Meannesses of Life, though not I trust above its duties. I sat up later than Usual, and though greatly fatigued and exhausted, could not Sleep. There was something in the air, and something in the Book, that operated strangely upon my nerves. Mother Prioress made me a visit in the Morning and the Abbess at her usual hour.

*Tuesday, 2nd March.* A Night of less Sleep than Usual, awake by 6. The Weather very close; but one Mass, which I was glad of for I felt as if I could hardly kneel. The Abbess came rather later than

usual, which curtailed her Visit. I abstain from Butter at Breakfast, though I eat as much as I can of a French roll. For the first time I begin to believe that dry Bread is less nourishing than when accompanied with Butter, for notwithstanding I seem to swallow as much solid Bread as I did before Lent, I feel a painful Sickness by 12 o'clock, and it hinders me from enjoying the only sunshiny hour of the day, that of the Abbess's Visit. I have leave not to fast but I wish to make a difference.

I get tired of the Dinner business. Mr. Bellisent dined out; he does not converse much, but his countenance is sensible and he serves as a poise to my very flighty companion, Mrs. Adlerkrone. After Dinner I returned to my room, and my Spirits gave way. I went into the lower Chapel at 4 for the Litany and Complin (tomorrow being a feria). I hoped to be alone, but I found the Pensioners there: it seems they come to the Litany in Lent. I only found out Yesterday that it was so and the Children were not present having their dancing master. I out-staid them some time, shedding many tears. When I thought the Nuns were gone to supper, I ventured forth to the bottom of the garden, but it felt damp and I dared not stay—I returned to my room and rang for my tea. I took up Godefridus, but I could not check my tears—the Abbess arrived, and it roused me. It was almost dark, I know not if she could see my countenance, her conversation had its usual effect and I am now much better. I take nothing to eat at tea, but save the piece of my Morning roll to eat, with a glass of water before I

go to bed. It is two hours to tea, and I begin to feel faint; and my bit of roll is very small, for I was obliged to take a piece of it at 12.

I have just received a kind letter from Mrs. Nevill the Widow; she is living at Northampton, and hearing that I am going to Agnes, wishes me kindly to visit her on my way. She knows Mr. G. Spencer, and says: 'Mr. G. S's conversion seems to have given me new life. I confide much in his prayers for his cousin Lady Georgina Nevill, altho' there is no prospect at present of her conversion, but the Spirit of enquiry is gaining ground daily, and at Leicester there has been more than one hundred received into the Church since the beginning of last year.'

*Wednesday, 3d.* A day without tears, but not more comfortable on that account. The Rev. Mr. Wilde, the 'extraordinary,' came to hear all the confessions, and the Abbess had settled the day before that I should go to him in her room, when summoned, perhaps at 11, perhaps at 12. This made me feel quite sick and nervous. A little after 12, a Lay Sister (whom I don't know) came with the Message that Dame Catherine was with him and that my Lady said I was to follow. I placed myself on my knees in my little dark passage, with the Door ajar from which I could command a view of the other doors. I perceived various Sisters and Pensioners in the Abbess's Cell, I felt sick with Nervousness and a fear of not hearing when this Dame C. would come out, though 5 steps from me.

Mr. Wilde I found very pleasing and holy, but I felt hurried, knowing so many wanted to go. I was glad when I got safe back into My room and shut the door. I did not see the Abbess the whole day! the first time I think, since I am an Inmate of her Convent. While I sat at my tea, reading Godefridus, Mother Prioress came. She is lively good humoured, sensible, talks and listens, and yet I am never sorry when she goes, and hardly glad when she comes!—I wrote a great deal, and prepared for Communion. I went to Bed but had a very disturbed Night, and every time I began to fall asleep I was roused by a knock, seemingly upon the chest of Drawers close to my Bed. I felt surprised but not alarmed, the Idea of Ghosts has long ceased to terrify me! Many times have I lain, looking about my room, at the dead of night, and wishing to see the dear well remembered forms of those who have disappeared for ever! I had a light in my room and could conceive no cause for these little knocks—they were exactly as if somebody had knocked with their knuckle at my door, or rather on the drawers by the Bedside. Whatever it was, I answered it with a prayer! It occurred 4 times; every thing in the house was perfectly still, above and below, but the house dog bark<sup>d</sup>.

*Thursday, 4th.* Rose weary after this agitated Night; the weather become colder—Went to Mass and to Communion in the lower chapel; the Benches there are so uneasy for kneeling, that if I were not allowed to be in the Quire I should not

know what to do. I received a Letter from Mde. de Vaernewyck, she praises Felix very much, but not a word of his return. She says : '*Félix est le galant universel choyé dans toutes les Sociétés ; tantôt je le vois dessinant dans l'album de la Nièce du Chanoine Triest, jouant au Wist avec La Com. P. de Lens, contenant fleurette aux Demoiselles D'Hune, mais ni brune ni blonde ne pourra se vanter de connoître le fond de sa pensée. Il domine comme un Pic inaccessible. Mais ce qu'il ne sait cacher c'est une droiture délicate ; il sort des comptes, on dit retranchons, réduisons : payons, dit votre Fils, il est equitable avant tout*'—This account gives me satisfaction, but no surprise.

The Abbess made me a Short visit in the Morning, coming but a little while before my Dinner Bell rang ; however she came again after her Supper and we had a very comfortable Conversation, which she finished by her usual phrase : ' Well I must go and see after my Community.' A few minutes after Dame Mora entered my room to ask if I would go to ' My Lady's ' apartment, that they had got my Book of drawings but wished for me. I did not feel courage to go—and for the first time refused. Mother Prioress staid till near seven—the Complins were said early, to-morrow being a feria, Long office.

Mrs. Gen. Milner visited me from  $\frac{1}{2}$  2 till near 4, kind and friendly—but growing old ! She seemed very feeble and world-worn, and is under Sir N. Nutford's care. She says he mentioned to her that he was at Dinner at the King's table, at Windsor, when the news of my sad distress and the cause of



it reached him. The King said with earnestness: 'I desire you will go immediately to Sir R. B.!'—He would have been gratified could he have known it! for he was always received very partial to the King!

I received in the Evening a Letter from Felix, the Sale put off till the 8th! I wish he would finish and return—the weather on this side of the Water has been very fine ever since the 24th. of Feb<sup>y</sup>. The Cte de Baillet, Governor of Bruges, has lost his poor little wife. Mde de Vaernewych his Sister, mentions the following details in her Letter to me: '*Qu'ils sont heureux, ceux qui finissent sans voir la douleur de leurs proches, sans connoître le déchirement d'une Séparation prochaine! mon infortunée belle soeur a bu la coupe amère jusqu'à la dernière goutte. Son Mari et son confesseur à genoux au pied de son lit, disaient les prières des Agonisans; elle répondoit, elle disoit au premier de ne pas pleurer s'il vouloit qu'elle fut résignée, enfin tous deux offrirent l'image la plus touchante, la plus chrétienne. Mais il reste seul, mon pauvre frère, avec trois petits Enfans qui avaient encore si besoin de leur Mère!*'

*Friday 5th. March.* 2 Visits from the Abbess, she had a pain in her Chest in the Evening from the Chaunting; she mentioned it cheerfully and said she was not going to the office—the Complin was at 4 with the *Stabat Mater*, and Benediction.

*Saturday, 7th.* In the Morning—Lady Bradford came near 3 and staid till past 4. We had a long and melancholy conversation!—as she is fond of



Nuns, and partial in all to the Catholic Religion, I asked for the Abbess. She came and conversed some time and when she was gone, Lady B. said she thought she was very pleasing—I shewed her the Quire and chapel, and our dining room. She found it more like a Convent than she had expected, being so near London. After 6 the Abbess came again, a pleasure I hardly hoped for, & staid till near Seven, then said, as she went away: ‘I shall just save my credit’—I suppose the Nuns were expecting her in her room. I hope none of them thinks she attends to me too much! I have no opportunity of pleasing them, for none ever come to see me but Mother Prioress and I suppose I must not ask for them, unless I had some plausible reason.

There is something in the Strict Order and Control of a Religious House which is wise and Salutary—I should never have gained so much ground in the ways of Resignation elsewhere. One of the most agonising feelings attached to the loss I have sustained is the *dreary Independence* it bestows!—at least it is so to me. My disposition has always found it pleasanter, in all the daily arrangements of life (as relating to myself), to *follow* rather than to *lead*. This made me, I suppose, feel such deference for my Parents, such affect<sup>e</sup> respect for my higher Relations, Uncles &c. &c. and for aged people in every rank of life. To those who feel in this particular as I do, Time not only *afflicts* but *terrifies* by removing what we leaned upon for Security! The Convent Life, conceals this: Wherever there are *permissions* and *prohibitions* and *Limits*, and *fixed hours* and *control*—

there is *Protection* implied, and that sweet word brings back the recollection of Youth and Childhood, and all its blessed Ignorance and Security!—That age is often ignorant of its happiness, but I was born, I believe, with an instinctive feeling upon the Subject, blended with great Childishness and great Spirits, partly concealed by extreme Shyness. On my 7th. Birthday I remember the many tears I shed, because I was come to the '*Use of reason*' and consequently answerable for my conduct. And when a tall Girl of 10 or 12, I would bound lightly, in the Joy of my heart, over everything near me, if I heard my Mother name me with my Brothers under the common appellation of '*The Children.*' I thought the Word exempted me from all human cares—this reluctance to advance in years grew with my growth and seemed to augment as my mind opened. While Pensioner in the Convent of the Ursuline Nuns at Paris, I enjoyed every moment; the only thought that saddened my buoyant spirits was the sudden recollection sometimes that I was almost 'grown up' and must soon go forth into the world. 'But I should see Papa and Mamma again'! and then a skip and a Jump settled the matter!

My next dread was Marriage—Admirers, I thought, were things of course, but would have wished to treat them as in the days of Chivalry; their approbation I tolerated, and Lances might be broken in honor of me if I could be left *unspoken* to with my Parents. Time and with it some increase of Wisdom sobered my high spirits and I entered on a new Era. I commenced a happy married life; so happy! that I

used to wonder why this world was called the 'Valley of tears'! But I still felt the dread of advancing in my career. Each year, as it closed, was regretted as a friend departed for ever! and the new one was hailed with something of the fear and Mistrust which attends the first meeting with a new Master: how will he treat me?—I have now survived my domestic happiness! he who constituted it is gone! My Parents are no more! Of my Uncles, I have but one left. Of three Brothers but one! Of my Sisters-in-law, but one! And of those dear ones who call me Mother, two are gone! What then makes me wish to linger behind? The same dread of change! The same clinging to what *is*—the same attachment to *persons* and *places*?

*Sunday, 8th.* A quiet day, a visit from the Abbess in the morning. Miss C. Selby's Birthday, 14. I sent her, by her Aunt, the Medal of the Catholic Emancipation.

*Monday 9th.* The Abbess in the morning, she took me after dinner up stairs to see her niece she has been long confined to a couch with a hip complaint. I had not been long there when Mrs. Milner's arrival took me down stairs again. She came with the good General and staid till near 5—she is a very friendly kind person, but much buried in her Ideas with the things of this World. She brought me a very kind note from Lady Bradford; *they* are very different people.

About 6 Lady Abbess sent Miss Madocks (now Sister Mary Bernard) to make me a Visit, I was

very glad to see her for I feel much interested for her. She appears to be going on very happily; she staid till Complin rung.

*Tuesday, 10th.* Mrs. Edmund J. and Gertrude visited me. I found the former looking very pale and thin. In the Evening the Abbess made me her 2nd Visit, we sat talking by fire light till the Bell rang for Complin. I know not whether it was the hour, or the Mood we were in, but the Conversation turned upon our Youthful days and became very interesting and confidential. She did not go to Complin, which surprised and alarmed me. Sister Placida, of whom I enquired said she did not think she was at all well. I reproached myself with rousing the quieted feelings of so sensitive a mind.

*Wednesday 11th.* I rather dreaded the moment of the Abbess's Visit. I feared she might have repented of the Confidence she shewed me, or might feel embarrassed. I spread out a Map of the Environs of London, and was studying it seemingly when she entered. This gave an immediate Subject for Conversation—she looked pale and I asked her after a few minutes how she did. She said she had a head ach, from not having slept! I thought her particularly interesting.

A new Pensioner is come, aged 17. Her Father is gone to Newfoundland; she had been in a Convent at Boulogne or they would have declined taking one of that age. I felt a head ach and Cold, but my mind in a State of Excitement or dissipation.

*Thursday 12th.* Poor Mrs. H. Smythe is in a very

precarious state; my Br. and Lady Stafford were only made acquainted with it a few days ago and went immediately to see her at Bury. They found her lying down in a double bedded room, up two pr. of stairs, with nobody in the house but an old Deaf Woman—her unfortunate temper has made her fret so much after those she has lost, from painful recollections probably, that it has undermined her health! She seemed however quiet and cheerful enough when I saw her at Cossey in September!

*Thursday 13th.* The Abbess still looks pale but said she had slept a little better than the Evening before. I had a visit from Edm<sup>d</sup> as I was going to Tea at 5—After he left me I wished much the Abbess would come but good Dame Mora made her appearance. What a difference dignity of manner makes! Yet Dame Mora is I believe more generally liked. Mrs. Edm. J. said the other Day that she could not get on beyond a dozen words with the Abbess but that Dame M. ‘was a dear little Nun.’ I can talk for hours to the Abbess; she is to me a superior being, and in her black habit and gold cross, a pattern of graceful Holyness. I had a letter from Henry, very kindly worded; he sends me to read and return a Letter from poor Dear Charles, from Metz, where we have persuaded him to go to look at a Miss Eyre who is a great fortune. Her Mother is a French woman, and she is more French than English, but of the Newburgh Eyres, and a Catholic. He says he was extremely well received as a traveller recommended to her notice by Messrs. Wright, and was

going to dine there next day. His Letter is amusing. He finds the Young Lady agreeable tho' not pretty, but fancies she is to marry Sir H. Webb because they are going to Paris to his Aunt, Lady Newburgh. I hope this idea of his is not founded on truth. I received a Letter in the Evening from poor Mrs. — at Ghent, she tells me, that her friend Lady Newburgh is recovered of the illness that called Sir H. Webb over to Paris, and that she is to meet her on the 13th., at Calais, and accompany her to England—Mrs. Eyre will therefore not find her at Paris, and of course it could not be a concerted meeting as Charles supposes. Besides Edmund J. told me that Sir H. Webb saw her last year in London and did not put himself upon the Lists. I had a cold and head ach.

'Poor dear Charles,' supposed to be the handsomest officer in the Austrian service, eventually married a Miss Waterton (Mr. Molineux Seel informs me), sister to his cousin Edmund Jerningham's wife.

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*Friday 12th.* Arthur J. came about 11 and staid an hour with me; he looked pale and worn and has had a bad cough. He has a most expressive countenance! I could fancy him a Knt. of former days, and he quite answers Mr. Kenelm Digby's Ideas of Chivalry, 'high minded, open-hearted, generous, superior and firm'—He is most anxious to be made Lieutenant and thinks his Uncle, Ld. Stafford, could do much by speaking for him personally to Ld. Melville. I have promised to remind him often of it during Arthur's absence, for he is going off in a Mer-



chant Vessel to Malta, in hopes of getting employed there and thus getting his rank. He carries out several letters to Sir Pulteney Malcolm. He said the Doctor had made him leave off fasting and not eat fish more than one day as he wanted nourishment—it is delightful to see him with such Religious feelings, united with all the ardor of his Profession. May God preserve him! He will be an honor to the Name he bears—I bid him not call any more, as he sails next Thursday and means to go down to Cossey first. I was happy in having £10 to give him. This interview affected me, I know not when I shall see him again!

The Abbess told me that Miss O'Reilly, Sister to the Col. O'R. who is married to the Duchess of Roxburgh, is coming next Tuesday to stay till Easter, Mr. Comberbach, the Priest at Windsor, where she generally resides having left the place. I rather dread the sight of her. Her Brother was most kind in his offers during my bitter Distress at Windsor, offering me his house—My Mind seems to shrink from any Idea attached to Windsor when presented by others, and yet it is never out of my thoughts, Poor Mrs. Adlerkrone still very low and growing thinner and paler every day. I planted a fir tree and two Laurels, facing my window as a screen before what ought to be hidden.

Towards Evening I got very low, for the last two days I had been better. When the Abbess made me her 2<sup>d</sup> visit, she found me in tears, but I brushed them away and talked cheerfully with her. But after she went away, Mother Prioress arrived, and



from what she said I suspected Lady Abbess had sent her to see what I was doing !

I had a letter from Mde. de Vaernewych yesterday, by which I see that the Sale at our pretty peaceful Cottage did take place on the 8th. she says—'*Ce matin j'ai vu passer tout ce qu'il y a de Notabilité à Gand. Le Duc, Le Général, Le Col. Gommoens, Messrs de Thiennes, D'Hane, Mdes Van Gorcum, V. D. Gracht, V. D. Bruggers. Tous alloient aviser avoir de vos meubles, à se les disputer comme des reliques ; ils se plaisent a vous rendre cette sorte d'hommage.*' She adds that she has not courage to go herself. I believe the Idea of this finishing of a place we were so happy in and took such pains to keep neat, has particularly affected me. I wonder when Felix will sail ; there's a very high wind to-night !

Arthur, the late Admiral Jerningham, only recently deceased, married Sophie O'Ferrall Cadell, who is still living. It was at Windsor that Sir Richard Bedingfeld died, of apoplexy.

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Saturday, 13th. Felt low and unwell. Opened the piano, and played 20 times over a little German air with words adapted to it by Rev. Mr. Menteith ; the Book is a present from him to Doctor Weld—this little Song is called Winter, the last verse runs thus.

The leafless trees awhile may sorrow,  
 The earth may cold, and fruitless lie,  
 But soon shall rise a Joyful morrow  
 And life return with genial Sky ;  
 So man from death shall triumph free  
 And reign in Immortality !

The words and the air drew many tears from my Eyes. The Abbess entered and I rose from the Instrument. She looked as if she pitied me, but I talked to her cheerfully.

She shewed me a curious little Anonymous present she received last Summer, of a small Silver crucifix, with the remains of a pair of tin fastenings to it. It came in a Letter, post paid from London, the direction thus in much this hand :

*For,*  
*The Lady Abbess,*  
*or Governess,*  
*Of the Nunnery,*  
*Hammersmith.*  
*(post paid)*

with a black seal, the next cover is addressed

*To the Lady Abbess*  
*&c. &c.*

Sealed with a large wafer seal of black wax like the first. The third cover, directed as the first and containing the little cross wrapped in silver paper and the following letter.

GOOD LADY,

The accompanying emblem of our blessed Saviour suffering on the Cross, I commit to your holy keeping. It was given to me by a Protestant (the descendant of one of your faith) to be disposed

of by me, also a Protestant, for money. Since I became possessed of it, nothing of a Worldly nature has prospered with me: I have therefore resolved to return it to one of your holy religion, to be kept or disposed of as in Your goodness You may think best.

LONDON, *July 4th.* 1829.

My Nieces Lucretia and Gertrude came to visit me about 3. I was quite glad to see the first looking so well. I sent to the Abbess, as I wish her to make more acquaintance with her. She talked with her and seemed to approve. When they were gone she returned and staid with me till her Collation at 5. My Spirits felt revived. At night I received a kind Note of enquiry from Lady Clifford; she is unwell and Lord C. has got the Gout. She mentions that Mrs. Doughty (who was Miss Arundel) is coming to Town in an alarming state of health.

I had also a letter of Business from Mr. Wm. Blount, satisfactory enough for me, but the more I have, the less Henry has. However as God was pleased to remove poor Mr. Paston, as well as his own dear Father, he has inherited that property and he is living almost as privately as he could do if he was not Master of Oxburgh, which is much more prudent for the present.

*Sunday 14th.* I am very tired always with the Morning Office. The high Mass, which is at 10, lasts 2 hours, and Mr. Bellisent preaches in English in such a slow and very tedious stile that I can

neither listen or read anything. I hear the early Mass as on Common days at  $\frac{1}{2}$  7.—and then Breakfast. I got very low after Vespers, played my tune 20 times over, and stood looking a long time in the dusk at my window at the numerous coaches passing. That always makes me Melancholy. He used to be so fond of seeing Public coaches pass and understood Horses so well! It recalls also the last months we spent together travelling! and what we used to look at from the Inn Windows.

I dread leaving this place, I shall miss him infinitely more any where else; the life I lead here and all I see takes my mind back to my Youthful days before I thought of him. I feel sometimes as I did at the *Ursulines*, and if I had a few companions to associate with of my own sort, the feeling would be still stronger. If I had more space I could willingly remain all my Life here.

The Abbess sent me a neat square Mahogany Box to keep my Papers in, for I have nothing that locks—the cupboards being full of Doctor Weld's effects

*Monday, 15th.* I received two Letters in the Morning that made me feel quite sick and nervous. One was from my Brother from Bury, where he had been sent for back to poor Mrs. Smythe who was become much worse: no hopes of her recovery are entertained, she talks incessantly, reproaches herself poor Woman! for the past faults in her temper towards her husband &c. She is resigned to die and in excellent dispositions!

The other Letter from Felix, announcing that he

was to sail on Wednesday at 3 in the Morning, the 18th.—His arrival I have been anxiously expecting, but now the time is come I dread it. I really do not know what to make of myself.

Lady Bradford made me a long visit.

*Tuesday, 16th.* Very unwell all day with head ach, nervousness, weakness, hurry of mind, dreading going to London again! Uneasy about the high wind.

*Wednesday, 17th.* Very unwell, got ready to go to London, but ordered the carriage only at 6, that I might have less time to wait alone in Bolton Row. The Abbess, I see, is sorry to lose me; she is a reserved Person, but has very strong feelings and brought up by a good but very severe and strict Mother, lived in total seclusion and never had a friend! never one to whom she could open her mind — — — She came a 2nd. time, a little before 6, and would go down with me to the door! We had a very interesting conversation previous to my departure.

Bolton Row,  $\frac{1}{2}$  10. I am now writing this, alone and solitary in this once cheerful drawing-room, where my Brother Edward's Wit, and my dear Mother's Conversation, amused and delighted all who frequented it, Dear Emily, with her work, preparing for some Charitable Bazaar and her Children and occasionally mine running in and out! French Emigrant Nobles also! In short so great used to

be my delight to find myself in this room, that the very walls are still something! I always shrink with dread and Melancholy from coming to this house, but when once in this room, though emptied of Books and pictures, and its dear Inhabitants all gone! solitary and forlorn, there is still a feel of something like home in it—the chairs, the tables, the fire irons, the *grate*, especially, and the well known noises in the street, all please me and seem to promise what cannot be!

It is now past eleven and I begin to feel anxious and very tired, being far from well!

Poor Mrs. Smythe died on Monday morning at 6 o'clock—My Br. writes as follows:

‘Poor Mrs. Smythe expired this morning, at 6 o'clock, after being delirious and talking the whole Night. We had left her at 11, Lady S. being much fatigued, and we were just in time to witness her last breath.’ Dated Monday.

I should have recorded this yesterday and all the news of another death, announced to me by my Niece, Mrs. Ed. Petre; it is poor Miss Catherine Petre her Sister-in-law, who was then on a visit to her, with her Mother and Sister. Laura writes thus—

‘Poor Catherine Petre was seized on Tuesday night (9th.) with scarlet fever which was considered a slight case, till yesterday Morning, 12th, when the inflammation flew to the Brain, and she died this morning 13th. at 6 o'clock.’

Poor young woman! When I first married, the Lord Petre, her father, was still alive, and the 3 children by his 2<sup>d</sup> wife were little things running about. This Catherine was a beautiful little Girl, with large blue Eyes and dark hair. She grew up handsome, but too stout.

Mrs. Edward Petre was Laura-Maria, fourth daughter of Sir George Jerningham (Lord Stafford).

*Thursday, 18th.* Having no news of their arrival last night, at past 12 I went to Bed feeling very ill, and anxious. This Morning about ten, a Carriage drove to the door; I felt it was they, I had not courage to go to the Window. Presently Mrs. Parke's voice was heard, and she appeared before me. The moment was most painfully mixed with contrary sensations.—'Where is Felix?'—'Mr. Felix is quite well, and Mr. Charles is come, and they are gone to the Custom House.'

About 2 they both arrived, Felix looking very well, but rather Exclipsed by Charles's very handsome person. I do not know a more interesting countenance and so good a figure also. They are both 6 feet but Felix is too thin at present, and his shoulders are too low. When he laughs he has a very sweet countenance and a beautiful fresh complexion; he looks from this younger than he is. We had of course a great deal of conversation, and from what Charles tells me of his acquaintance with the Leslies at Metz, I think he has made considerable progress, and it would be a folly not to pursue the affair. He



blushes and seems really interested in its success. I determined him to go to Paris immediately, where they are gone, and furnished him with Money for that purpose. They told him where they should lodge, and certainly gave great encouragement. I had visits from Edm., Arthur, Lady Bradford and Mrs. Milner; and Mr. Scott S.J. called while we were at Dessert.

*Friday, 19th.* I found I had left some essential keys at Hammersmith, so Lady B. kindly took me there, and bought some of the Convent work while I ran up to my room and saw the Abbess. I do certainly love the Convent extremely!

*Saturday 20th.* The unpacking and repacking of the Carriage was concluded and I determined to return to H. in the Eve<sup>g</sup>, as my sons were engaged to drink tea at Edm<sup>ds</sup> and meant to set off next day, one for Paris the other for Yorkshire, dining first at the Convent. I had visits this day from Gen. Milner, Lady Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Poynter and Mr. Biddulph and my Nieces.

Arthur set off for Malta in a Merchant Vessel, Charles accompanied him to the Water side; but the Vessel was sailed; he set off to overtake her in the Steam Boat. I got home to the Convent at 8—could see nobody but found my room looking very peaceful and comfortable. I brought back Mrs. Semmow, as Mrs. Parke was fatigued and unwell.

*Sunday, 21st.* St. Benedict's day. I presented the Abbess with a drawing I had done, the first Exer-

tion of my Pencil! I took the Subject from St. Benedict's last interview with his Sister, St. Scholastica. I will write out the anecdote by and by. I do not think the Abbess has much taste for Drawing, but she was pleased . . . and perhaps she *has* a taste ! but she is very reserved from her severe Education and deep feelings. It is perhaps this that renders her so interesting.

My Sons came for Dinner. I felt to exult in their good looks and Elegant Manners. Mr. Scott, the Monk, dined here ; also Miss O'Reilly, a new Boarder. After dinner I went with my Sons to the office and Benediction in the Chapel below and afterw<sup>ds</sup> the Abbess and Prioress came to my room, and Mr. and Mrs. Norris visited me. I like them much, but I had rather have had them on another day, as I had wish<sup>d</sup> the Abbess to make a little acquaintance with my Sons. My room was too full, and I felt nervous and agitated. At five the Abbess and Prioress went to Supper, and Mr. and Mrs. Norris went away and then my Sons and Edm<sup>d</sup> (who had also arrived) began singing in parts to the piano. It was delightful ; both Ch. and Fe. were taught the piano by me at a very early age. Felix has had the advantage of learning since and is an excellent Musician ; Charles has great taste, and plays German airs and walses delightfully. Edm<sup>d</sup> has a very pretty voice and Felix a remarkable bass one. Edm<sup>d</sup> went home to dinner, the others staid till near 7. When they were gone I stood pensively collecting my thoughts in the Middle of my Room when the Abbess and Prioress made me an Unexpected visit. I believe they fancied

to find me low, but my Mind was in a great degree of excitement, agitated and dissipated—rain does not come till the wind falls! I even went down to Supper, to see Mrs. Rieman, who was prevented coming to Dinner by a bad head ach.

*Monday 22nd.* A Wakeful Night, but not Unwell. Our New Boarder, Miss O'Reilly seems greatly depressed in Spirits. She is rather common-looking and does not seem much polished, tho' very civil; in short she looks like a Bourgeoise, but her Br. is married to the Duchess of Roxburgh. The Abbess, at my request, returned the drawing of St. Benedict that I may get it framed.

A long pause in My Journal here Occurred I became very unwell, had Sheldon from London who ordered Leeches to my right side. Heard from Agnes that they had removed to Crosby Sea Bank; determined therefore to set out on Palm Sunday after making my Easter.

On the Thursday in Passion week the Bishop (Bramston) dined at the Convent; I felt better on that day. He was invited to take his dessert and wine in the Abbess room; I accompanied him and the 2 Rev<sup>d</sup> Bellissent and Norris. The Community were all assembled there to Witness our repast. Dr. B. is lively, and joked with the Young Novices, which produced a little smothered tittering. The Abbess preserved her usual quiet dignified demeanour. On

his departure he gave his Blessing, and granted holidays. On his way to the street door he was addressed by a deputation from the School, praying also for 'Recreation.' I thought how alike is everything under the Sun!

About the 22nd. March L<sup>d</sup> Stafford came to Town, as did my Son Henry, they lodged in Bolton Row. Charles set off for Paris and Felix for Yorkshire to give up his Lodging there and settle his little concerns. Henry staid but 2 days; he dined one day with me at the Convent. After he was gone I felt one Evening so ill and low that I determined to go to Bolton Row. I felt a craving to see somebody that cared about me, and I wished also to see Sheldon. Home, home, some sort of home, was what my heart yearned for. Mrs. Parke had already begun making my Packet, and I was going to send for a Carriage and write a note to the Abbess, when the door opened and my Nephew Edmund entered; the sight of a Jerningham had an immediate effect. I told him how ill I felt and my Idea of going to B. Row, where I should find my dr. Brother; but, on his engaging to go to Sheldon and tell him to come next morning early, I gave up the plan and he left me more tranquil. It was about 3 o'clock—Next morning Sheldon came, and it was then, he brought the Leeches to be put on at Night—My Br. also called and went afterwards to the House of Lords, having no other Dinner than some tea and muffins there. I cannot bear to think of it even now, 2 months after: how kind to come and see me, and I

could give him no Dinner! That is the only unpleasant part of not being in one's own house.

Doctor Bramston called upon me, and met my Br.—he was then lodging at Brook Green, his own house not being ready to receive him. It was after this that he dined in the Convent.

Another book, belonging to a year later, is of far less melancholy character. We find Lady Bedingfeld again mixing with the outer world, leaving her apartment in the convent to attend to her duties as Woman of the Bedchamber to William IV.'s Queen.

It is labelled simply, 'Diary—Charlotte Georgiana Bedingfeld, 1831.'—A note, in a corner of the cover, runs to the effect that :

'On Monday, April 25th, my excellent friend Mrs. General Milner gave me these useful books.'

*Tuesday, 26th.* Baker Street. Felix and Geo. Goold at Dinner, the latter is a very fine Young Man and will I hope succeed at the Irish Bar ; he is come over to keep his term at Lincolns Inn. Lucretia dined there also and sang delightfully, Edm. was engaged to dine at the Glee Club.

*Wednesday, 27th.* Shopping.

*Thursday, 28th.* Drawing room crowded, 1200. Stood on the 2nd. Step of the throne behind the D. of Leeds, we were a great many in attendance. D. of Leeds, Lady Ely, Lady Mayo, Lady Brownlow, Lady Westmeath, Lady Car. Wood, Mrs. Berkeley Paget, Lady Gore, Miss Wilson and me—Miss Hope Johnston, Miss C. Boyd, Miss Eden and Miss Mitchell. Lasted about 2 hours and a half. The

Queen told me she had put something round her knee, to lessen the fatigue of bending it so often. We were about an hour in the Q.'s private dr. room before she came in, when we followed her into the King's Closet, on our way to the Throne room. The peeresses only remained and the rest of us went on, Lady Gore said (on Lady C. Wood remarking that it was the usual etiquette) that she had rather be excluded from every place than that the least Etiquette should be omitted, alluding to the Spirit of the times. The Queen and the Peeresses soon entered, and the Drawing room commenced. Lord Stafford and family were there, Mrs. Ed. Petre, Mrs. Ed. Jerningham. I went afterw<sup>ds</sup> in my dress to see them in Portland Place.

*Friday, 29th.* Returned to the Convent, felt tired but not so low as usual, nothing can exceed Edmund J. and his pretty Wife's attention to me.

Gertrude J. having lost her Voice came to me for change of air, staid 3 days and returned on the 7th. May not better. I have had visits since my return. Lady Maynard Haselrigge, Lady Wellesley, my Br., the twins, Edm. J. Lucretia and Ger. J. Agnes Waterton, her Br. George, Mrs. Milner, Geo. Goold, Mr. Biddulph, Rev. Mr. Allen, Miss Flora Macleod and with her came a Mr. Col. Grant.

My head has been very heavy and uncomfortable, feeling very desolate, My Motive! My Spring for action! broken! nothing left but Self! tired out self! Lord Clifford gone! Mrs. Cole also—the Sight of relatives and friends rouses me, and my Natural







Spirits rise to the top, but when again alone, how heavily they sink again to the bottom! If I had everything at will, I could not *invent* a life, or rather a manner of living, that could fill the Void and make me happy. But I can be merry sometimes, and that must do. If it pleased God that I had stronger health I might walk about, and do some good to my Neighbour as in former days, but that Comfort is denied me, and I am thrown back on Self! odious Self!

*9th. May.* Miss Langton brought Lady Harriet Murray to see me, she is daughter to Lady Rothes (in her own right) who married a Gardener. I thought I saw it in her daughter's face, a Vulgar looking little person but not so in manner; she is married to Mr. C. Murray, a Lawyer, the son of a Man with one Leg, that Used to be a great play-fellow of Mine, when very Young at Cossey. I remember he cried most bitterly when I went over to the Convent and I have never met with him since! He is settled in Lincoln's Inn, his Father was a Physician at Norwich, a very benevolent character. Very low almost all day.

*12th. May.* Drawing room, weather fine, felt better, very full attendance. The Princess Louisa sat down, which I thought a great liberty; when Mr. Talleyrand passed, he had some minutes very serious whispering conversation with her! Lady Gore said to me: 'Look there, when those two whisper there is Mischief brewing!' and then added

laughing, 'Whenever I see Talleyrand I expect to smell Sulphur and Brimstone.' He appears universally abhorred.

The King looked pale and harrassed, the Q. as usual; when we took leave in the King's Closet, she said to me in French:—

'*Ma Sœur arrive avec ses enfants Mercredi, je voudrais vous envoyer à sa rencontre, soyez ici à midi.*' Afterwards, as I was going down stairs, Ld. Howe called to me to return for that the Q. wished to speak with me. I obeyed, and a Page said, if I would wait in the drawing room, her M. would come to me. The other Ladies soon went and I remained; shortly after the Q. entered, kissed me, and made me sit down. She recalled most kindly to mind the first time I had sat on that same Ottoman with her, when she gave me a private Audience after my appointment. She proceeded to repeat her wish that I should go to St. James at 12 next Wednesday, and thence proceed in one of her Carriages to meet the Duchess at the Tower Stairs:—'Capt. Fitzclarence is going in the Yacht to fetch her, she comes with 6 Children.'

I like the Commissions very much. The Queen told me then that Lord Howe made himself quite miserable about the abuse thrown upon him by the papers on account of his not being a reformist.

I got back to the Convent about 5. The Nuns all very curious to see me. It is a *new* thing for one belonging to the household to lodge in a Convent.

I heard with concern yesterday that poor Lord

Dillon has an Inflammation at the heart, which is a very dangerous disorder ; he suffers less than he has done, but is confined to his room, at his daughter's, Mrs. Stanley, in Town. Lady D. is there also.

*Wednesday, 18th. May 1831.* According to orders, I went from my Brother's house, in his carriage, to the Queen's Palace at 12. The Queen was not arrived from Windsor ; a Footman shewed me up to the drawing-room, where I looked about for some book or other, being quite alone. I found an acct of a Charitable Institution at Bath, with two Sermons preached there ; I read one, looking often at the Clock, and seeing the hour of one approaching, began to feel a little restless. At last I heard a carriage and saw from the Window that the roof of it was covered with dust and concluded therefore that it was some of the Suite just arrived from Windsor. I heard footsteps but nobody appeared. Where was Ld. Howe ?—I began the 2nd. Sermon, another carriage came, I looked but could see nothing as before, but the dusty Imperials ; the moving about however increased and in a few moments, a female came to me with a grave face and said she was afraid some mistake had occurred, for Lord Howe and Lady Mayo were gone down to the Tower to meet the Duchess and that the Queen, was particularly anxious that I should go—At hearing this I felt disturb<sup>d</sup> and said I had come according to her Majesty's orders at 12 o'clock and had been in that room ever since ; it was now one. I asked if I could not go in one of the Carriages that were

just come. She said they had sent to order one of the King's carriages for me, that is to say, some fresh horses, as soon as the trunks could be taken off. This rather pacified me, and to her offer of some Luncheon I asked for a crust of Bread, as all this waiting had made me both faint and nervous.

The female who had appeared spoke with a foreign accent, and I thought I recollected her as one of the Queen's German maids. She said something of Miss Wilson, I know not what, but I conceived she was arrived from Windsor and had expressed the Queen's orders about me. A Footman brought me a crust of bread, and at the same time, almost, a Coach and 4 came to the door for me. I snatched up my Shawl and my Crust and rushed out of the room to get into it; as I set my foot on the stairs I heard myself called from behind, and thinking it was Miss Wilson, I answered impatiently, without looking: 'No, no, I can't stop.' A nimble step came down 4 or 5 steps after me, I looked back: it was the Queen herself. She laughed and looked pleased at my impatience, and I looked astonished and shocked, for I knew not she was in the Palace. Her Majesty did not of course detain me a moment, into the Carriage I flew and preceded by a Man on Horseback in the dress he had come from Windsor, I set off at a good rate along Pall Mall, not without dread that I should meet the Royal carriages returning with the Duchess of Saxe Weimar.

We proceeded at a brisk trot, attracting the Eyes of all, but when we got into the City the lumbering

carts seemed to bar our way with malicious Apathy; it put me in a fever, we were often obliged to stop for some Moments and then I could not but smile to see people standing on tip toes to see into the Carriage where was only, Me!—At last we reached the Tower and with rattling authority drove in at the Gate! that Gate, where so many have entered, never to return! I thought of poor Lord Stafford and other Catholic and Jacobite Victims, and of the changes time has wrought.

I was presently surrounded by Beef Eaters and guards, and upon enquiry learnt from them, that the Steam packet *was* arrived and Lord Howe and Lady Mayo gone on board! I determined to do the same and got out of the Carriage to walk to the landing place. I had not been 6 yards before I met Lord Howe, who said that the Duchess was coming on shore and that it was not worth my while to go on board. This did not please me: I felt I had not fulfilled my mission and expressed as much. Lord Howe, then, very good humouredly said he would, if I really wished to go on board, accompany me. We accordingly stepped into a Boat, and he began to assist the man in rowing, but we had got but a short way from the shore when we saw the City Barge coming round from behind a Vessel where the Steamboat lay:—‘There is the Duchess coming ashore,’ cried out Ld. Howe, rather distressed, ‘and I ought to be on the steps to receive her—and so we shall be, before she reaches them, if we turn round.’

And accordingly we reached the Tower stairs,



just in time to jump out and receive her. She held my arm and looked hurried and distressed. Lord Howe seemed to wish her to go up the Stairs, but I saw she was anxious to see how they would get her Young daughter out of the barge; her hand trembled exceedingly and her Eyes were full of tears. I advised her to stay and look, feeling sure the Sailors would manage it well. In a Moment we saw the Princess Louisa raised in her Chair on the Barge-man's shoulders; and in the same instant, her Eye catching mine, she called out cheerfully 'Oh Lady Bedingfeld!'

I now felt anxious about the little Princes; I caught one, seemingly alone, for the crowd pressed upon the Sailors and they on us, so that passing the gateway to get into the carriage was not pleasant. The good Offers of the Beefeaters only increased the pushing. At last we got the poor little lame Princess into a chariot with her Mother and I got into one of the Coaches with Lady Mayo, the Governess and one of the Young Princes. I was assured the rest were all safely placed but I saw them not.

There were, I think, 8 royal carriages; I could see the Show they made when we turned the corner of the streets. We went over the Bridge near Newgate and so round the town and then over Westminster Bridge and through the Horse Guards and Park, up to the Palace. The Duchess was gone up Stairs to the Queen when our carriage drove up, and Lord Howe said we were no longer wanted, so Lady Mayo went away in her Carriage, and Lord Howe sent me to my Brother's in his.



PRINCESS LOUISE OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

*From a crayon drawing by R. J. LANE, A.R.A.*

*To face p. 346, vol. ii.*



A day or two after I had a most kind Letter from the Queen asking me, from the Princess Augusta to dinner, to meet her and the Duchess of S. Weimar. I went and spent a very gratifying Evening. I did not enquire of Lord Howe how I came to be left behind ; I thought it better not, perhaps the Queen forgot to mention it & it all turned out very well.

I called upon her on my way to My Nephew Edm<sup>d</sup> J. where I went to spend some days for the convenience of being nearer the Court.

1831. Monday 25 April. Went from Hamm<sup>h</sup> to Edmund J. 15 Baker Street ; called as I went on Lady Bradford and Mrs. Gen. Milner, drest, and at a quarter before ten went to the Court Ball, entered the room in the Queen's Suite. She had a Magnificent crown of Diamonds on, a Nosegay of Diamonds &c. &c. Got back to Baker Street at 4.—laid by my outward Mourning, and wore white as it was a Birthday, (the D<sup>ss</sup> of Gloster's).

When we were in the King's Closet, the Princess Augusta shook hands with me and s<sup>d</sup>: ' Do not look so grave it does not suit you.' I was dreading the fatigue of the Evening, but was not aware I shewed it. When the Duke of Norfolk came and spoke to me, I hardly knew him, he looked so well in a Splendid Uniform with his Earl Marshal's Staff in his hand ; in general he appears so *Chétif*.

At the request of Queen Adelaide, Lady Bedingfeld, in the midst of whose lonely life such an occupation must have been welcome, undertook for a time to attend to the little Princess of Saxe-Weimar. This was one of the children of 'your

Duchess,' as Lady Jerningham in her letters of old, used to designate the Duchess Ida.

There is still one book docketed :

' Brighton, 1831, while superintending the Queen's niece, the Princess Louise of Saxe-Weimar, aged 14, paralyzed in the legs from a spine complaint.'

At the top of the first page there is a note :

163 steps—the state room at the Pavilion.

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### SEPTEMBER 21ST.

The Queen and the Duchess of S. W., to my very great regret left the Pavilion.

The Prs. L. took a Vapour Bath. I saw her undressed and put in, and then left the room, being overpowered by the Steam.—she was rubbed an hour and a half up stairs *including* waiting while in the Closet, rubbed also in the Bath became cheerful and talked a good deal,—Lady and Miss Gore went out before Dinner, for the latter to take a Vapour Bath, dinner at two, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  3 the Weather cleared and we went an airing on the Cliffs till  $\frac{1}{2}$  5.—drank tea at our return, wrote to the Queen and Duchess, the Post going out at 9.

Lady S. Sidney was taken ill last Night, and is likely to Miscarry, her little Girl Scalded her foot the other Evening and she has appeared much agitated ever since.

The Princess eat well at Supper amused herself till  $\frac{1}{2}$  9, teaching Miss Gore the new art of taking off the Impression of Lithographic Prints. She asked of her herself to retire to her Bedroom at that hour,

which I was glad she did, as it is the Queen's Orders she should go to bed at ten, at latest. I wrote to the Q. and Duchess by the Evening Post, and mentioned that Mr. Davies would stay over the bathing to-morrow, and then return to town. He introduced Mr. Blake the resident Surgeon to the Prs. Louisa.

*Thursday 22.* Princess bathed in the Sea, went upon a Donkey, followed by her M<sup>d</sup> and Governess. I went before in the carriage, (near, and walked to, the Place) and waited there, not to attract notice. It was very hot and she got heated and frightened coming along the crowded road, so that she remained a long while in the bathing Machine before she was plunged. She had 3 dips, and came away in high Spirits. We took a Short drive. Dinner at 2,—Mr. Davies dined, and then went for London,—at 4 we went airing till  $\frac{1}{2}$  5.—then the Prs. laid down and took her milk and we took tea at 7 Supper, after which, till  $\frac{1}{2}$  9, we worked and Ma<sup>de</sup> Nouldy, the Governor read Something from Chateaubriant. The Prs. retired at  $\frac{1}{2}$  9, and I at 11.

*Friday 23.* Rubbed 2 hours. Lady Gore went away; a very excellent and pleasing woman as handsome if not handsomer than her daughter.

Drive in the afternoon to the 'Devil's dyke' in coming down a hill into the town the wheel horse fell down on his side and broke the pole. A crowd gathered but were quiet and very civil. It required much Strength to keep the Landau from rolling on to the poor Animal, who caused the accident by

plunging instead of holding back. The Prs. was lifted into a Gentleman's carriage that chanced to be near and we accompanied her in it to the Palace; she was not alarmed but anxious about the Horse, and instantly thought of giving Money to the strange coachman who brought her back; she begged me to give him 5<sup>s</sup>. I sent 7<sup>s</sup> also to those who had assisted in keeping back the Carriage, and I gave half a Sovereign of My own Money to the footman who lifts the Princess about. She is a great weight and his Zeal, care, and particular attention on this Occasion induced me to reward him.

*Saturday 24th.* Vapour Bath,—project of riding the Donkey, not time enough before Dinner.—The Prs. complained of hunger on coming out of the Bath, and eat a piece of Bread, which prevented her (I think) from eating so good a Dinner as usual. After Dinner rode on the Donkey to the Stables, and round the garden till past 4, then took an airing on the Cliffs till  $\frac{1}{2}$  5. Complained for *a moment* of Sickness, returned in good Spirits, but took a cup of tea instead of Milk, eat no Supper not feeling hungry, in very good Spirits, and pleased with the portraits She received of the Duke and Duchess &c., &c. I wrote to the Q.

*Sunday 25.* The Princess with the Chicken Pox, which accounts for the Sickness; at first hearing it, her Courage gave way, and She shed tears, but I told her some Stories, and She soon revived again. I absented myself to go to Church, but was with her



the rest of the Day. Miss Gore went to her Church, the Princess read her own prayers with her Governess, they are not of the Church of England. The day passed rather heavily, within doors. I felt very unwell, Mad<sup>me</sup>. Nouldy unwell, went to Bed at 8. The Princess eat no supper, but took a glass of Milk at tea,—I wrote to the Queen at night.

The Queen wrote me word she was going to send down Dumerque the Dentist. I dread the terror it will cause My dear Young Charge.

*Monday 26.* Sir M. Tierney came very early (before 9), perceived I was ill, and prescribed. I felt very sick, but remember having the Chicken Pox, or should think I was going to have it. No Dentist is Yet arrived, I hope the Queen will Stop his coming for the present. The Eruption upon the Princess considerable, but very small in size. Confined to the house. She was taken down Stairs and Wheeled about the Apartments as far as the Housekeeper, Miss Lovat's room, which is the only one of access where the *Street* is seen. The View of which, with the quantity of persons and carriages passing along, amused the Princess. She went to Bed rather earlier than usual. I was very unwell all day with great headache and Sickness.

*Tuesday 27.* The Eruption very great ; not allowed to leave her room ; the Princess was cheerful, but declined coming to Dinner, while we were at Supper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  7 she retired to her Bed room, and the Governess s<sup>d</sup> she was crying.

I went and pretending not to notice, talked some nonsense and made her laugh.

Wednesday 28. Eruption increased in size and considerable in quantity.

Thursday 29. Went to my Church duty. Princess had a good night; wheeled herself about and came to my Room in the afternoon and staid an hour looking over my Drawings.

In the Evening Mdlle. Nouldy read *Malade imaginaire* which made us all laugh. Miss Gore has introduced Molière. I was a little fearful lest it might not be exactly proper; but I think there is no further fault to find with this work, than the disgust it gives to anything more serious; and I know of nothing proper to be read in the same comic Stile.

Miss Gore is a very amiable Girl, and well principled, but she knows a great deal of the world for her age (21) and I sometimes fear she should forget the extreme Youth and peculiar Situation of our dear Interesting Princess. How delightful was it to me, to hear her say the other day:—*‘Je n’ai jamais lu de romans. Je les ai en horreur, tant on m’a Parlé de ce genre de Lecture!’*

Friday, Sat. Sunday and Monday as Usual. the Princess did not go out, or bathe; the Eruptions dying away. On Sunday she dined with Us; but instead of a regular hot Supper she prefers having a Tray with Sandwiches brought into her Sitting room.

*Sunday 4th. Oct.* The Princess, had a disturbed Night, she appeared well and cheerful till she was taken from her Sofa, into the next room to prepare for Dinner she was then seized with a violent pain in her neck which I had never witnessed, though, when at Windsor, she Suffered from it very much. I was much distressed to see her in tears, Sir M. Tierney came in at the moment and ordered some Julep, she did not come to dinner, but eat something in her room and then fell asleep on the Sofa, for near two hours.

Miss Gore and Mlle. Nouldy went an airing, and I sat by the Princess. I had a Spasm after dinner.

*Wednesday 5.* The Princess had a good night took the Vapour Bath and a drive in the Evening. —I wrote to the Queen. Found a convenient table for the Princess' Sofa.

*Sunday 9.* Pr. drove out in the Landau in the Evening, Lady and Miss Gore and I accompanying her. Wrote to the Queen. Had a Letter from Her Majesty. Wrote back to the Queen by Lady Gore.

*Monday 10.* Lady and Miss Gore went away. P. took a vapour Bath rain, at home all day.

*11 Tuesday.* Rain the whole Day (rubbed 1½) from 4 to 5 in the afternoon the Princess was wheeled about the Apartments below. It was her Br. Pr. Edw<sup>ds</sup> Birthday 8 years. She was in good Spirits; the day passed very speedily. Walked 3 steps being held by 2 persons. I did not see it.

*Wednesday 12th.* Vapour Bath (rubbed  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ) rains all day. An hour spent in Miss Lovatt's room to see into the Street—very cheerful but could not make a step. I visited my nephew, poor Charles J. his foot Still very bad bits of bone coming away.

*Thursday 13.* Rains.

*Friday, 4.* Fine. Vapour Bath a drive afterw<sup>ds</sup>. another in the Evening. Wrote to the Queen; the Princess rather pensive all day, having heard, from the Queen, of Lord Howe's dismissal by Lord Grey from the Office of L<sup>d</sup> Chamberlain.

*Friday 14.* Vapour Bath. Rains all day Princess walked 2 steps. Cheerful.

*Sat.* The Night restless with some Slight pain in the neck; but at 9 I saw her laughing over a Letter from her Mother, giving an acc<sup>t</sup> how Prince W<sup>m</sup> at school had got the Chicken Pox. The Duchess must have carried it to him, for he has been separated from the other children there 2 months.

From this date to October the 29th. the Princess' State remained much the Same and the Life I led was quite retired, seeing actually nobody but the Doctor, and about twice a week visiting My Nephew for half an hour. Poor Charles S. J. is still sadly lame, 5 holes in his foot, pieces of bone have come away, but latterly the discharge has been less considerable he is attended by a Mr. Taylor, a Surgeon recommended by Brodie. Lady Taylor, wife to Sir Herbert, arrived at her lodging within the pleasure

ground 3 weeks ago, but did not like to See me or the Princess, fearing the Infection of the Chicken Pox for her little Girl. Lady Sophia Sydney (the king's daughter) was equally alarmed; but when Royalty appeared and all its splendid Accompaniments these fears were instantly dispelled, and both Ladies were assiduous in their visits to the Princess.

Charles S. J. was Charles Stuart, eldest son of Edward Jer-ningham, father to Sir Hubert Jerningham, K.C.M.G., now Governor of Mauritius.

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*Nov. 1st.* I asked leave to absent myself from the royal Breakfast, both on this day and the next, to go to the Chapel and attend to *Superior* duties. On 'all Saints' Evening the King talked of the following day and said: 'There is no church so void of all outward Shew as that of England, and that what was ordered is never done.' The Queen said that at Meinigen (her Country), they had always kept the Anniversary of their father and G<sup>d</sup> father, as a 'Memorial,' and had a sermon, but that her Brother (the Reigning Duke) thinking that when he was gone this memorial would be neglected had fixed it to be performed on 'all Souls' day' by which means it would always be remembered.

*November 5th.* The Court consists at present of the Princess Augusta, Duke and Duchess of Gloster, Prince Geo. of Cambridge, Princess Louisa of Saxe Weimar, the King's 4 daughters, Lady Errol, Lady Sophia Sydney, Lady Augusta Erskine and Lady

Mary Fox. There is besides Mlle. D'Este, L<sup>d</sup> and Lady Mayo, Lord Errol, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Fred. Watson, Sir Herbert Taylor, Mr. Hudson his Secretary. Mr. Davies, Household Surgeon, Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Wood, tutor to Prince George, Melle. Nouldy, Governess to the Princess Louisa. Lady Mary Taylor, Lady to the Princess Augusta, and Me. Lady Taylor has also dined here every day.

The Prs. L. dines with her Governess at the Royal Luncheon at which all the Ladies partake, but no Gentlemen but the Princes. At Breakfast the same, but the Prs. L. and her Governess Breakfast in her room. Pr. Geo. only dines below on a Sunday, with Mr. Wood. There is at present on a visit here an Old general Dalrymple, aged 95. He is not deaf and appears like a man of 75, cheerful and pleased and eats with appetite, but with moderation.

The Evenings are very pleasant and Social. The Queen and the Ladies work. There is one card table and the Princess Augusta often plays the whole Evening on the Piano, always by heart; she is an excellent performer and plays every old air, and every new one, that can be asked for. She has composed several very pretty things. Lady M. Taylor sings some things very agreeably, but her Voice is not certain, often out of tune, and the King amuses himself with making Lord Mayo sing Irish Songs: he has no Voice and sings quite out of tune, but the King likes to play upon him, tho' he looks very grave all the time.

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*Letter from LADY BEDINGFELD to her daughter  
Mrs. STANLEY CAREY.*

PAVILION BRIGHTON.

MY DEAR MATILDA,

I feel deeply in your debt but I write so many letters that my head is quite confused. But I will tell you about the Coronation. The Queen had but two of her Bedchamber Women Lady Wm. Russell and Lady C. Wood, but she appointed me to attend on her sister by which means I was in the Royal Box set apart for the Princesses, on one side of the altar, close to the ceremony. I had to stand the whole time behind my Duchess—who, with the rest of the Royalties, were seated thus in a line :

Princess Augusta.	Little ditto of Cam.	Prince George of Cam.
Lady Mary Taylor.	Miss Wynyard.	L <sup>d</sup> James O'Brian.
Duchess of S. Weimar.	Duke of S. Meinenen.	Duch. Cumberland.
Lady Bedingfeld.	German Chamberlain.	Lady S. Lenox.
Duchess Camb.	Duch. of Gloster.	
German Lady	Lady F. Thynne.	

I dined that day at St. James ; 103 persons, 5 tables, a Royalty at each.

I am now taking care of the young princess Louisa who is ordered to bathe in the sea ; her poor Mother has returned to Holland. The Queen and the Duchess were pleased to say that it would be a great comfort to them if I would undertake this charge till the Queen came with the Court. Of course I accepted, I came down to Brighton on the 19th. Sep. in the Carriage with the Queen, her sister, and the



young Princess; the Queen staid all next day to settle us. And, at going, gave her directions to me in writing, with a command signed by herself, that the servants were to take their orders from the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Lady Bedingfeld. My life is a strange tissue here, and I am in a Palace surrounded with grandeur and bowing pages, and scarlet footmen asking my leave for this and for that. I often wish they would all vanish!

We lead a comfortable retired life, dining at Two, with a hot supper at seven. This last meal I have persuaded the Princess to turn into a *Tray* with fruit and sandwiches, for we all really dine at 2 and drink tea at 6 o'clock.

My companions are the Governess and Miss Gore, daughter of the Admiral, a handsome and delightful girl. Her Mother is one of the W. of the Bedchamber. Miss Gore is on a visit here and amuses us by her high spirits. The Princess has taught us to take the impressions of prints on wood—an amusement for those who cannot draw. The poor Princess has had the chicken pox since she came here, which has stopped the bathing—she is a most amiable girl. She has sudden spasms in her neck that force tears from her eyes—but the moment they are gone she thanks us so amiably. I feel quite fond of her. I have very little time, as I feel it my duty to be much with her and have to write every night to the Queen. The Princess found y<sup>r</sup> little Girl very pretty, and has mentioned it more than once.

Your loving Mother,

CHARLOTTE BEDINGFELD.

### GUESTS AT DINNER.

*Monday 14.* Mrs. Fitzherbert and Miss Smythe, Lord Holland, Lady Afflech, Mr. Stratford Canning.

*15. Tuesday.* Duke of Norfolk, L<sup>d</sup> & Lady Surrey, Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Jerningham, Lord and Lady Petre, Miss Julia Petre, Miss Smythe.

*16. Wednesday.* L<sup>d</sup> Burghersh, Lord and Lady Maryborough, and Miss Bagot, the Duchess of Carnarvon, formerly Countess (?) St. Antonio, Lady Afflech.

*17. Thursday.* Duke of Argyle, Lady Agnes Byng, Lady Georgina Page and L<sup>d</sup> Uxbridge, Marquess of Queensbury, Col. Lord and Lady Mount Charles.

*18. Friday.* Duke of Argyle, Lord Burghersh, Sir W<sup>m</sup>. and Lady Freemantle, her d. Miss Hervey, and a Cousin, Miss Bathurst, Mr. Henry Fox, L<sup>d</sup> Queensbury, L<sup>d</sup> and Lady W<sup>m</sup>. Russel, Mr. Felix Bedingfeld, Mr. Henry Fox, Admiral Otway.

When the Court arrived at Brighton, I expected after a few days to be dismissed but the Queen said I had been so long in Solitude, without Society, that I must Stay till the end of November, which I did with Satisfaction. I continued frequenting the Princess Louisa's room as usual as I felt attached to her and anxious about her Health. I generally went out with her, and always went up after Dinner to accompany her down to the Drawing Room. Gee, the attentive footman, brought her down Stairs, and

placed her in the Wheeling chair at the bottom, Melle. Nouldy carried her work bag, and we escorted her to the D. room. The Queen always saw her arrive with Such seeming pleasure! She retired about  $\frac{1}{2}$  9, and I always saw her safely landed in her room, and then returned. During all this time there was no perceptible change, though some of the Ladies thought She held her head down as if she had a Stiff neck. I fancied the attitude proceeded from a little Shyness.

I saw her no more after My departure from Brighton till the Court came up to St. James's. I was then much Shocked and affected to see her So altered! and the very affectionate manner in which she received me made me feel it still more. I went, by order, at the Royal Luncheon hour, and went Straight up to the Princess Louisa's room on arriving at the Palace. She was sitting at the Piano, and when I bent forward to Salute Her, she exclaimed: 'Dear dear Lady Bedingfeld!' and clung round me like a playful Child,—her fine bloom was gone and her Cheeks sunk! and her hands emaciated and quite white! I knew she had been ill after I left Brighton, but was not prepared to see such an Alteration in her Person. When she was down Stairs, I perceived her Ankles appeared Swelled, I remarked it to Melle. Nouldy as we followed behind, she Shook her head and whispered, that she had bandages on on account of Sore places that had broken out, and that a portion of flesh had been Cut away! without her seeming to feel it! She only said: 'Qu'est ce que Vous faites?' I felt much Shocked.—She was placed now in one of

her chairs (she had a Wheeling chair on each floor) at the door of the Queen's Apartment; here her maid Smoothed her hair and her Shawl. Presently the King and Queen came out and Spoke very kindly to me. The Queen asked me if I was in haste to go, as (if not) she wished me to go an Airing with the Princess after Luncheon in the Park. Of course I assented; we then followed their M. M. down to the Luncheon room where was the Princess Sophia; She never appears, in public and looks very melancholy. The Duke of Sussex also came in. The Queen was very attentive to the Princess Sophia, recommending different dishes to her. It appeared that she dined at that hour, and so did I. Lady Sophia Sidney sat by the King, and talked a great deal as she usually does.

When the Luncheon was over and the Princess, got ready I went out with her in a small open Carriage; at first she was very merry, bid me remark the comical Countenance of a Sentry; she then from Weakness or pain, sunk into a languid Silent mood. a thick fog came on and after a drive of an hour, I was glad to get her back to St. James'. She expressed great impatience to get to Windsor she always disliked St. James' and her Apartment was melancholy the windows being high and Small, so that from her chair, she could not see out of them.

From 1831, until 1833, the books are missing. The last volume of the collection is a diary labelled :

‘ *Windsor Castle,  
Autumn, 1833.*’

Lady Bedingsfeld, who had been allowed by the King (October, 1831) the precedence of a Baron’s daughter, was now acting as Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

1833.

I went down to Windsor on third of August ; found staying at the Castle the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George of Cambridge, Lady Sophia Sidney, Lady Falkland, Miss Hope Johnston and Miss Boyle, maids of honor ; Sir Herbert and Lady Taylor, Sir Andrew Barnard, Sir Fred Watson, Mr. Hudson, Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Wood, Col. Horace Seymour, Miss Wilson, Miss Mariane and Mr. Davis. I had an Apartment on a level with the Corridor, the first door past the Royal Staircase.

A grand Military dinner in St. George’s Hall.

27.

*Epsom Races.* Accompanied their Majesties, went in a carriage with Lady Falkland, Miss Wilson and Col. Bowater, who had succeeded Col. Seymour. Rather a tedious day, the races following each other

very Slowly. The Queen had her work, so shall I, if it happens again. We were in a very handsome tent or room; between this temporary building and the course there was a space occupied by the Servants, which prevented the people coming too near. I suppose the Insult, or rather *danger*, which the good king incurred last year, caused this arrangement.

The Luncheon, as if at the Castle, was served and several persons who met the King there partook of it, among whom poor Lady Caroline Wood, who is but just recovered from her Mental depression and Still appears very melancholy.

*Wednesday 27th.* Attended the Queen to London, as Lady in Waiting. Her Majesty went with the King and I followed with Lord and Lady Falkland and Miss Wilson. My Mrs. Parke went with the Queen's m<sup>ds</sup> in a Coach and 4 post horses. Our horses were the Queen's and a *relais* halfway.

I looked with pleasure at the little humble convent door as we passed through Hammersmith. Grand dinner at St. James'. I was going to place Myself at the end of the table with Lord Albemarle, when I heard my name, and looking up saw the Duke of Cumberland, beckoning me to come by him and the Queen smiling and making me a Sign to the same effect. I obeyed though rather dreading that his R. H. was going to be teasing and disagreeable. The Queen says I am a favourite of his, because (says he) I Understand a Joke! He administered one to me during dinner, which I parried as well as

I could. I am generally inspired with a saucy reply, which I suppose amuses him.

*Thursday 28.* The King prorogued the Parliament, and then we returned to Windsor, in the same order as before. Previous to his going to the Parliament house he reviewed a regiment in the garden of St. James's palace; the Duke of Wellington stood all the time by the King and Queen, I at a little distance behind her; nobody else present but Miss Wilson who stood by me.

On the Wednesday, when the Queen got to St. James', she gave audience to the departing Napolitan Minister and to the new one; and also to the Mexican Ambassador, an odd outlandish looking Man. He came so near the Queen that there was not a foot's distance between their faces, and as she stood with her back to the door way, she could not retreat. *She mimicked* him afterw<sup>ds</sup> when talking to the Princess Sophia after Luncheon. There was nobody present at these audiences besides me, but Lord Falkland, who acted as Lord Chamberlain, and Sir R. Chester who as Master of the Ceremonies introduced them.

Lord and Lady Bingham are staying at the Castle.

*Saturday 30 Aug.* Arrived Lord and Lady Grey, their Son and daughter—also Baron Vaughan and his Brother, Sir Henry Halford; all Slept here. Lady Bingham asked the King if the Grey family was coming and on his saying: *Yes*, she declared she made it a point never to Speak to any of that family, and accordingly kept aloof the whole time they re-



mained. The King told me this, and added : 'her husband is fond of his profession, but I do not think either of them are overstocked with Sense.'

*Sept. 1st. Sunday.* Lord and Lady Bingham Lord and Lady Grey, Lady G. Grey, Col. Grey, L<sup>d</sup>. Palmerston, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bruce and Princess Lieven, the Bavarian Minister, Sir Jeffrey Wyalville, Sir H. Halford and his Br, Baron Vaughan, at the Castle. 3 Clergymen also came to Dinner, viz. the Dean and the Provost of Eton and a Canon. The Band played, but the Evening was heavy.

*2<sup>d</sup>.* The Grey Party and the Ambassadors went away. I took a Solitary walk on the Slopes and felt very low. Several officers came to dinner, Col. Lygon, Col. Pratt &c., and Lady Cornwallis and two daughters ; they are on a visit to the Princess Augusta at Frogmore and will come of course each day to Dine at the Castle.

*3<sup>d</sup>. Tuesday.* Did not go out ; all as Usual. I sat at Dinner by Lord Bingham who sat by the Queen, Dr. Raper on the other side of me, Lord Bingham has a very graceful Shape and *tournure* more like a high bred foreigner than an Englishman.

N.B. The Princess Augusta always dined at the Castle in King William's time.

*Thursday Sept. 4th.* The King said at Breakfast, that Louis Philipe had behaved in the most barbarous and brutal way to Donna Maria, and that it was but common humanity to offer Hospitality to the '*Poor Girl*' and therefore that he had sent Sir

—— to receive her when She landed, and escort her here, if she chose to come.

The Queen turned to Prince George laughing and said, that the little Queen had fixed upon *him*, to be her Husband and was coming to fetch him. He shook his head, and said he must decline the honor. The King humoured the Joke.

*Friday night Sept. 6th.* The King announced to Us that the Duke of Argyll was to succeed to Lord Wellesley's place as Lord high Steward of the household

I went alone in a Barouche of the Queen's to call on the Miss Gores, at Datchet; two of them came down to the door to speak to me and give me news of Lady Gore who is making a tour in Germany. I got out of the carriage in the town of Windsor, and sent it away: the 4 horses and an outrider trotting on before annoyed me. I dislike Splendour when I alone am concerned, and felt quite a relief, when They drove off and left me alone in the Street to go which way Suited my fancy. I felt very low, and have done ever since my arrival.

The Young Queen is expected to reach Windsor on Wednesday. The Queen continues to Joke with Prince George, and tells him the Kings have all settled the Marriage and she is coming on purpose to fetch him: whereupon he colours up and declares he will hide himself or go off to America! I proposed to him to come to the Convent at Hamm<sup>th</sup>. where nobody would think of looking for him; this made them all laugh. The Queen took a late drive

with the King. Lady Bingham & Lord Falkland remained the whole evening in the Music room, while Lady Falkland and Lord Bingham Sat talking together at a card table in the drawing room. I was, as usual, at the large table with the 2 Ladies Cornwallis, Lady Taylor, Misses Wilson and Maryanne, Col. Bowater and Sir Charles Thornton. At the Queen's table were the Prs. Augusta, Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Cornwallis and His Majesty.

*Saturday Sept. 7th.* The Queen talked of the Duchess of Kent, and of the Strange way she goes on in keeping so aloof. Her Majesty says they used to be like Sisters, and are now very friendly when they meet, but that the Duchess does so as seldom as possible, and when she does names her own hour and if that hour does not suit the Queen, she makes it an excuse for not calling at all. Formerly when the Q., then Duchess of Clarence, used to visit the D. of Kent, she sought her in all her Rooms familiarly till She found her, and the D. of Kent, did the same by her, and does so still; but when the Q. calls on the D. she is made to stop in some particular room till the Duchess makes her appearance: she seems to wish to be on great form. When her Nephews were this Spring in England, they came to the Juvenile Ball at St. James'. The Princess Victoria was there and sat by the Q. when she did not dance, and seemed to retain her former affection for her, which gratified the Queen.

To please the Duchess, the Q. begged she would

call her Nephews to come and sit by her in order that she (the Q.) might make acquaintance, Her Majesty observing to her that she could not run about the room after these two Young men, but that their Aunt might call them up to her. (The Royal family sit on an elevated row of chairs under a Canopy). However the Duchess declined doing it.

The Princess Victoria is sometimes taken to the Opera, and stays till a very late hour, but her Mother took her from the Ball long before it broke up, and on the Queen's saying she hoped at least She would leave her Nephews, She said they had been at a review and were fatigued !!!—Note that they are 6 feet high and very Stout for their age.

These same Young princes were invited to Stay some days to see Windsor, but the Duchess sent an Apology saying that She could not spare them or come with them, and that, as they had paid their respects to the King at the Drawing room, it was not necessary. When the Q. received this Note She felt a little indignant and not knowing what to answer, determined to go to the King, to ask what answer she should make. Finding however that Lord Grey was with the King, she did not like to go in, least Lord Grey should think she was come to hear what he was saying. She thought it better to send for Sir Herbert Taylor, and told him he could enter the King's closet at all times but she could not. Sir Herbert However said she might and ought to go in herself and shew the note from the Duchess of Kent. He accordingly went in to announce her, and the King said he would come and speak to her. But

Sir Herbert said that the Queen preferred coming to him, as She wished to have Lord Grey's opinion also on the refusal contained in the note. When the King heard it, he said carelessly: 'Well let them stay away, if they do not chuse to come and say I hope to see them another time.' But both Lord Grey and the Queen agreed in thinking that no renewal of invitation should be named, and a Note of regret only be sent, that the Princes could not manage to come and see what excited the curiosity of every stranger.\*

The Q. told me She had the curiosity to look in the paper to see what they did on the day they were invited, and she saw they went to the Zoological gardens ! ! !—She said Lord Grey seemed quite pleased to be of the same opinion as Her. I replied I dared say that he was sorry for his behaviour last Year. She answered that everybody told her so, because she had said she considered herself very ill-treated; but if he were sorry Why did he not make some Apology? If he had done so, all would have been forgotten. She treated him now with Civility as she did all who came, but he always looked so embarrassed and trembling, that she did not know what to say.—I attributed it to the Shyness so often found in the English Character though United with talent and Public Life.

I staid with the Queen more than an hour and a half and I believe she was pleased with My conversation, for after Luncheon, when the drives were settling, and I hung back out of Sight, she called

\* The two nephews of the Duke of Kent.

me and asked if I would like to take a drive with Her in her little poney Phaeton. I obeyed with pleasure and we drove about from 3 till 5; the weather was very fine and the forest Scenery in the Park (which we never quitted) beautiful. The Chinese Lodge by Virginia water is under repair: the floor of the gallery was So decayed that 2 of the Courtiers thrust their feet through it—rather a Culpable neglect, I think, Some where, but of course I did not say so. The Queen talked over her Ladies and others. She thinks Lady Bingham handsome, but full of the World, and love of Dress, *not wise*; her Sister Lady Howe much cleverer and more amiable in temper but odd in manner, saying and doing just what comes into her head. Her Majesty gave me two singular instances, viz: once going with the King and L<sup>d</sup>. and Lady Howe in the Carriage, Lady Howe being tired, put her two feet up without ceremony on her Husband's knee who sat facing her; the Queen could not help laughing at the oddity of the thing and Lord Howe's extreme embarrassment. This, however, was not all, for she put them out at the window, paying no sort of attention to Lord Howe's signals of distress but saying: 'What do you mean by Shaking Your head?' Another day, the Queen looking over some things Sent for a bazaar, and Lord and Lady Howe assisting in placing the tickets with the prices, Lady H. was much struck with the beauty of a pr. of Slippers; Lord Howe said he would purchase them for her, if they fitted her foot, on which she not only tried one on, but put her foot upon the table to Shew how well they Suited her.—

I think such very Strange actions, would be improper in a family party, but it approaches to Madness, behaving So in the presence of the King and Queen.

The Queen mentioned her going alone to St. Paul's and to the Mansion House ; the King approved of it but Lord Grey did not : she was however extremely well received. She then said that the first time she went to the Play alone in State, attended by Lord Denbigh, the Successor to Lord N. as L<sup>d</sup>. Chamberlain, she took Lord Howe also with the party that attended her, to Shew that though she had been Obligated by the Ministry to dismiss him she wished it understood that he had done nothing to displease her.—I could not help Sighing when she told me this, For the Queen is so truly good and virtuous that she has no Idea that people should fancy she likes him *too well*. I ventured to say that the Newspapers had been very insolent and illnatured about her. She replied: Yes she knew that, but truth at last always found its way.—She talked of the Maid of Honor, Miss . . ., (whom they all call *Caddy*). I said it was the fashion to abuse her, but I thought her a kind hearted Girl, though Singular and rather Unpolished. The Queen agreed that She believed She had a good heart : a horrid report was Spread about, her some months ago, that she had had a child by the King, and had gone to Italy last year with her Mother to be confined. The Q. said Caddy told her this, and begged she would let her remain in attendance to contradict it. The Queen in consequence has had her here a considerable time, but said she must go away the end of September, as she



will have staid long enough to be cleared of the Unjust accusation and that she was not agreeable enough to detain her for any other reason. Therefore, she intended to send for her, and tell her she must depart. Her Mother is still in Italy and is Sister to Mr. [illegible], and parted from her Husband. The Queen said Miss Hope Johnstone, the M<sup>d</sup> of Honor now in waiting, was a very sensible person, and though not handsome, was very Lady-like in appearance and Manners and knew her place, whereas poor Caddy if the Queen Speaks to anybody never retires but comes close up, to hear what is saying. She seems quite untaught, a thing which I cannot comprehend with her Connexions.

The Duke of Argyll arrived and was presented to the Queen by the King. As we were following her to Luncheon he came into Luncheon also but seemed rather embarrassed—which is odd in a man like him. At Dinner the Duke of Argyll sat by the Queen, and Lady Bingham was to sit by him, but She moved to the other side of the Queen to sit by Lord Falkland, which the King Observed aloud. At Dessert the King made a little Speech, and gave the Duke of Argyll's health. Those who were near him said the Duke turned quite pale and made no speech in return to thank the King ; he was terribly embarrassed which the kind hearted King probably perceiving, called out : *Doors* (the Signal of departure) and the Queen and we Ladies left the Dining room.

*Sunday 8th. September.* The Anniversary of the Coronation. Lady Cornwallis and her daughters

being in Mourning, the King gave them White Sattin gowns to wear on this day. Hearing this talked of, I sent my Servant to Hammersmith to bring me a White Silk court dress, which without the train Suited the Occasion. I went once more round the State rooms, some of which are not near finished. The King shewed them to Lady Cornwallis, and bid me to go likewise. I was extremely tired, and kept thinking of poor Lady Stafford, who went round with the King last Year, and enjoyed it so much. What changes another Year may bring!\*

A grand Dinner of about 90 in St. George's Hall, but no Sentries. The King returned thanks for the Queen when her health was drank, and made a great Eulogism of her character. It pleased me much. The Duke of Argyll sat at one end of the table and Sir William Freemantle at the other. The King called out their names before he gave the toasts. I sat between Lord Ashbrook and *Col. or Major*, Pratt. After Dinner the Queen had her drawing book and was doing the portrait of Sir Andrew Barnard; there were books of views and portraits on the tables. The King gave every one of the Ladies a little Chinese bottle. The Queen distributed them in the Corridor before Luncheon. I looked over a Vol. of Shakespear illustrated but got up several times to approach the Queen's table who shewed me her Drawings, and the Prs. Augusta was joking with me. But, the last time, when I turned round to resume

\* Lady Stafford—'the proud Lady Stafford,' as the beautiful Sulyarde heiress was called by her relations—had died in November, 1832.

my place, poor Caddy was in it quite Settled turning over the Leaves of My Book ; everybody Smiled, and Lady Louisa Cornwallis got up to offer me her chair, which of course I did not accept, but there being no other I walked with Col. Bowater to the other end of the Room. Caddy meanwhile, seeming quite unawares of what she had done. It is these odd absences (for I think them such) that makes her be disliked.

There were 135 Lamps in the dining room, and 124 waxlights on the table.

*Monday 9th. September.* A Review of the Lancers took place in the Park at  $\frac{1}{2}$  11; the King in his Uniform, went with the Queen and the Princess Augusta in an open Landau, preceded by 5 other Similar Carriages and a body guard, Prince George of Cambridge, and other officers on Horseback. It was a pretty Sight to see this Splendid Shew passing under the quiet Branches of those Venerable Oaks that belong to other Ages ! I could not help thinking how many monarchs, how many things of the Sort, they had witnessed !—When arrived on the ground the Carriages were drawn up in front of the Guard and the Horses taken off. The King's Landau was just before the one in Which I was with Lady Louisa and Lady Eliz. Cornwallis and Sir Henry Wheatley. He was in full uniform, and left the Carriage as soon as we reached the Spot. The King stood the Whole time of the Review, without once looking round him. Lord Bingham flew about on his Charger, but Sir John Ellis the Colonel stood a long time by the King. The weather was Still,

neither Sun or Wind, and all went off very well. We returned to Luncheon, after which the Queen went out riding; a Poney Phaeton was offered me by her orders, but I thought it better to remain quiet in My room till Dinner. This Banquet took place in St. Georges Hall: it was a Military dinner, with Sentries; they are renewed twice, which has a fine effect. I sat by Col. Needham, Son to Lord Kilmorey, a very interesting man about 36. His Conversation was rather Singular, of a melancholy cast like his countenance. I had never seen him before, but we got quite acquainted. He appeared to dislike his profession, without wishing for any other, and said that sometimes he thought that there was nothing better for him to do, than to lie down and die.

I do not know if he knew me by name, but I had not the Smallest Idea who he was, till after Dinner, when I saw him no More.

*Tuesday Sept. 10th.* The King had invited the Young Queen, Donna Maria, as he said, out of humanity; but as the day approached I think he felt it a Bore. Lady Mayo, and Lord Denbigh were Summoned, and arrived at the Castle in the Eve. 5 carriages and a Guard of Honor were sent to meet the Royal guests at Bagshot. I went out from 3 to 4 with the Duchess of Gloster, and saw guards stationed also in the park, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  4 the household assembled in the Corridor, and the Regiment of foot guards with their band was drawn up in the Court. We waited till we all got Cold and tired. At last Prince George returned from riding, and ran in quite

out of Breath to tell Us that he had seen the Carriage and that it was fast approaching. On hearing this we prepared to Station ourselves as we had been told to do, the Ladies at the Bottom of the Staircase. The Queen was to Stand at the top, which is at the entrance of her private apartment, with Lady Mayo behind her. Presently the Band Struck up 'God save the King,' and his Majesty, followed by all his Gentlemen, went down to receive them, and giving his arm to each Princess conducted them upstairs preceded by the Gentlemen and followed by Us. Our Queen embraced them and putting Donna Maria's arm within hers While the King conducted the Ex Empress, the procession proceeded along the Corridor to the great drawing room, where these Royalties faced about, and our Queen presented Us all by name to her Guests. Then the 2 Ladies belonging to them were presented to our Sovereigns, and lastly came the 3 Portuguese Gentlemen to be presented likewise. It was impossible not to laugh at their grotesque appearance. So little ! so Old ! so bent ! so Ugly ! When this was concluded, the Royal Guests were conducted by the same Escort to their respective apartments at the end of the Corridor.

Dinner was to be at the Usual hour 7 ; and I as usual went 5 Minutes before to the Queen's private drawing room, to wait, with the other Ladies and the Lord Chamberlain. The Princess Augusta soon arrived from Frogmore ; and Shortly after the Queen herself entered. After waiting a long time, she sent Lord Denbigh to make out if the Royal guests were ready, as she intended to fetch them.

It appeared that they were *not* ready, and another half hour past, at last the Queen rose and said, she would go to the Donna Maria's room and see what could be the Matter. The truth was that their Servants with the Baggage had not arrived at the Castle till 7 o'clock, the dinner hour ! But this circumstance was not then known to Us, so it seemed very extraordinary. I fancied that some mistake from the difference of Language, had arisen—however off went the Queen with the Princess Augusta, followed by all us 6 Ladies and the Lord Chamberlain. The Queen lingered a long time in the Corridor, making Observations on the Busts and Pictures, to give them more time. At last we reached the Young Queen's room and the doors were flung open ; and there she stood bolt upright, with Donna Leonora her Lady behind her, equally tall, Stout, Straight, and grave. I could not hear what was said, but Miss Boyle was sent to the Apartment of the Ex-Empress at the end of the Corridor ; and after again waiting she came forth and made her Excuses and told her disasters with all the grace and ease of a pretty Frenchwoman. She has French Blood in her veins, being Grand daughter to Josephine, through a Princess of Bavaria ; she is tall and well made, with beautiful blue Eyes, long black Eyelashes, and marked Eyebrows. The Young Queen is only 14 but as tall as her Mother in law and much Stouter. Her features small and Childish ; fat Cheeks squeezing up her mouth ; no Expression whatever, no Colour, and not fair though with light Eyes and hair.

Her Lady, Donna Leonora de Camera, looks about



50 ; tall, Stout, and Stately, with large dark Eyes and rather a frown ; remains of Beauty ; very Slow to Speak, but said to be very clever. From her acquired information on a private Mysterious affair which nearly interests her, and has employed many of My thoughts for the last 3 Years—but it is too long a tale to introduce here. The Duchess of Braganza's Lady is German, about 34 or 5 pale, fair and a little pitted with the Small Pox ; very pleasing in her manners and cheerful.

We found the King in the State Drawing room, with a very large party somewhat Surprised at our Strange delay. Shortly after the Dinner was announced and we proceeded to the Magnificent hall of St. George. The Young Queen was placed between the King and our Queen, who both contrary to their Usual custom, sat on the same Side of the table ; the Duchess of Braganza Sat on the other Side of the King, and the Princess Augusta the other side of the Queen. I was led in by Adm<sup>l</sup> Sir C. H. Rowley and had Donna Maria's Chamberlain on the other Side of me, the Cte. Tempayo, a little thin old man of 75, with good features but Unwilling to talk and therefore not agreeable. He eat however a good dinner, Swallowed quantities of Bread and put the corner of his Napkin on the table under his Plate. The table was Splendidly decorated, the Service all Vermeil ; and from the good arrangement of the Pages and footmen, the courses are removed as quickly as in a family party of 10 persons.

The Evening passed as usual, the Ladies (including the Queen) working, and the Gentlemen



walking about. The Health of Donna M. *Queen of Portugal*, was drank standing after Dinner.

*Wednesday 11th. September.* The Queen Saw nothing of the Royal Visitors till Luncheon; they took their Breakfasts in their own Apartments. We breakfasted as usual with the King and Queen; his Majesty said he never Saw a more uninteresting Girl than Donna Maria. Little Prince G. said She looked like an immense Doll; the Queen found her features very regular and thought She would improve.

On this day there was another Room opened for Luncheon, as the Royal Visitors partook of this second Dejeuné with the King and Queen. L<sup>d</sup> Denbigh was at that table likewise Lady Mayo, and the King's Daughters; the rest were in the Octagon Room. At 3 the whole Court set off to See the Park; 5 carriages-and-four and Many Gentlemen on Horseback. My Lot was cast with Miss Boyle, Lord Mayo and Cte. Tempayo. We got out at the Fishing house at Virginia Water, and likewise at the Belvidere; these places are well kept up, but there is something very melancholy to me in a habitation without an inhabitant. I even feel it, on entering the most rustic hermitage. The Rain Obliged Us to Shut up the Carriages occasionally, and the last Shower was so Violent, that the Gentlemen on horseback got completely wet; and several of the Carriages let in the Rain.

The Dinner passed much in the Same Style, and the Evening also.

*Thursday 12th. September.* The King announced at Breakfast that he was going to take the Royal Visitors to see the Church and that they should go some private way to avoid being followed. The hour was to be 12; at that time we all assembled in the Corridor, when the Queen came out of her room. She walked Up to me and put her hand on My arm, saying: 'It is an odd thing to say, but You must not go—the King fears too many in company may draw a Crowd.' I felt very well pleased, being extremely weary, and Asked if her Majesty would allow me not to go to Virginia water. She laughed and said: 'You are afraid!' I told her the Physicians advised me to be careful how I went upon the Water.

While this passed, Cattie in her abrupt way went to Lady Cornwallis and said: '*You* are not to go.' Lady C. did not seem pleased, and as soon as the King and the party moved off, she came to me and the M<sup>ds</sup> of Honor, saying: 'What am I to do? The King told me last night to come up here, and that he would shew me the Church and the Round Tower. I would not give a fig to see the Church, but I should like to see the round Tower.'—I quieted her by saying the round Tower would not be shewn, as the rooms were at present all Occupied, but that she could join the King (the party being yet in the Corridor) and leave her daughters with me. This she did not chuse to do. I went and took off my Bonnet and returned to the Corridor to Lady C. who still appeared disturbed.—I am no Radical certainly but I cannot conceive the Importance some people

attach to these court arrangements ; when once one knows that the King and Queen are kind and approve of You, what can it signify ? Lady C. appears a kind hearted woman, and not in the least 'fine,' but she is often in a fuss about nothing ; this fuss redoubled when the Royal party were seen at the end of the Corridor entering the Luncheon room, and we in consequence began to advance towards ours, called the Octagon. I did think that She would be summoned, but she came with Us, and with Us she remained, till they all set off for Virginia water.

Grand Dinner. The poor young Queen's reserve at last gave way, and when the Ladies came out of the Hall with their Majesties I was surprised to see the Donna Maria laughing and Joking about Lady Mayo's Sleeping in the Boat. She was pulling the Prs. Augusta about : I did not think the change improved her, for her Voice sounded Ugly and her whole manner was uncouth, as I could expect that of a Princess from the Sandwich Islands.

I had a private conference with Donna Leonora on the Mysterious affair that interests me and hope the Individual concerned may benefit. We exchanged addresses.

*Friday 13th.* The Young Queen and the D. of Braganza left the Castle about  $\frac{1}{2}$  10 for Portsmouth. We all followed the Queen who conducted her to the door at the foot of the grand Stairs. Lord Denbigh, who handed them in, said they had both tears in their Eyes. Lord D. and Col. Bowater went with them as far as *Lalham* a house they

inhabited when last in England. Donna Maria ran over it, delighted to find it unaltered and the tree She planted in the Garden still there. She sent a little Sprig by Lord Denbigh to all the Ladies here.

When the Royalties left the Door and I was slowly going up Stairs the Queen called me into her room to See the departing *Cortège* from her window. She talked a long time with me and seemed very Cheerful, but said she had got the rheumatism in her side, which affected her Breathing. She did not come to Luncheon and Mr. Davis told me in the Corridor that he had advised her to go to Bed. She did so and Slept 15 hours! which quite recovered her and removed the pain. The Princess Aug. was taken ill with the gout. On Saturday the Castle seemed very Melancholy.

*On Sunday 15.* The Queen reappeared. Lady Caroline Capel, Sister to the Duke of St. Albans, dined here. She is a handsome, *Slatternly* looking Young person, pretty but I could fancy her anything low drest up. Perhaps it is something of Nell Gwin, hanging about her.—She is descended from that worthy Personage.

I gave one of my Prints of the poor Soldier to the Dean, as I heard him enquiring where it could be bought. I do not think there are any now in the Market, it being such an Old affair. I chanced to have it in My Portfolio, with some drawings I produced in the Evening.

*Wednesday 18th.* Many departures. D. and Duchess of Gloucester.

I took a drive with Lady Sophia Sydney, the Duke of Argyll and Lord Mount Edgcomb, the latter very entertaining, but fine and satirical Lady Sophia much worse. The Duke says very little at any time and Seems too good natured to join in this Style of Conversation. He Sat wrapt up in his Cloke looking like some Highland Chief, and I sat almost Silent for I dislike backbiting.

*16th.* Review of the Guards, near the Castle. Went with Lord Falkland, Lord Mayo, and took Up Miss Bagot who was Standing under a tree. Dinner in St. Georges Hall. 103. I sat between Sir N. Wheatley and Major Pratt; Lord and Lady Bingham came to Dinner. The general Opinion seems to be that Lord Falkland is too great an Admirer of Lady Bingham's Beauty, but that Lady Falkland does not think about Lord B. God grant the whole may be nothing!—Lord and Lady Falkland are very amiable people.

At this grand Banquet there were: Dukes, Cumberland, Gloucester, Argyll, and Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Baron Bulow, Lord Mount Edgcomb, Lord Ashbrook &c., &c.

The D. and Ds. of Glostr., Duke of Wellington took leave.—A quieter day, see the former page.

*Wed. 18.* The King went to London. Col. Bowater had intended visiting his brother at Hampton, but the King sent for him during Breakfast and ordered him to accompany him to town to see about some harness. We were quite a Small party at

dinner, not more than ten. Lady Mayo being gone, the Queen signified to me to act as Lady in Waiting; this makes me nervous, or rather it confines me more than I like to Sit near the King at Dinner and to work at the Queen's table.

*Thursday 19.* I attended the King and Queen to a farewell Dinner at Kew, to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland; went alone with Col. Bowater in a Coach and four. The Queen took no others of the household, as the Duke of C.'s dining room is not very large. Col. Bowater is a worthy kind hearted man, and we talked the whole way there and back without weariness; he told me that his father being an Admiral, he had begun by the Sea, and sailed in the same Ship as his father, who never spoke to him, or saw him oftener than his fellow Mids. and this was such a painful restraint to him, afflicted him so much, that he begged to return to School. The King gave him his Commission in the Guards, and he served during the War. He never had a promotion to buy till the last. He said he had been most fortunate through Life. It is refreshing to My Spirits to meet with anyone who is Satisfied with his Lot, and grateful to his Benefactors.

When we arrived at the King's Palace at Kew, the Duchess of Cumberland holding the Arm of her Beautiful blind Boy, came out to meet the Queen, and we proceeded to a Square room hung round with pictures and plainly furnished as rooms were about 50 years ago. In a Minute the King left the room with the Duke, and the Queen and Duchess

began talking in a low voice in German. Poor Pr. George was probably the Subject of their conversation, so I kept at the other side of the room and entered into conversation with him. He is not yet 15, extremely tall and Slim, a very fine Upright figure, his hair light, his face round and fresh, and his Eyes partly Shut. He was drest in dark Coloured tight Pantalons, and waistcoat buttoned to the Chin, a black Silk Handkerchief round his throat above which just appeared a plaid cambric frill, boots and military Spurs. He was in great Spirits, striking his heels together, making Steps, and moving his Arms as if doing the broad Sword exercise. I think I never saw a more noble looking Boy, and his manners are as pleasing as his person: his disposition is truly amiable and everything he says seems dictated by a kind feeling.

He enquired after My Old Maid, Mrs. Parke, then talked with such affection of his Nurse! I asked him if his Tutor, Mr. Jelf, was going with him:—‘Oh!’ he said, ‘I cannot do without him!’ Then, continuing in a Cheerful tone, he added:—‘And, do You know, he is so kind as to Say that he cannot do without *me*!’

When Pr. George of Cambridge came in and he heard his Voice, he playfully knelt down and took his hand to kiss it. The Boys now left the room, and I wished to go too but knew not if it would be right. The Duchess of C. leaving the Apartment to Speak to her Son, I approached the Queen to whom I dare say anything when alone with her, and asked if I ought not to retire to some other room. She



said she would Shew me the house, and then after Lunch I might go where I pleased. I accordingly followed her up Stairs and She shewed me the room in Which She was married, pointing out where each of the Royal family Stood. I saw also the room in which Queen Charlotte died ; the Bed is removed but the Chair in which she expired is still there and has a piece of paper pinned on it with these words : *Queen Charlotte died in this Chair.*

We were now Summoned to Luncheon, at which were the D. and D. of Cum——, Col. Bowater, Sir Benjamin Stephenson, Sir Jeffry Wyatville, but not the Young Princes ; they were gone to Cumberland Lodge with Mr. Wood.—Luncheon finished the King said he was going where the Queen could not follow, with Sir Ben. and Sir Jeff. and would soon return to go round the Park with us.

I now went up Stairs and Settled Myself at Work in a sort of Drawing room, after walking about and Examining all the Rooms and Pictures &c. The king and his Sisters are very much attached to this Palace, from the recollections of days spent here in their Childhood, but to an indifferent person there is nothing to interest. The King says it was bought of a Dutch Merchant, and was built about the time of Elizabeth. I cannot think it near so ancient ; the Interior is like a private Gentleman's house, the Rooms neither large or high, many quite Square, the furniture plain, such as was the fashion about 50 Years ago. The Beds are all removed. There are not many pictures, those worth anything are going away. The doors were all open, the rooms silent

and empty, but the Absence of Splendour made me feel at home and comfortable; the Magnificence and Splendour, of Golden Windsor is humiliating and sets me moralising!

Several Showers pelted the Windows before we set out for a drive, the Sun then came out and the afternoon was beautiful. I went in a Landau with the Duke of Cumberland and Col. Bowater. Nobody likes the Duke's character, and Col. Bow. had told me in coming that he had a horror of him, having been all his Life the intimate friend of poor Lord Graves.\* The Queen says the Duke tells her he likes me because I can understand a Joke. He is very odd and abrupt in his manner; I am glad with that terribly ferocious countenance that he does not *dislike* me! As it is I am always glad to avoid him.

After our return to the Palace, I was about an hour with the King and Queen in a comfortable room with a fire, out of which he turned his Valet and a Page. Some tea was brought, and at Dusk the Queen went to dress and I went to the room where My Box had been deposited. I only wanted assistance to button My gown behind, which was rendered me by a little Maid, who lives there with the Housekeeper but *hopes* in time to be in Windsor Castle;—This looking forward always to Something better, Shews that this Life is only a Passage! And when, as in my case, there is no longer anything to wish or to look forward to, we are reconciled to die!

\* Thomas North, second Lord Graves, who died in 1830, and had been Comptroller of the Household to the Duke of Cumberland.

I went to Dinner at the Lodge, in the Carriage with the King and Queen ; Col. Bow<sup>er</sup> followed in another. Cumberland Lodge is modern, and fashionably fitted Up in the taste of the present day ; two handsome Drawing rooms up Stairs, seeming like one from the Width of the folding doors, full of tables covered with ornaments and China ; the dining room not very large considering the Size of the table ; and a quantity of Servants, who did not appear so well drilled in their duties as those at the Castle. I sat on one side of the Duke, who was on the right of the Queen ; he had a *Jäger* behind him, an enormously tall man, who Occasionally leant most Unmercifully on My Sleeves, in removing plates &c. The Boys did not appear. Among the Company were Baron Bulow, L<sup>d</sup> Palmerston, Sir Geo. Quintin, his Wife and daughter, and Lady Aug. Kennedy Erskine, Sir Ben. Stephenson sat by me, and was merry and agreeable. The Dessert was placed on the table from the beginning, in the German fashion. The Cook Shewed himself a Scientific *Artist*, much superior to the King's, but I eat nothing but a piece of roast meat. The King gave the health of the Duke and Duchess, with a few very affecting words on the Subject of the cause that takes them out of the Country ! A dead Silence of some minutes followed, the Duchess was much overcome. At last the Duke arose, and in a tone of voice that proved he *felt*, returned thanks. The King then gave Prince George's health by itself. When the Queen returned to the drawing room ; we found Several Ladies there, among others Mrs. Jelfe, Wife to Prince George's

tutor, a very pleasing and pretty German, niece to Baron Bulow. I also observed a *very* Old Lady, with Striking remains of Beauty, and whose features seemed very familiar to me; I felt to know her features by heart & at last I learnt her Name, *Mrs. Gwinn*, the Widow of a General and near ninety! I had never seen her before, but when I was a Girl My Uncle, the Poet, gave me a portrait of her, copied from Sir Jos. Reynolds, small size in a Turkish Costume, and attitude. This Picture is still at Cossey, and of course Must have been very like her, since it led me to find her out.

We got back to the Castle a little after 12. I returned, as I went, with Col. Bowater, and we kept Up the Conversation the whole way.

*Friday 20th.* Arrived the horrid old creature Prince Talleyrand, his polite and handsome Niece the Duchess de Dino, Lord Palmerston &c. &c.—They went away on Sunday. On that day at Luncheon, the King called out to Prince Esterhazy: '*Prince! avant la Promenade j'aurois Un Mot à Vous dire, au Sujet d'un jeune homme à qui Je m'interesse, et qui est à present à Vienne.*' I sat by the King and My heart began to beat. For I knew he meant My dear Charles! In rising from table I just said:—'How good You are Sir!' The King answered, in a good natured Whisper: 'I'll see him alone, and then You shall speak to him.' Accordingly, as we were all round the Queen in the Corridor, after the King had retired, the Prince Esterhazy (with whom I was not then acquainted) was called to the King's

room, and some Minutes after a Page summoned me into his presence. The Company stared, and as I passed the Queen, she gave me an encouraging nod.

The King and Prince were seated at the farther end of the room ; the King called out : ' Give Lady B. a chair ! ' The Prince pulled one forward and I sat down close to them. The King said : ' The Prince knows Your Son. ' Upon which that kind hearted Man, began Such an Eulogium of poor Charles ! the Satisfaction he had always given his Superiors, the regret all his companions had felt when he left the Service !—' I will write to the Emperor about him, ' said the King. I was so overcome, that I could not Utter a word ! And the King, seeing how Much I was affected, dismissed Us both.

I stepped in the outward room to recover Myself, before I returned to the Corridor, and the Pr. Esterhazy took both my hands in his, repeated Charles's praises and assured me of Success. He said that the King's recommendation was certainly a great thing, but that My Son's reputation would serve him Still more, and that he (himself) would not lose a Moment in forwarding what I wished. He bid me write to My son that very day and to give the Letter to him.

I returned very light hearted to My room to prepare to accompany the Queen to her Cottage, the Usual Sunday Walk. The Prince Esterhazy and Baron Bulow were of the party ; also Lord Albemarle, the Duke of Argyll, Miss Johnston, Miss Wilson, Miss

Boyle, Miss Marianne. It was a long walk for me, and as the Queen wished to prolong it to the dairy &c., she bid me remain at the Cottage till the party returned. I obeyed and, not to lose my time, I asked Mrs. Shoemach the (Page's wife) who lives there to give me a Sheet of paper and a pen, and I wrote to dear Charles.

On the Queen's return her train was augmented by Sir Robert Taylor, his Br., Sir Brook, and his little Girl. As we walked up to the Castle I told My good news to Sir Robert; he is a Kind hearted man, and does what he can for everybody. He told me to send him My Letter and he would send it in the Bag to Vienna. At Dinner I found Myself next to Prince Esterhazy, Lord Albemarle on the other Side. The Prince talked a great deal with the Queen, but he often turned to me, and said something kind and encouraging. Once he said suddenly: 'A thought Strikes me almost, My best friend, the Pr. Lichtenstein is Governor of Bohemia, he will do it, he will do it.' I asked if he were related to the De Ligne Princes—this led to his discovering that I am acquainted and have been intimate with many Austrian grandees from the circumstance of My Father's residing 3 Years at Brussels (when I was a Girl) at the time that it belonged to Austria and had his Sister the Arch D. Mary Christine for Vice-Reine. I told him also of My Old Cousin, Gen<sup>l</sup> Jerningham, who used to live almost entirely with a Prince Esterhazy. He said it was his Grandfather, and that he remembered Gen<sup>l</sup> Jerningham perfectly. The King who was Opposite asked me to

take a Glass of Wine, and asked the Prince also ; and when Wine was put in the glasses, he said : ‘ Prince, we must drink to the health of Lady Bedingfield’s Son.’ I felt much gratified, and most grateful. At Night he wished me good Night, taking My hand, and bid me send My Letter to him in London. I had given it to Sir H. Taylor. But Sir Henry sent it next day, adding something to the Prince from himself.

I hope, with this powerful protection, My dear Charles may be honorably placed.

Mr. Wessenberg was one among their Diplomatic persons. He is an Austrian Sent to the Hague, and come over here to hasten the arrangements. He is very plain, but Clever and entertaining. Prince Esterhazy has immense Spirits and bursts forth into a loud laugh that one can scarcely help joining, though ignorant of the Subject. They all went away next day.

*Monday 23<sup>d</sup> Sept.* Lord and Lady Albemarle Still here, Lord and Lady Braybrook came to Dinner with Mrs. Crutchley (née Barrell), an Old Miss Byng, the Freemantles, Col. Stanhope.

I sat at the large Work table. The Conversation fell on Dreams and ghosts ; Col. Stanhope related several curious Stories and Lady Sophia Sydney told us the History of Blombery’s good fortune all founded on the appearance of his Father’s ghost. Lady Braybrook is soon acquainted like her Mother, and appears extremely Good humoured ; Mrs. Crutchley mild and gentle.



*Tuesday 24.* A quiet day; only 16 at dinner, which the Queen seemed to enjoy. The King led her to Dinner and they sat on the same side. I was next the King and at the Queen's work table after. I observed that I was sorry to hear that Mr. Johnson, who had treated Lady Wellesley so ill, was going with Lord W. to Ireland. The King said: 'Who told you that?'—'The Duke of Cumberland Sir.'—'The Duke of Cumberland knows nothing about it, but if the Duke of C. can do mischief or say an ill-natured thing, he will be sure to do it. Mr. Johnson does *not* go.'

It rained and I staid at home the whole day. L<sup>d</sup> and Lady Braybrook came to See the Castle, and waited with me till Miss White, the House-keeper came. Their Son was with them, a Boy of 13, like the Petres.

*Wednesday 25th.* Still quieter. The King went to Town and returned to his cup of tea about 9.

*Friday Sept. 27th.* Another busy day, spent at Bushy and concluded at the Stud House. We set forth from the Castle about  $\frac{1}{2}$  10. The King and Queen in one carriage, Miss Hope Johnston, Miss Boyle and Miss Bagot with me in a Landau, Colonel Seymour (in waiting) alone in another. The Queen delights in Bushy, and keeps it up as if it were inhabited. She very kindly sent My Maid word by Miss Rippel that if She liked to see Bushy she might go with her early; poor Mrs. Parke was delighted, and when I got to Bushy I

found her established in the room allotted for me to dress in, but many hours past before that operation. The Queen took Us all about the Shrubberies &c., and she received in her own Apartment Col. and Lady Aug. de Roos, sister to the Lady Bentinck who died lately of Cholera: she was in deep mourning and looked very melancholy, The King was busy looking about with Mr. Barton Jun<sup>r</sup> who takes care of the place.

About two we sat down, tolerably wearied, to a hot Luncheon in the same Style as at Windsor, the pages and Cooks &c. being all sent on these Occasions.

It being Friday I was Obligated to content Myself with mashed potatoes, and a little bit of German pudding. The repast over we set off, an airing, all round the Parks of Bushy and Hampton, in and out of fields, round about plantations and back again. The King seemed very attentive to every thing and got out to look at some Stables. We returned after a 3 hours' drive to Bushy, where Lady Augusta Kennedy arrived at the same moment to See her Royal father.

The 3 maids of honor, were now sent back to Windsor (12 miles) and I drest. I was not sorry to have Mrs. Parke, tho' I can manage better than most Ladies without a maid &c. At 7 we proceeded to the abode of the Master of the Horse, at the Stud house; the King and Queen went together and I followed with Col. H. Seymour. And we were Obligated to jump out of the Carriage short of the Entrance, to get up to the King and Queen

before they entered. The House is not very large, and the drawing-room is below Stairs. We found there, all the foreign Ministers except Old Talleyrand. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland were also there, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Stanley and his Lady. Prince Esterhazy took me to dinner and he sat by me and next to Lady Albemarle, who was by the King. The Dinner was Magnificent and Splendidly lighted up, and the guests served in the foreign way which seems now very generally adopted. As far as I can recollect we sat as follows.—I *cannot* recollect! The table was very full, M. de Wessenberg was by me, a very agreeable man, then M. Ompteda, Sir Benjamin Stephenson, Col. Bowater, Col. Seymour, Baron Bulow, Lady C. Keppel, Duke of Richmond, Mrs. Stanley, Lord Albemarle, the Queen, Duke of Cumberland. . . . After dinner there was rather a crowded party, but there was a Cheerfulness and ease about the whole that was pleasant. I like Lord Albemarle.

The duke of Cumberland came and Sat down by me, to my dismay; but for the first time he talked rationally, without any foolish incomprehensible Jokes. I returned with Col. Seymour in a Landau; the conversation kept up very well the Whole way, for I engaged him to talk of himself.—He was left early an Orphan, the Sister and Brothers were taken by different relations; his Uncle, L<sup>d</sup> Hertford, took him, and he was put in the Army, and went Young to India; he served all the War, he is now a Widower with 3 children, a fine figure and handsome but rather a coarse muddled Complexion. It

was past 12 when we reached the Castle, the Ladies were all gone to Bed.

This was the hardest day's work I had during my stay at Windsor, but I bore it very well.

*Saturday 28th.* The Queen at Breakfast was seized with Lumbago; she was in great pain, but laughed, at it. However, the intended excursion to Kew was put off and the Queen appeared no more that day. The Weather was got very cold, but there were no fires in the drawing rooms, and before dinner it looked very dreary, having neither the Queen or the Princess Augusta, and I began to fear I should not see the Queen any more, as My departure was to take place with the Month of September. It was my Lot to be led to Dinner by his Majesty, and of course sat next to him and Lady Taylor on the other side. There were no guests but Mr. Spring Rice and Colonel Campbell, a very handsome Man like My family, he is Brother to Lord Cawdor. I asked the King who that 'handsome Man' was, adding I thought, but I ought not perhaps to say so, that he was like My family. The King said: 'Why not? Yours is a beautiful family.'

After dinner, I sat at the Queen's table with the King and Lady Falkland. His Majesty called Mr. Spring Rice and made him Sit down on the Sofa where the Q. usually sits, and talked a great deal to him, seeming amused. Mr. Spring Rice is very lively, expresses himself well, and seems to see everybody and everything *en Couleur de rose*. I was glad to hear him; many clever people have a vein

of discontent or Satire running through them which tinges every account they give. The King called Col. Campbell and talked to him, but he got away as soon as he could. Mr. S. R. had probably not been in contact with royalty before, and was visibly elated.

*Sunday 29th.* Michaelmas day. The King at Dinner, the day before, asked Mr. S. Rice if they did not Stuff the Michaelmas Goose with Potatoes in Ireland: He s<sup>d</sup> they did.—‘Well you shall have one tomorrow,’ said the King; then Speaking to a Page, he said:—‘Let there be two Geese at Dinner tomorrow, one in the English, the other in the Irish way.’

In the morning, at Breakfast, the Queen did not appear but was said to be better. The King, in speaking of Mr. S. Rice, said ‘If he told me no political lies, things in his department, and in his part of Ireland are going on remarkably well.’ He praised his flow of words and said the Irish were naturally Eloquent. He Observed, however, with disapprobation that Mr. S. Rice mentioned the persons he had to do with in the Treasury by their names without their titles, which he said was extraordinary in a Man so well bred as Mr. S. R. appeared to be. The Queen came to Luncheon wrapped up in a Shawl, but did not appear afterwards, as she was unable to dress.

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Here, abruptly, in the very midst of grandeur and royal honours, ends the last fragment of Lady Bedingfeld’s journals that I have been able to find.

That she continued to spend her existence, oddly, yet seemingly with peace and comfort to herself, between the two extremes, Windsor Castle and the Hammersmith Convent, until her royal mistress's death in 1849, we know. We know also that her last years were altogether passed in the retreat of the convent, although not altogether in seclusion ; that she died at a ripe old age a placid death—the natural extinction of a long life—and was buried at Oxburgh by the side of the 'good Sir Richard.'







A 'BLUE NUN' TEACHING A PUPIL.

*From a water-colour sketch in the 'Book of Archives,' copied by LADY JERNINGHAM*

## APPENDIX.

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### PENSIONERS AT THE BLUE NUNS SCHOOL.

1733. Lady Mary Stafford (M<sup>de</sup> La Comtesse de Chabot).  
Hon<sup>ble</sup> Miss Browne (Mrs. Wogan).  
Lady Frances Makenzie (Lady Viscountess Kenmare).  
Miss Howard of Greystock (Died unmarried).  
Miss Anne Howard (Mother Agnes Howard).  
Miss Mary Howard (Died at Paris, aged 14).
1734. M<sup>lle</sup> Descouye.
1735. Lady Anastatia Stafford (Mother Ursula Stafford).  
Lady Anne Stafford (Sister Mary Stafford).  
Miss Bricknal (Mrs. Fisher).  
Miss Tichbourne (Died a novice, at Dunkirk).  
Miss Hester Bird (Died in London, 1809).
1736. Hon<sup>ble</sup> Miss Catherine Browne (Died at Paris, 1753).  
Lady Charlotte Radcliffe (Died at London, 1801).  
Lady Barbara Radcliffe (Died at Brussels).
1738. Lady Henrietta Lee (Lady Bellew, died at London, 1752).
1739. Miss Gough (Died unmarried in Spain).  
Miss Margaret Langdale (Sister Frances Langdale, died in 1755).  
Miss Barker.  
Miss Agnes Joyces.

1740. Lady Anne Lee (Lady Clifford, died at Altona, 1802).
1741. Miss Phipps (Died Pensioner 1741).  
Miss Barbara Browne (Lady Mostyn).
1742. Lady Frances Lee (Mother Benedict Lee).  
Miss Ursula Eyre (Sister Agatha Eyre).
1744. Miss Jane Burton (Sister Ignatia Burton).  
Miss Alice Dillon of Belgard (Mrs. Hearne).  
Miss Clarke.
1745. Lady Lucy Talbot (Sister Lucy Talbot).  
Miss Gascoigne (Mrs. Salvin).
1747. Hon<sup>ble</sup> Miss Frances Browne (Died in London, 1800).  
Miss Stapleton (M<sup>de</sup> de Montreuil).
1748. Miss Elizabeth Green (Mother Bernard Green).  
Miss Eleanor Swinburne (Died unmarried).
1749. Hon<sup>ble</sup> Miss Anne Bellew (Mrs. Butler).  
Miss Margaret Mathew (Mrs. Aylmer).  
Lady Susanna Butler (Lady Susan Cavannagh).  
Lady Frances Butler (Lady Frances Cavannagh).  
Miss Charlotte Butler (M<sup>de</sup> La Comtesse de Luppé).
1751. Miss Mary Willoughby (Mrs. Alexander).  
Miss Hester Bird (Mrs. Ferrars).  
Miss Mary Alcock.
1752. Miss Mary Nevill (Mrs. Porter, died at Bath, 1801).  
Mademoiselle Cames (M<sup>de</sup> Pagin).  
Miss Teresa Quitty (Mrs. Gough).
1753. Lady Sophia Talbot (M<sup>de</sup> La Comtesse de Vintemille).  
Miss Dorothy Parker (Sister Bonaventure Parker).  
Miss Anne Stapleton (M<sup>de</sup> de Seyonsac).  
Hon<sup>ble</sup> Miss Barbara Petre (Mrs. Giffard, died 1762).  
Hon<sup>ble</sup> Miss Juliana Petre (Mrs. Weld).
1754. Miss Charlotte Meinhardt (Died unmarried).
1755. Miss Charlotte Eyre (Mrs. Hartley).  
Miss Sarah Eyre.

Miss Mary Howard, of Greystock (Died aged 15 at Paris).

Hon<sup>ble</sup> Miss Dillon (Lady Jerningham).

1756. Miss Lucy Rothe (Hon<sup>ble</sup> Mrs. Arthur Dillon, died 1782).

Miss Mary Rothe (Died aged 13 at the Convent).

1757. Miss Mary Charlier (Married at Brussels).

1758. Miss Browne (Mrs. du Moulin).

Miss Anastatia Browne (Lady Mannock).

1762. Miss Frances Nevill (Died at Bath, 1772).

Miss Anne Nevill (A Nun at Montargis).

1763. M<sup>lle</sup> Forestier.

Miss Frances Cook.

M<sup>lle</sup> Lamy.

M<sup>lle</sup> Gerlain.

1763. Miss Jane Darcy (Mrs. Talbot, of Castle Talbot).

Miss Anne Lynch (Died unmarried).

1764. M<sup>lle</sup> Le Gai.

M<sup>lle</sup> Bauduain.

M<sup>lle</sup> Adelaide Lamy.

1765. Miss Anne Mearthy.

M<sup>lle</sup> Des Condes.

M<sup>de</sup>. de Sully Macmahon.

M<sup>de</sup>. d'Equilly Macmahon.

M<sup>de</sup>. de Chausigny Macmahon.

1767. Miss Connell (M<sup>de</sup>. de Terbragen, died at Brussels, 1795).

M<sup>lle</sup> Guillore.

1769. Miss Anne Lloyd (Mrs. Thackery).

M<sup>lle</sup> Bontems.

Miss Corn (Mrs. Orel).

1770. M<sup>lle</sup> Despervelles.

Miss Howard of Corby (Mrs. Gartside).

M<sup>lle</sup> Roulier.

1771. M<sup>lle</sup> Deltuff.  
Miss Foucade (Mrs. Chas. Biddulph).  
M<sup>lle</sup> Morian.
1772. M<sup>lle</sup> Mathieu.  
Miss Kitty Meredith (Mrs. More).  
Miss Frances Gobbet (M<sup>de</sup>. Negri).  
Miss Catherine Barker (Mrs. Bruckfield).  
Miss Mary Buvor (Mrs. Aufrere).  
Miss Mary Macdonald.
1773. M<sup>lle</sup> Gransher.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Dufaut.  
M<sup>lle</sup> de Roumillac.
1774. Miss Swinburne (Died at Rome, 10 years old).
1775. M<sup>lle</sup> la Fosse.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Julie Courtier.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Julie Bontems.
1776. M<sup>lle</sup> Rosalie Le Comte.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Angelique Le Comte.
1777. Miss Dorothy Gobbet.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Girard.
1778. M<sup>lle</sup> Julie Houdonard.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Adelaide Houdonard.  
Miss Mary Howard (Hon<sup>ble</sup> Mrs. Petre).  
Miss Juliana Howard (Lady Petre).
1779. M<sup>lle</sup> Marie Courault.
1781. Miss Anne White (Lady Lambert).  
Miss Sophia White.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Prevost.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Victoire Morian.  
Miss Helena Gough.  
Miss Catherine Langton.  
Miss Mary Langton (Madame Darantza).  
Miss Josephine Langton (Madame Brun).
1782. Miss Frances Murphy.

- Hon<sup>ble</sup> Miss Southwell (Lady Viscountess Gormanston).  
Miss Phillis O’Ryan.  
Miss Frances O’Ryan.
1783. Miss Mary O’Rourke.  
Miss Walsh Serrant (Mde. la Comtesse de Bouillé).  
M<sup>lle</sup> de la Fayette (Mde. la Comtesse de la Tour Maubourg).
1784. Miss Caroline Farmen.  
Miss Rosa Quilty.  
Miss Josephina Quilty.
1785. M<sup>lle</sup> Bontemps.  
Miss Sophia Walsh (Died at Spa, 1791).  
Miss Elizabeth Alassen.
1786. M<sup>lle</sup> Palagrue.  
M<sup>lle</sup> de Choiseul Gouffier (Duchess of Fitzjames).  
Miss Catherine Coyney (Mrs. Coyney).  
M<sup>lle</sup> Fortalura.
1797. M<sup>lle</sup> de Lande.
1788. Miss Modestus Walsh.  
M<sup>lle</sup> de Croix.  
Miss Elizabeth Talbot.  
Miss Frances Talbot (Died in Essex, unmarried).  
Miss Tuleau.
1789. M<sup>lle</sup> la Coste.  
M<sup>lle</sup> de la Vie.
1790. M<sup>lle</sup> Maillor.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Boucheaud.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Jauven.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Pauline Main.
1791. M<sup>lle</sup> de Lowendal.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Julie Boucheaud.  
M<sup>lle</sup> Cochard.  
Miss O’Flyn.

M<sup>elle</sup> Serrilly.

Miss Maria Talbot (Mrs. Wheeble)

Miss Charlotte Sheldon.

Miss Margaret Sheldon.

1792. M<sup>elle</sup> Richebois.

*Note.*—[*The following list was made out by Lady Anastatia Stafford, about the year 1782.*]

Our School begun the Year 1733; y<sup>e</sup> 29th May that year came the first Pensioner, the Neice to the Abbess who built the School, and my own Dear Elder Sister, 13 years of Age. Mary.

Appolonia Scholastica Stafford, deceased at London, 16th. May, 1769.

Anne Howard of Norfolk, Miss, Religious and Living.

Anastatia Stafford, July 13. Religious and Living.

Anne Stafford same 13th. July. Religious and deceased, 6th. May Last.

Anastasia Bricknek (Miss). Marryd Mr. Fisher and Deceased.

Anastasia Tichbourne. Deceased Novice at Dames, Q<sup>y</sup> whether the poor Clares at Dunkirque.

Agnes Joyes. 1739. Marryd in Spain and Living.

Annee Lee (Lady), now widdow of Lord Clifford, came 1746.

Alice Dillon (Miss) 1744, Marryd in Ireland.

Anne Bellew. Deceased. The Spouse of Mr. Butler.

Anne Stapleton (Miss). Marryd in Brittany and Living year 1753.

Anastasia Browne (Miss); now the Widdow of S<sup>r</sup> F. Manock, 1758.



- Anne Nevill, Miss, now Religious in England ; she came  
y<sup>e</sup> year 1762.
- Anne Lynch, Miss. Deceased a Maid ; she came y<sup>e</sup> year  
1763.
- Anne McCarthy (Miss), dyed at Paris. Came to us year  
1765.
- Anne Con (Miss), now Mrs. Orel ; she came y<sup>e</sup> year 1767.
- Anne Lloyd (Miss), now Mrs. Sheakery. Came 1<sup>st</sup> Aug.  
1768.
- Anne Whyte. I dont know what is come of her, but she  
came year 81.
- Anne Walsh (alias Serant). Still a maiden ; she came y<sup>e</sup>  
year 1785.
- Alice ô Flyn, came in 91.
- Barbara Radcliffe, Lady, deceased at Cambray Convent ;  
came 1736.
- Barbara Browne, Lady Mostyn ; came June 1741.
- Barbara Petre, Deceased ; the Spouse of Mr. Giffard ; came  
1753.
- Charlotte Radcliffe, Lady, now living at Lille ; came here y<sup>e</sup>  
year 1736.
- Catherine Browne, Miss. Dyed at Paris 53 ; came to us  
year 1736.
- Charlotte Meinhardt. Deceased a Maiden ; came to us 1754.
- Charlotte Eyre. Deceased, the Spouse of Mr. Hartly ;  
came 1755.
- Catherine Meredith, ill marryd ; came to us the Year 1768.
- Catherine Howard. Marryd to Mr. Gartside ; came to us  
the Year 1770.
- Catherine Pickering (alias Barker) marryd as you know ;  
came to us 1772.
- Christina Langdon (Miss). I think Marryd ; came to us the  
year 1781.
- Caroline Fermin, still a maiden in England ; came Year 1784.

Charlotte Sheldon Jenpore, still w<sup>th</sup> you. She came to us  
year 1791.

Dorothy Parker. Religious and Living ; came y<sup>e</sup> Year 1753.

Dorothy Gobbet, Miss. I believe still a maiden ; came Year  
1776.

Catherine Phips came 1741 and dyed w<sup>th</sup> us Sept: 2<sup>d</sup> same  
year.

Charlotte Butler. Widow of Mr. Luppé came y<sup>e</sup> Year  
1749.

Catherine Sheldon, Widow of General Dillon came y<sup>e</sup> Year  
1751 and Dyed with us 5<sup>th</sup> of August 1757. I think y<sup>r</sup>  
Mama knew her. [I had overlooked these three Last  
CC'S till I began with D.]

Elizabeth Green (Miss), now Religious and Abbess, came  
1748.

Elenora Swinburne (Miss) ; deceased, to her grief a maiden ;  
came 1748.

Elizabeth Talbot, now in England, came here y<sup>e</sup> Year 1788.

Frances Mackenzie (Lady), now y<sup>e</sup> Widow Kenmare, came  
1733.

Francis Lee (Lady) ; you know she is in heaven. I think  
came 1742.

Frances Browne (Miss). Living a maiden ; she came y<sup>e</sup> Year  
1747.

Frances Butler. Married to Mr. Cavanagh ; came in the  
Year 1749.

Frances Dillon, you and y<sup>r</sup> Mama knows w<sup>t</sup> is come of her,  
came 1755.

Frances Nevill. Deceased a maiden, a dear Creature ; came  
here 1762.

Frances Cook. I dont know where she is now but came  
here 1763.

Frances Gobbett, a Norwich Family, now Mrs. Nigry came  
to us Maundy Thursday 1772.

Frances Murphy, in England now ; came here in the year  
1782.

Frances ô Ryan, now in Ireland ; came to us the year 1782.

Frances Talbot, now in England ; came here 24th. June  
1788.

Helen Browne deceased, Widdow Wogan in Ireland ; came  
in 1733.

Hester Bird, a maiden of 70 years, my Companion, came in  
1735.

Hariette Lee (Lady) d. to the Earl of Lichfield, deceased.  
Spouse of Lord Bellew came Oct: 1738.

Helen Stapleton. Deceased, the spouse of Mr. Montremt,  
came 1747.

Helen Gough, Marryd in Spain : I dont know to who, but  
came 1781.

Jane Burton, Deceased Religious ; came to us in Lent 1744.

Juliana Joyes, Marryd in Spain I dont know to who ; came  
here 1775.

Hester Bird Junior, Marryd to one Mr. Ferrers ; came here  
in 1751.

Juliana Petre, deceased, Mrs. Weld ; came 30th. June 1753.

Judith Darcy, Marryd in Holland ; came to us 1763.

Juliana Howard, now Lady Petre ; came here 15th Oct:  
1778.

Josephine Langdon, now in Spain. Came here November  
1781.

Josephine Quilly, I believe now in England ; came here in  
1784.

Mary Howard, Deceased at the age of 16, at Paris ; came in  
1735.

Margaret Langdale, Religious. Deceased. Came 8th. June  
1739.

Mary Gascoigne, Deceased. Mrs. Salvin. Came in y<sup>e</sup> year  
1745.

Mary Willoughby, deceased, Mrs. Alexandre ; came 4th Oct.  
1751.

Mary Alcock, I don't know what is come of her, but she  
came to us 1751.

Mary Nevill the widdow Porter, came to us 30th. April 1752.  
Magdalen Clement, a French secret. Dyed a widdow ; came  
1753.

Mary Howard of Grey Stock, Dyed with us, came 1755.

Mary Joseph Rothe, allso Dyed with us 17th Oct. ; only  
came 21st. 1756.

Mary Browne, Lady Webb's Neice, deceased, Mrs. du  
Moulin came 1758.

M<sup>c</sup> Mahon 3 Sisters Chanoises, MM Sully, D'Egailly and  
Chausigny, 1765.

Mary Anne Aston, Religious and Living. Came June 1768.

Mary M<sup>c</sup>Donald, gone to Scotland ; came Last Day of 1772.

Martha Swinburne, Dyed 10 years old, came here 1774.

Mary Howard, now Mrs. Petre, came here 15th Oct. 1778.

Mary Langdon, now in Spain. Came in November 1781.

Margaret Southwell, I think at Liege, came 12th Aug. 1782.

Mary ô Rourke, Marryd to a Man, I don't know his Name.  
1783.

Modest Welsh, servant and came to us (I dont know where  
now) in 1788.

Margaret Sheldon, I suppose with you ; came to us in 1791.

Maria Talbot, now in England, came in y<sup>e</sup> year allso 91.

Phillipa Connell, Marryd as you know, Came in year 1767 ;  
we want to know some news of her, poor Dear.

Philis O'Ryan, in Ireland, came to us in the year 1782.

# INDEX.

[*N.B.*—The names appear under the various forms of spelling used in the letters.]

- d'A——, Comte, i. 285  
 de l'Abbaye-aux-Bois, Mde., i. 37  
 Abbeville, ii. 50  
 Abbot, Mr. and Mrs., ii. 11  
 Abelard, i. 315, 316  
 Abercorn, James, first Earl of, i.  
     xxxv  
 Aberdeen, ii. 286  
 Aboukir, i. 370  
 Achilles, ii. 141  
 Acle, i. 341  
 Acton, ii. 305  
 Acton, Miss, ii. 264  
 Acton, Sir Richard, ii. 226  
 Addington, Mr., i. 240  
 Addington, Sir William, i. 177  
 Adelaide, Mdle. (*'Madame'*), i. 168  
 Adelaide, Queen, i. xvi, 1; ii. 133,  
     155, 157, 159-161, 171, 173, 187,  
     307, 339, 340, 342-344, 347, 353-  
     382, 384-391, 393, 394, 396, 397  
 Adlerkrone, Mrs., ii. 303-306, 308,  
     310, 313, 315, 326  
 Afflech, Lady, ii. 359  
 Agatha, Ste., i. 220  
 d'Agen, Duc, i. 303  
 Agnés, Ste., i. 86  
 Agnes, Sister, i. 336, 378  
 D'Aigle, Mr., ii. 3, 4  
 D'Aigle, Mde. See de Shulenberg,  
     Countess of  
 Aikin, Miss. See Barbauld, Mrs.  
 Ailesbury, Lady, i. 74, 76  
 Ainslie, Miss, i. 278  
 Ainsworth, Rev. Mr., i. 326  
 Aire, i. 12  
 Aix-la-Chapelle, i. 61, 63  
 Aix, the Archbishop of, i. 205  
 Alassen, Elizabeth, ii. 403  
 Albany, Lady, ii. 292  
 d'Albany, Mde., ii. 238, 287  
 Albemarle, Lady, i. 177; ii. 113,  
     392, 395  
 Albemarle, Lord, ii. 363, 390-392,  
     395  
 Alcock, Mary, ii. 400, 408  
 Alexander, Emperor of Russia, ii. 48,  
     54, 125, 183, 187  
 Alexander, Miss, i. 140  
 Alexander, Mrs., ii. 400, 408  
 Alexandre. See Alexander  
 Alexandria, i. 133; ii. 120  
 Alexandrie. See Alexandria  
 Alger, i. 4, 10, 61, 225  
 Allen, Mr., ii. 134, 135  
 Allen, Rev. Mr., ii. 340  
 Altona, i. 162, 223; ii. 400  
 Altzeys, i. 100  
 Ambrose, General, ii. 191, 208, 224  
 de Ameland, Lady Augusta. See  
     Duke of Sussex  
 Amelia, Princess, i. 367  
 Amesbury, i. 374  
 Amez, ii. 128  
 Amherst, Lord, ii. 109  
 Amherst, Mr., i. 329  
 Amiens, i. 204, 206; ii. 48, 50, 75  
 Amsterdam, i. 318  
 Ancaster, Duchess of, ii. 21  
 Andreossi, General, i. 216, 222  
 Andriosi. See Andreossi  
 Angerstein, Mr., ii. 135  
 Angier, Mr., i. 116  
 Anglesea, Lord and Lady, ii. 85

- Angoulême, the Bishop of, i. 380  
 d'Angoulême, Duc, i. 306, 337, 382 ;  
   ii. 42, 43, 47, 66, 93, 97  
 d'Angoulême, Duchesse, i. 306, 320,  
   321, 324, 337, 338, 381, 382 ; ii. 38,  
   39, 45, 54, 58, 68-71, 76, 86, 91,  
   93, 97, 298, 299  
 Angus, Earl of. See Archibald  
   Douglas  
 Anna Maria, Sister, i. 98  
 Anne of Austria, i. 221  
 Anne, Queen, ii. 185  
 Anne, Sister, i. 98, 99  
 Annot, Mr., ii. 153  
 Anson, Lady, ii. 84, 184  
 Anson, Lord, ii. 114  
 Anson, T., ii. 145  
 Anthony, Mother, i. 27  
 Anthony. See Antonio  
 Antonio, i. 210, 304, 381 ; ii. 49, 70,  
   109  
 Antwerp, i. 64  
 Appleyard family, the, i. 107  
 d'Arblay, Alexander, ii. 237  
 d'Arblay, Charlotte, ii. 236  
 d'Arblay, Mde. (Fanny Burney),  
   i. xliii ; ii. 235  
 d'Arbley, General, ii. 90  
 Archbold, Mr., i. 327  
 Archdall, Rev. Mervyn, i. xxxiii  
 Archer, Mr., ii. 258  
 Arden, Lady, ii. 11  
 Arden, Lord, ii. 11, 21  
 d'Arenberg family, the, i. 284  
 de l'Argonne, Forêt, i. xxix  
 Argyle. See Argyll  
 Argyll, Duke of, i. 379 ; ii. 359, 366,  
   372, 373, 383, 390  
 Armagh, Bishop of, ii. 242  
 Arnout, Père, i. 32, 40, 63, 94  
 Arras, i. 6, 7, 8  
 d'Artois, Charles, Comte, i. 123,  
   168, 202, 239, 254, 306, 337, 380 ;  
   ii. 8, 9, 36, 37, 41, 42, 45, 47, 49,  
   63, 86, 93, 97, 98, 297, 299  
 Arundel, i. 371, 372  
 Arundel family, the, i. 375  
 Arundel, Lord, i. 35  
 Arundel, Miss. See Mrs. Doughty  
 Arundel, Mrs., i. 35, 36  
 Arundel, Miss Eleanora, i. 35, 36  
 Arundel, Mr., i. 375, 376  
 Arundel of Lanherne, Sir John,  
   ii. 155  
 Arundel, Philip Howard, Earl of,  
   i. xx  
 Arundel, Thomas Howard, twenty-  
   third Earl of, i. xxxviii  
 Arundell, Lady Ann, ii. 114  
 Arundell, Lady Mary, i. 375, 376 ;  
   ii. 18, 22, 45  
 Arundell, Lord, ii. 57, 168  
 Arundell, Miss, ii. 22  
 Arundell, Mr., ii. 18, 19, 22, 45  
 Arundell, Sir John, ii. 114  
 d'Asche, M. le Marquis, ii. 72  
 Ashbrook, Lord, ii. 373, 383  
 Ashburton, Lord, ii. 189, 190  
 Ashele, ii. 169  
 Ashley, Lord, ii. 288  
 Astley, Lady, ii. 284, 288  
 Astley, Dowager Lady, ii. 264  
 Aston, James, fifth Lord, ii. 100  
 Aston, Mary Anne, ii. 408  
 Aston, Miss, ii. 264  
 Athill, Mr., i. 262  
 Athol, Duchess of, ii. 27  
 Atkins, Mrs. See Atkyns, Mrs.  
 Atkyns, Edward, i. 10  
 Atkyns, John, i. 10  
 Atkyns, Mrs., i. 9-11  
 Attleburgh, i. 114, 251  
 Aubert, Abbé, ii. 229, 235  
 Auckland, Lord, i. 277  
 Aufrere, Mrs., ii. 402  
 Augsburg, ii. 280  
 Augusta, Princess, i. 127 ; ii. 122,  
   201, 280, 282, 347, 355-357, 365,  
   367, 373, 374, 376-378, 381, 382,  
   396  
 Augusta, Princess of Wales, ii.  
   185  
 Austen, W., ii. 205  
 Austerlitz, i. 370  
 Austin family, the, ii. 85  
 Austin, Mother, i. 161  
 Austria, Emperor of. See Francis  
 Aylmer family, the, i. 211, 341  
 Aylmer, Mrs., ii. 400  
 Aylsham, i. 55  
 Aymar, ii. 65  
 Baber, Mr., i. 295  
 Baber, Miss, i. 295  
 Bacharach, i. 100  
 Bacon family, the, i. 107  
 Bacon, Sir E., ii. 289  
 Baden, Margrave of, i. 260  
 Bagot, i. 301  
 Bagot family, the, i. xl  
 Bagot, Lady, i. 187  
 Bagot, Mrs., i. 28, 122

- Bagot, Miss, ii. 359, 383, 393  
 Bagshot, ii. 375  
 de Baillet, Comte, ii. 319  
 Baillie, Dr., ii. 112  
 Baillie, Judge, ii. 153  
 Baily, Dr., ii. 10  
 Baily, Sir Henning, i. 72, 73  
 Bain, Dr., ii. 64  
 Baker, Miss. See Mrs. Norris, junr.  
 Baker, Mrs., i. 270  
 Baldwin, ii. 292  
 Baldwin, Mrs., i. 301  
 Balmerino, Lord, ii. 108  
 Baltimore, ii. 56  
 Banbury, i. 310  
 Bangor, Bishop of, i. 266  
 Bapeaume, i. 6, 8  
 de Barantin, M., i. 335, 336  
 Barbauld, Rev. Mr., i. 38  
 Barbauld, Mrs., i. 38  
 Bardelin, M., ii. 46  
 Barège, i. 271  
 Barham, Lady Caroline, ii. 104  
 Barham, Mr., ii. 104  
 Baring, Henry, i. 241  
 Baring, Mrs. Henry, i. 241  
 Baring, Mr., i. 241  
 Barker, Catherine, ii. 402, 405  
 Barker, Miss, ii. 399  
 Barker, Richard, i. 17  
 Barlow, Dr., ii. 64  
 Barnard, Sir Andrew, ii. 362, 373  
 Barolz, i. 244  
 Barrell, Miss. See Mrs. Crutchley  
 Barrett, Miss, i. 86  
 Barry, Miss, i. 19  
 Barrymore, Lady, i. 290  
 Barrymore, Lord, i. 286  
 Bar-School, the, i. 106  
 de la Barthe, Baron, ii. 43  
 Barton, Mr., junr., ii. 394  
 Basque Roads, the, ii. 56  
 Bath, i. xlii, 198-200, 324, 332; ii. 12, 34, 38, 64, 67, 72, 110, 113, 146, 150, 151, 208, 224, 243, 264, 307, 400, 401  
 Bathurst, Bishop, i. 313  
 Bathurst, Lord, ii. 108  
 Bathurst, Miss, i. 313; ii. 359  
 Bathurst, Mrs., i. 313; ii. 104  
 Battersea, ii. 171  
 Battle, ii. 11  
 Baudouain, Mdle., ii. 401  
 Baylis. See Cox and Baylis  
 Baynham family, the, i. 108  
 Bayning family, the, ii. 10, 31, 32  
 Bayning, Lady, i. 369  
 Bayning, Lord, i. 266, 276, 369; ii. 10, 200  
 Bayonne, ii. 46  
 Bealing, Sir Richard, ii. 114, 155  
 Beauchamp, Lady, i. 20  
 Beaucherk, Lady Charlotte. See Charlotte Dillon  
 Beaucherk, Lord Frederick, ii. 28  
 Beaucherk, Miss, i. 15  
 de Beaufort, Duc, i. 63  
 Beaufort Castle, ii. 270, 277  
 de Beauharnais, Mde., i. 11  
 de Beauharnais, Mdle., ii. 81-83  
 de Beaujolais, Comte, i. 201, 202, 239, 306  
 Beaulieu, General, i. 59, 63  
 Beaumont, Rev. Mr., i. 355  
 de Beurepaire, Mde., i. 325; ii. 171  
 Beauvais, i. 216  
 de Beauveau, Princesse, i. 169  
 Beck, Mrs., i. 254, 359  
 Beckford, Lord, ii. 13  
 Bedford, the Duke of, i. 209  
 Bedingfeld, Agnes, i. 129, 130, 139, 324; ii. 13, 31, 33, 134, 143-145, 159, 227, 232, 234, 253, 262-266, 277, 281, 284, 287, 301, 307, 311, 316, 336  
 Bedingfeld of Bedingfeld, i. 161  
 Bedingfeld, Charles, i. 324, 348; ii. 146, 147, 151, 167, 191-193, 196, 197, 208, 224, 226, 234, 289, 290, 324, 325, 333-335, 337, 389, 390  
 Bedingfeld, Mrs. Charles. See Miss Warburton  
 Bedingfeld, Charlotte Elizabeth, i. 348; ii. 144, 145, 303  
 Bedingfeld of Chesterford, Miss, i. 161  
 Bedingfeld, Edward Richard, i. xlix, 103, 104, 106, 161, 348; ii. 147, 150, 151, 167, 215, 217, 254, 290, 291  
 Bedingfeld, Sir Edmund, i. xlvii.  
 Bedingfeld family, the, i. xiii, xx, xxxvii, xlvii, 78, 352, 377; ii. 64, 89, 142, 182  
 Bedingfeld, Felix, i. 323, 361; ii. 31, 33, 140, 152, 166, 217, 318, 319, 327, 330, 333, 335, 337, 339, 359



- Bedingfeld, Frances Charlotte, i. xlix, 102, 103, 131, 139, 158, 174, 179, 194, 324, 341, 345, 348, 361, 368; ii. 28, 33, 53, 60, 64, 84, 85, 113, 117, 128, 131-135, 137, 146, 205-207, 211, 226-229, 235, 359
- Bedingfeld, Helen, i. 106, 195
- Bedingfeld, Sir Henry, i. xlviii; ii. 114, 169
- Bedingfeld, Sir Henry Arundell, i. 103; ii. 155
- Bedingfeld, Henry Richard, sixth Baronet, i. 171, 178, 181, 183, 284; ii. 83, 187, 193, 207, 215, 217-219, 234, 238, 282, 285, 288, 307, 324, 329, 337
- Bedingfeld, John, i. 104, 105, 190, 191, 303, 305, 341, 378; ii. 131, 134, 138, 150, 234, 263, 286
- Bedingfeld, Dowager Lady, ii. 155
- Bedingfeld, Matilda, i. xv, 116, 117, 127, 139, 324; ii. 68, 134, 146, 159, 167, 216, 263, 306, 357
- Bedingfeld, Miss, i. 117, 171, 174, 175, 181
- Bedingfeld, Peter, i. 105
- Bedingfeld, Sir Richard, fourth Baronet, i. 55
- Bedingfeld, Sir Richard, fifth Baronet, i. xvi, xlvii, xlviii, xlix, 55, 78, 86, 89, 90, 93, 96, 101-104, 114, 119, 121, 126, 128, 129-132, 150, 153, 154, 161, 174, 181, 195, 276, 285, 305, 314, 317, 324, 338, 339, 345, 347, 349, 352, 355, 356, 363, 377; ii. 12, 13, 31, 87, 91, 121, 133, 136, 151, 154, 157, 165, 175, 177, 178, 179, 192, 199, 208, 211, 216, 224, 232, 233, 238, 241, 244, 248, 249, 253, 254, 256, 261, 263-266, 279, 281, 282, 286, 288, 290, 302, 319, 327, 329, 330, 398
- Bedingfield. See Bedingfeld
- Bedingrove, Sir Richard. See Bedingfeld
- Beking, ii. 155
- Belisarius, ii. 185
- Bell, Dr., i. 348
- Bellew, Hon. Anne, ii. 400, 404
- Bellew, Lady, ii. 399, 407
- Bellisent, Mr., ii. 303, 305, 308, 315, 329, 336
- Belmore, Lady, i. 20, 37, 46
- de Belsunce, Mde., i. 193
- Bender, i. 94
- Beney, Mr., i. 341
- Bentinck, Lady, ii. 394
- Bentinck, Lady Edward, ii. 311
- de Berenger, Mde., ii. 238
- Berkeley, Lady, i. 286, 287
- Berkeley, Lord, i. 286, 287, 289, 369
- Berlin, i. 318
- Bernadotte, King of Sweden, i. 383
- Bernard, Saint, i. 119
- Berney, Mr. and Mrs., ii. 221
- de Berri, Duc. See de Berry, Duc
- Berrington, Rev. Mr., i. 267, 268
- de Berry, Duc, i. 239; ii. 8, 9, 42, 58, 86, 89, 93
- de Berry, Caroline, Duchesse, ii. 58, 86, 91, 93, 97, 98, 158
- Berry, Miss, i. 205
- Berthier, Marshal, ii. 61
- Bertie, Lady Priscilla. See Lady Willoughby
- Bertrand family, the, ii. 202, 203, 205, 210
- Bertrand, Arthur, ii. 108, 149
- de Bertrand, Henry Gratien, Comte, i. xxxi, 222, 370; ii. 14, 47, 52, 57, 59, 75, 78, 79, 108, 149, 197, 198, 202-205, 211, 260
- Bertrand, Comtesse. See Fanny Dillon (the second)
- Bertrand, Henry, ii. 108, 149
- Bertrand, Napoleon, ii. 108, 132, 149
- Berwick, i. xxiii, xlv; ii. 273
- Berwick, Marshal, ii. 124
- Bessborough, Lady, i. 175; ii. 35, 41
- Bessborough, Lord, i. 175
- Best, Lady Emily, i. 290
- Betham, Miss, i. 84, 194, 339, 341, 347; ii. 6, 40, 41, 136, 153, 180
- Betterton, ii. 185
- Betty, i. 244
- Betty, Mr. H. W. See 'Roscius'
- de Beulwitz, Auguste B., Baron, ii. 133, 137, 169-172, 173, 260, 279
- de Beulwitz, Maria Charlotte Octavia Ferdinande, ii. 261, 281
- de Beulwitz, Sophia, Baronne, ii. 170, 171, 173, 174, 260, 279, 280
- Beverley, Lady, ii. 21
- Bianchi, Mde., ii. 15
- Biddell, Miss. See Lady Blount
- Biddlestone, ii. 302

Biddulph, Mr., ii. 303, 334, 340  
 Biddulph, Mrs. Charles, ii. 402  
 Binderton, i. 145  
 Bingen, i. 100  
 Bingham, Lady, ii. 364, 365, 367,  
 370, 372, 383  
 Bingham, Lord, ii. 364, 365, 367,  
 374, 383  
 Bingham, Miss, i. 241  
 Bingham, Mr., i. 241  
 Binion, Mrs., ii. 263  
 Bird, Hester, ii. 407  
 Bird, Hester, junr. See Mrs. Ferrars  
 Birdsall, Rev. Mr., i. 326  
 Birmingham, ii. 313  
 de Blacas d'Aulps, Casimir, Duc,  
 ii. 44, 55, 58  
 de Blacas d'Aulps, Duchesse, ii. 59  
 Blachford, Lady, ii. 219  
 Blackburn, Miss, i. 267  
 Blackheath, ii. 10  
 du Blaisel, Mdme. i. 10  
 Blake, Dr., ii. 349  
 Blake, Mr., ii. 104  
 Blenheim, i. 47  
 Bleu Nuns. See Blue Nuns  
 Blew Nuns. See Blue Nuns  
 Blezelles, Comtesse, i. xxiv. See  
 Madame du Blaisel  
 Blickling, i. 55  
 Blithfield, i. 187  
 Blochett, ii. 86  
 Blomberry, ii. 392  
 Bloomfield, i. xlvii  
 Bloomfield, Major, i. 289  
 Bloomfield, Sir Benjamin, ii. 201  
 Blount family, the, i. xx, 108, 201,  
 330; ii. 86  
 Blount, Lady, i. 328  
 Blount, Mr., ii. 104, 216  
 Blount, Mrs., i. 98; ii. 136  
 Blount, Sir Walter, i. 200  
 Blount, William, ii. 329  
 Blücher, General, ii. 70  
 Blue Nuns, the, i. 3, 5, 11, 12, 14,  
 18, 27, 32, 50, 97, 157-159, 166,  
 169, 170, 175, 218, 334; ii. 29,  
 399. See also Appendix  
 Blundel, Mr., i. 378  
 Bodney, i. 71, 79, 86, 103, 106, 108,  
 110, 175, 266, 270, 324, 346;  
 ii. 309  
 de Boële, Mde., i. 193  
 Bognor, ii. 283  
 de Boisgelin, Chevalier, i. 325  
 Bolton, Miss, ii. 36

Bonaparte, Napoleon, i. xii, xxxi,  
 121, 127, 133, 166, 168, 205, 224,  
 226, 232, 233, 256, 284, 370;  
 ii. 41, 43, 44, 47, 48, 52, 57, 59,  
 61, 63, 64, 66, 71, 77, 78, 82, 108,  
 109, 132, 134, 180, 197, 198, 202,  
 205, 206, 210, 211, 282  
 Bonaparte, Mde., i. 226  
 Bonar, Mr., ii. 29, 36  
 Bonar, Mrs., ii. 29  
 Bonavita, Abbé, ii. 132, 134, 204, 206  
 de Bonfleurs, Mde., i. 54  
 Bontemps, Mdle., ii. 401, 403  
 Bontemps, Julie, ii. 402  
 Bontems. See Bontemps  
 Bonus, Mrs., i. 354  
 Bonyad, ii. 226  
 Bookham, ii. 237  
 de la Borde, M., i. 216  
 Bordeaux, i. 283  
 Bordeaux, Archbishop of, i. 205  
 Boscawen, Mr., ii. 272  
 Bossuet, i. 253; ii. 9  
 Boston, Lady, i. 206  
 Boucheaud, Mdle., ii. 403  
 Boucheaud, Julie, ii. 403  
 de Boufflers, Mde. Amélie, i. 225  
 de Bouillé, Comtesse, ii. 403  
 de Bouillé, Mde., i. 193  
 de Bouillon, Godefroi, i. 197  
 Boulogne, i. 205; ii. 50, 323  
 de Bourbon, Duc, i. 168, 182, 233,  
 234, 336  
 Bourbon family, the, i. xii; ii. 14,  
 41-43, 45, 52, 57, 61, 63, 90, 91,  
 97, 157, 190  
 Bourdeaux, ii. 42, 43, 53, 56, 69-71  
 de la Bourdonnaye, M., ii. 282  
 Bourmonville, Marshal, ii. 94  
 Bourn-bridge, i. 85  
 Bourret, Abbé, i. 281  
 de Bousolz, Marquis, ii. 38, 68, 80,  
 97  
 de Bouvain, Abbé, i. 239  
 Bouverie, Miss, i. 183, 307; ii. 57, 156  
 de Bousolz. See de Bousolz  
 Bovingdon, Lady, i. 308, 310  
 Bovingdon, Lord, i. 308, 310  
 Bowater, Admiral, ii. 384  
 Bowater, Colonel, ii. 362, 367, 374,  
 381, 383, 384, 386, 387, 395  
 Bowdler family, the, i. xliii  
 Boyd, Miss C., ii. 339  
 de Boyenes, Mde., ii. 85  
 Boyle, Miss, ii. 362, 377, 379, 391,  
 393

- Boyne, Lady, i. 278  
 Bradford, Lady, i. 186, 263, 365; ii. 307, 308, 319, 320, 322, 331, 334, 347  
 Bradford, Lord, i. 186, 264, 268  
 Braganza, Duchess of, ii. 378, 381  
 Brains-Le-Comte, i. 59  
 Bramston, Bishop, ii. 29, 36, 246, 312, 336, 338  
 Brand, Miss, i. 38  
 Branthwaite. See Branthwayte  
 Branthwayte, Mr., i. 29  
 Branthwayte, Mrs., i. 28  
 Braybrook, Lady, ii. 392, 393  
 Braybrook, Lord, ii. 226, 392, 393  
 Braywick, i. xxxv  
 Brazil, i. 310  
 Brecknock, i. 42  
 Bremen, i. 162  
 Breerton, Miss, i. 340  
 Bricknal, Miss, ii. 399  
 Brickneck, Anastasia, ii. 404  
 Bridgeman, Mrs., i. 186  
 de Brienne, M., i. 52  
 Brighton, i. 1, 49, 72, 285, 286, 289, 291, 292, 369; ii. 104, 113, 114, 128, 200, 205, 287, 348, 357, 359, 360  
 Brigau, i. 94  
 Bristol, i. 302; ii. 113  
 Bristol, Comtesse de, i. 199  
 Bristol, Lord, i. 41; ii. 131  
 Broderick, i. 67  
 Brodie, Dr., ii. 249, 354  
 Brome, ii. 272  
 Brown, Major, i. 288  
 Brown, Mr., i. 2  
 Brown, Mrs., i. 2, 288, 290  
 Brown, Miss, i. 106  
 Brown, Hon. Thomas, ii. 105  
 Browne, Anastasia, ii. 401, 404  
 Browne, Barbara, ii. 400, 405  
 Browne, Catherine, ii. 405  
 Browne, of Castle M'Garret, family, the, i. 331  
 Browne, Capt., ii. 104  
 Browne, Hon. Catherine, ii. 399  
 Browne, Lady Charlotte, i. 190, 201, 207, 208, 217, 219, 244; ii. 212  
 Browne, Charlotte. See Mrs. Holker  
 Browne Dominic, i. 297  
 Browne, Lady Frances, ii. 104  
 Browne, Hon. Frances, ii. 400, 406  
 Browne, Hon. Helene, i. 5; ii. 407  
 Browne, Henrietta, i. 145, 297, 364; ii. 79, 80, 110, 238, 287, 292, 343  
 Browne, Lady Mary Ann, i. 313, 340, 341; ii. 295  
 Browne, Mary, ii. 408  
 Browne, Michael, ii. 52, 71  
 Browne, Hon. Miss, ii. 399  
 Browne, Miss, i. xxx. 145, 162, 174, 182; ii. 401  
 Browne, Mr., i. 313  
 Browne family, the, i. 334; ii. 72, 105  
 Brownlow, Lady, ii. 339  
 Bruce, Mr., ii. 83  
 Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, ii. 365  
 Bruckfield, Mrs., ii. 402  
 Bruge, i. 9  
 Bruges, i. 116; ii. 164, 311, 319  
 V. D. Bruggers, Mde., ii. 327  
 Bruhl, Miss, i. 76  
 Brun, Mde., ii. 402  
 Bruneaux, the 'Dauphin,' i. 10, 11  
 Brunswick, ii. 9, 173, 203  
 Brunswick, Duke of, i. 55; ii. 69, 119  
 Brunswick, Augusta, Duchess of, ii. 3, 4, 8-10, 27  
 Brussels, i. 47, 49, 54, 56, 59, 60, 62, 63, 89, 127, 144, 184, 205, 373; ii. 71, 72, 209, 222, 234, 238, 278, 391, 401  
 Bruxelles. See Brussels  
 Brydore, i. 67  
 Buccleugh, Duke of, i. 202  
 Buckingham, Humphrey Stafford, Duke of, i. xl, 257, 263, 320, 372, 374-376, 381; ii. 17, 19, 293  
 Buckingham, Lady, ii. 17-19, 22  
 Buckingham, the Marchioness of, i. 258, 263, 265, 306, 309, 375  
 Buckingham Palace, ii. 127  
 Buckle, Miss, i. 28  
 Buller, Mrs., i. xlii, xliii  
 Bulow, Baron, ii. 383, 388-390, 395  
 Bungay, i. 376  
 Burdett, Sir Francis, i. 217, 364, 365; ii. 59  
 Burgess, i. 341  
 Burgess, Mr. and Mrs., i. 331  
 Burghersh, Lord, ii. 359  
 Burke, i. xxi, xlv  
 Burleigh, Lord. See William Cecil  
 Burlington, Lord and Lady, ii. 259  
 Burney, Admiral, ii. 236  
 Burney, Dr., i. 193  
 Burney, Fanny. See Mde. d'Arblay  
 Burney, Mr., i. 339  
 Burns, the Misses, ii. 286, 292

- Burrell, Lady Elizabeth. See Lady Willoughby  
 Burrell, Lady Priscilla. See Lady Willoughby  
 Burton, Sister Ignatia, ii. 400  
 Burton, Jane, ii. 400, 407  
 Burton, Sir R., i. 200  
 Bury, i. 108, 116, 376; ii. 110, 215, 267, 324, 330  
 Bushey, ii. 283, 393  
 Bushy. See Bushey  
 Busson, Abbé, ii. 250, 252, 253, 297  
 Bute, John Stuart, Earl of, i. 69, 206, 302; ii. 242  
 Butler, Charlotte, ii. 406  
 Butler, James, second Duke of Ormonde, ii. 14  
 Butler, Lady Eleanor, i. 326; ii. 12, 14, 30  
 Butler, Lady Frances, ii. 400, 406  
 Butler, Lady Susanna, ii. 400  
 Butler, Mr., i. 109, 221, 326; ii. 136, 267  
 Butler, Mrs., i. 160, 221, 326, 369; ii. 400, 404  
 Buvor, Mary, ii. 402  
 Buxton, i. 271  
 Buxton, Mr., i. 2  
 Byng, Lady Agnes, ii. 359  
 Byng, Miss, ii. 392  
 Byron, Lord, i. xlv; ii. 35, 111  
  
 C——, D. L., ii. 64  
 Cachemire, ii. 210  
 'Caddy,' ii. 371, 372, 374, 380  
 Cadell, Sophie O'Ferrall (Mrs. Arthur Jerminham), ii. 327  
 Cadogan family, the, i. 114  
 Cadoudal, George (Chouan), ii. 282, 283  
 Caire, i. 133  
 Cairo, i. 133  
 Calais, i. 12, 14, 205, 216; ii. 45-48, 120, 173, 175-177, 217, 248, 325  
 Cambridge, i. 108, 240, 251; ii. 117, 123, 147, 226, 268  
 Cambridge, Adolphus, Duke of, i. 291; ii. 91, 93, 94, 97, 99  
 Cambridge, Augusta, Duchess of, ii. 357  
 Cambridge, George, Duke of, ii. 355-357, 362, 366, 374, 375, 379, 385  
 Cambrai, i. 7, 30; ii. 405  
 Cambray. See Cambrai  
 de Camera, Donna Leonora, ii. 377, 381  
 Cames, Mdle., ii. 400  
 Campbell, Lady Charlotte, i. 379; ii. 119  
 Campbell, Colonel, ii. 396, 397  
 Campbell, Miss, ii. 283  
 Campo Formio, i. 121  
 Cannes, ii. 59  
 Canning, Mr., i. 162; ii. 94, 115, 238, 239, 247  
 Canning, Mrs., ii. 96  
 Canning, Stratford, ii. 359  
 Canterbury, i. 30  
 Canterbury, Charles Manners Sutton, Archbishop of, i. 266; ii. 3  
 Cape of Good Hope, ii. 130, 132, 149  
 Capel, Lady Caroline, ii. 382  
 Cappelli, Archbishop, i. 310  
 de Caraman, Comte, ii. 156  
 Cardigan, Lady, i. 166  
 Carew, Sir Wymont, ii. 186  
 Carey. See Cary  
 Carin, Abbé, i. 160  
 Carlisle. See Carlisle  
 Carlisle, Richard, ii. 154  
 Carlisle, Lord, i. xlv, 257, 266, 274, 317; ii. 38, 69  
 Carlsruhe, ii. 280  
 Carmarthen, Lord, i. 30  
 Carnarvon, Duchess of, ii. 359  
 Carnarvon, Lord and Lady, i. 76  
 Carnot, Lazare, ii. 71  
 Caroline, Queen, i. 52, 53, 74, 110, 111, 126, 276; ii. 5, 10, 26, 119, 168-172, 174, 179-181, 197-199, 201, 203, 205, 206  
 Caron, Abbé, i. 225; ii. 81  
 Carrington, Lord, ii. 96  
 Carron, Abbé, i. 225; ii. 81  
 Carr, Nurse, i. 17  
 Carthroe, Lord, i. 341  
 Cary. See Carey, Carye, Carew  
 Cary, Mr., ii. 58  
 Cary, Stanley, ii. 167, 216, 263  
 Cary, Mrs. Stanley. See Matilda Bedingfeld  
 Cary family, the, i. xx, 233; ii. 187  
 Cary, Captain, ii. 185  
 Cary, Miss Camilla Stanley, i. xv  
 Cary, Henry, ii. 275  
 Cary, Mrs. John, i. 272; ii. 249  
 Cary, Mr., i. 135  
 Cary, Mrs., i. 162, 174, 176, 191, 200, 201; ii. 186  
 Cary, 'the spurious Mrs.,' i. 272  
 Carye. See Carey.

- Cashel, Dr. Everett, Bishop of, ii. 103  
 Cashel, Mont, i. xxiii  
 Cashmir. See Cachemire  
 Castabala, Bishop of. See John Milner  
 Castlereagh, Lord. See Robert, Marquis of Londonderry  
 de Castres, Duc, i. 234  
 de Castries, Duchesse, i. 290  
 Catalani, i. 283, 299, 329, 331, 334; ii. 15  
 Caton, Miss (Mrs. Hervey), ii. 103. See Catton  
 Cattie. See Caddy  
 Catton, i. 118. See Caton  
 de Caulincourt, Louis (Duc de Vicence), ii. 47, 48  
 Cavanagh, Miss, i. 327 [406  
 Cavannagh, Lady Frances, ii. 400,  
 Cavannagh, Lady Susan, ii. 400  
 Cavendish, Lady Caroline, i. 187, 193  
 Cavendish, Lady Georgina, i. 175, 179, 187, 193  
 Cavendish, Lady Harriet, i. 193  
 Cavendish, Lord George, ii. 104  
 Cavendish, Mrs. See Miss Lampton  
 Cawdor, Lady, i. 258  
 Cawdor, Lord, i. 256; ii. 47, 396  
 Cayes, Mde., ii. 96  
 de Cayla, Mde., ii. 298, 299  
 Caza, ii. 94  
 Cecil, William, Lord Burleigh, ii. 292  
 Cécile, ii. 65  
 Cenis, Mount, ii. 120  
 de Cerant, Duc, i. 325. See Serant  
 Cibber, Colley, i. xl, 257  
 de Circello, M., i. 184  
 de Chabot, Comtesse, ii. 399  
 de Chabillant, Mdle., i. 37  
 de Chabillant, Mde. Marie Madeleine, i. 37  
 Chambers, Lady, ii. 291  
 Chambers, Lieutenant, ii. 291  
 Chamberlain. See Chamberlayne  
 Chamberlayne, Rev. Mr., i. 17, 27, 56, 94, 97, 152  
 de Chambrun, Comte, ii. 296  
 Champagne, i. xxix  
 Chantilly, i. 267  
 Chaplin, Mrs., ii. 134, 137  
 Charles I., i. xxxix; ii. 168, 185, 186  
 Charles II., i. xxv, xxxv, xxxviii, xviii; ii. 114, 174, 185, 189  
 Charles XIII., King of Sweden, i. 382, 383; ii. 10  
 Charles X. See Comte d'Artois  
 Charles, Mount. See Mount Charles  
 Charles, Prince, i. 62  
 Charlier, Mary, ii. 401  
 Charlotte, Queen, i. 31, 49, 67, 75, 77, 126, 166, 172, 176, 179, 181, 185, 187, 296; ii. 27, 53, 103, 110, 112, 113, 117, 118, 121, 122, 132, 140, 160, 167, 170, 386  
 Charlotte, Princess Royal, i. 311  
 Charlotte, Princess of Wales, ii. 10, 17, 51-53, 84, 111, 112, 116  
 Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Queen of Wurtemberg, ii. 280, 282  
 Chateauroux, i. 370, 371  
 Chatham, Lady, i. 322  
 Chatham, Earl of, i. 322  
 de Chatillon, Duchesse, i. 88, 91, 95, 225; ii. 64  
 de la Châtre, Comte, i. 367; ii. 54  
 de la Châtres, Duc, ii. 95  
 Chatsworth, ii. 118  
 Chaumont, Abbé, ii. 63, 71, 129  
 de Chaumont-Quitry, M. le Comte, i. 233  
 Cheimsee, ii. 280  
 Chelles, i. 3  
 Chelmesford, i. 143  
 Cheltenham, ii. 146, 147, 150, 201  
 Chenaye, Abbé, ii. 292  
 Chester, Master, i. 29  
 Chester, Misses, i. 28  
 Chester, Mrs., i. 29  
 Chester, Sir R., ii. 364  
 Chesterfield, Lord, i. xlv  
 Chesterford, i. 161, 251  
 Chetwynd, Lord, ii. 180  
 Chevassut, Mde., i. 281  
 Cheyne, Dr., i. 120  
 Chiaramonte, Barnabo. See Pope Pius VII.  
 Chichester, i. 371, 372  
 Chichester, Mr., i. 38  
 Chichester, Miss, i. 38  
 Chigwell, i. 211  
 Chilton, ii. 186  
 Chiswick, i. 191, 193; ii. 118  
 de Choiseul, Mde. César. See Princesse de Polignac  
 de Choisi, Mdle., ii. 38  
 Cholmondeley, Lady, ii. 103  
 Cholmondeley, Lord, ii. 17, 103  
 Chrysostom, Saint John, i. 119, 310

- Churchill, General, i. 163-165  
 Churchill, Major, i. 28  
 Chudleigh, ii. 100  
 Chutes, Mr., ii. 134  
 Clairfayt, General, i. 55, 63, 65, 92, 93, 99-101  
 Clancarty, Lord, ii. 209, 213, 214  
 Clanricarde, Lord, i. xxii  
 Clare, i. 297  
 Claremont, ii. 113  
 Clarence, Duke of. See William IV.  
 Clarence, Duchess of. See Queen Adelaide  
 Clarendon, Lord, i. 273  
 Clarges, Lady, i. 67, 211  
 Clark, Mrs., ii. 249  
 Clarke, Henri. See Duc de Feltre  
 Clarke, Dr., ii. 230  
 Clarke, Miss, ii. 400  
 Clarke, Mrs., i. 336, 355  
 Clavering, Lady, i. 283  
 Clavering, Mrs., ii. 304, 305  
 Claxton, Mrs., i. 142, 351  
 Clay, Mr., i. 72  
 Cleeg, Mr., ii. 13  
 Clément, the Abbé, i. 294  
 Clement, Magdalen, ii. 408  
 Clermont, Lord, i. 175  
 Clery, i. 123  
 Cleveland, Duchess of, i. xxv; ii. 185  
 Clifford family, the, i. 328; ii. 136  
 Clifford, Hon. Barbara, ii. 100  
 Clifford, Captain, ii. 209  
 Clifford, Charles, i. 35  
 Clifford, Miss Charlotte, i. 143  
 Clifford, Countess Constantia, ii. 92, 100, 113, 125, 240, 296, 304, 305  
 Clifford, Lady Frances, i. 11, 223  
 Clifford, Henriette, ii. 264  
 Clifford of Chudleigh, Hugh, third Lord, ii. 22, 45, 46, 48, 100  
 Clifford, Mrs. Hugh, ii. 136  
 Clifford, Lady, i. 31, 36, 44, 144, 223; ii. 85, 125, 329, 399, 404  
 Clifford, Lord, i. 35, 169, 198, 223, 268, 363, 367; ii. 20, 22, 136, 168, 329, 340  
 Clifford, Mary Lucy, ii. 125, 126  
 Clifford, Miss, i. 16, 44, 144, 223  
 Clifford, Mrs., i. 36  
 Clifford, Robert, i. 152, 198, 221, 309  
 Clifford, Thomas, i. 223  
 Clifford, Sir Thomas, ii. 89, 100, 115  
 Clifford, The Treasurer, ii. 138  
 Clifton, i. 324  
 Clifton family, the, i. 107, 108  
 Clifton, Mr., i. 231  
 Clive, Miss. See Mrs. Keppel  
 Clonmell, Lady, i. 304  
 Coalbrook Dale, ii. 88  
 Cobbould, Rev. Mr., i. 262  
 Coblentz, i. 100  
 Cochard, Mdlle., ii. 403  
 Cochrane, Lord, ii. 142  
 Coghlan, Mr., i. 99  
 Cognée, Duc de, i. 337  
 de Coigny, Duc, ii. 96  
 de Coigny, Duchesse, i. 380; ii. 96  
 Coke, Lady Ann, ii. 284  
 Coke, Miss, ii. 146  
 Coke, Mr., ii. 184  
 Colbert, M., Bishop of Rhodes, i. 279  
 Coldham, i. 159  
 Cole, Mrs., ii. 340  
 Colemore, Mr., i. 233  
 Coleridge, i. 315, 316, 317; ii. 7  
 Collieridge. See Coleridge  
 Colnaghi, i. 141, 204  
 Colnaghy. See Colnaghi  
 Colne, Lady Mary, ii. 3  
 Comerbach, Mr., ii. 326  
 Compiègne, ii. 51  
 Compton, Dr., i. 339  
 Compton, Mrs., i. 339, 341, 366  
 le Comte, Angélique, ii. 402  
 le Comte, Rosalie, ii. 402  
 Con, Anne, ii. 405  
 Condé, ii. 258  
 de Condé, Prince, i. 123, 335-337, 381, 382; ii. 42  
 de Condé, Princesse Louise, i. 267, 337  
 des Condes, Mdlle., ii. 401  
 Connell, Phillipa, ii. 401, 408  
 Connolly, Miss (Fitzgerald, Mrs.), i. 42  
 Conolly family, the, i. 329  
 Constable, Mr., i. 123, 126, 152, 225  
 Constable, Mr. Maxwell, ii. 134  
 Constable, Lady Winifred, i. 230  
 Constance, ii. 33  
 Constance, Mrs., i. 20  
 Constantine, Grand Duke, ii. 192, 208  
 Constantinople, ii. 22  
 Conway, i. 16  
 Cook, Frances, ii. 401, 406



- Cooke, Hamp, ii. 268, 293, 294  
 Cooke, Richard Stafford, ii. 268, 293  
 Coombes, Dr., i. 326, 329  
 Coombes, Rev. Mr., i. 326  
 Coote family, the, i. 314  
 Copenhagen, i. 86  
 Copley, Sir Lionel, i. 65  
 Corby, i. 55  
 Corionnon, Mde., i. 225  
 Corn, Miss, ii. 401  
 Cornwallis, Archbishop, i. 273  
 Cornwallis, Mrs. C., i. 114, 136, 187  
 Cornwallis, Lady, ii. 185, 365, 367, 372, 373, 380, 381  
 Cornwallis, Lady Eliz., ii. 372, 374, 380  
 Cornwallis, Lady Louisa, ii. 372, 374, 380  
 Cornwallis, Lord, i. 72  
 Cornwallis, Mrs., ii. 10  
 Correy, Mr., i. 113  
 Correy, Mrs., i. 112  
 Coruña, i. 335  
 Cossey, i. xlvii, xlix, 17, 55, 88, 91, 92, 96, 101, 132, 150, 161, 167, 169, 170, 200, 214, 218, 229, 233, 251, 253, 323, 324, 338, 341, 346, 350, 361, 377, 379; ii. 15, 34, 95, 144, 146, 162, 166, 167, 175, 186, 187, 208, 210, 215-217, 220, 249, 253, 254, 268, 269, 272, 291, 293, 324, 326, 341, 389  
 la Coste, Mdle., ii. 403  
 Costello-Gallen, i. xxiv  
 Costessey, i. xlviii. See Cossey  
 Cottin, Mde., i. 327  
 Coudes, ii. 8  
 Courault, Marie, ii. 402  
 Courlande, Mde. See Princesse de Rohan  
 Courtier, Julie, ii. 402  
 Courtney, Dr., i. 151  
 Courtray, ii. 248  
 Cowper, William, ii. 161  
 Cox and Baylis, i. xix  
 Coyney, Catherine, ii. 403  
 de Craig, the Chevalier, i. 170  
 Cramer, i. 142, 302; ii. 253  
 Crane, Henry, ii. 186  
 Crawley, i. 292  
 de Créqui, Madame, i. 52  
 de Crillon, M., i. 216  
 Crillon family, the, i. 52  
 Croft, Sir Richard, ii. 112, 116  
 Croft, Sir —, fifth Baronet, ii. 117  
 Crofton, Captain, ii. 67  
 de Croix, Mdle., ii. 403  
 Cromwell, Oliver, i. 253, 254, 333  
 Crosby, Mr., i. 91  
 Crosby-by-the-Sea, ii. 307, 336  
 de Crouis, Prince, i. 146-148  
 de Croy-Dulmen, Dowager Duchesse, ii. 238  
 de Croy-Dulmen, Augustus Philip, Duc, i. 102, 284; ii. 212, 213, 222, 238, 258  
 de Croy-Dulmen, Maria, Duchesse. See Maria Dillon  
 Croy-Dulmen. See Dulmen  
 de Croy, Prince and Princesse, ii. 213  
 Crutchley, Mrs., ii. 392  
 Cuff, Mr., i. 297. See also Tyrlandy  
 Cull, Lady, i. 330  
 Cullen, Dr., ii. 87  
 Cumberland, Mr., i. 231  
 Cumberland, Ernest, Duke of, i. 221, 291; ii. 127, 223, 363, 383, 384, 386-388, 393, 395  
 Cumberland, Prince George of, ii. 385, 388  
 Cumberland, Frederica, Duchess of, i. 34; ii. 127, 357, 384-386, 388, 395  
 Cumberland, Henry Frederick, Duke of, ii. 223  
 Cunningham, Lady, ii. 170, 201  
 Custine, i. 65  
 Cuxhaven, ii. 122  
 D —, i. 89  
 D —, Miss, i. 56  
 Dacier, Mdle., i. 43  
 Dacre family, the, i. xxxvii, 108, 131  
 Dahoot, ii. 216  
 Dale, Mr., ii. 22  
 Dale, Miss, ii. 22  
 Dalrymple, General, ii. 356  
 Dalton, Colonel, ii. 184  
 Dalton, Mr., ii. 274-276  
 Dalton, Mrs., ii. 285, 288  
 de Damas, Comte and Comtesse Etienne, i. 324, 325  
 de Damas, Duc, ii. 94, 95, 299  
 de Damas, Duchesse, ii. 76, 95, 102, 297  
 Damer, Mrs., i. 205  
 Dames, ii. 404  
 Damiani, i. 178



- Danoost, ii. 213  
Danton, i. xxx  
Danube River, the, ii. 194  
Danvers, Mrs., i. 68  
Darantza, Mde., ii. 402  
Darcy, Jane, ii. 401  
Darcy, Judith, ii. 407  
Darcy, Rev. Mr., i. 209, 210  
Darell. See Darrel  
Darell family, the, i. 313  
Darell, Mr., ii. 178, 179, 255  
Darlington, Lord, i. 286  
Darrel family, the, i. 107, 108, 150 ;  
ii. 220  
Darrel, Mr., i. 129, 130, 166  
Darrel. See Darell  
Darteros, Abbé, ii. 63  
Dartford, ii. 133  
Datchet, i. 129, 145 ; ii. 366  
Dauncey, Mr., ii. 13  
Dauphin, the, i. 123  
Davies, Dr., ii. 349, 356, 362, 382  
Davis. See Davies  
Dawlish, i. 302  
Deal, ii. 217  
Dease family, the, i. xx  
Dease, Mr., i. 326  
Dease, Lady Theresa, i. 326, 334  
Delion, Chevalier Henri. See Sir  
Henry le Dillon  
Deltuff, Mdlle., ii. 402  
de Demidoff, Mr., i. 236  
de Demidoff, Mde., i. 235  
Denbigh, Lord, ii. 371, 375, 376,  
379, 381, 382  
Denis, Lady Charlotte, ii. 111  
Denys family, the, i. 330  
Derégaux, i. 34  
Derry, the Bishop of, i. 199  
Derwentwater, Earl of, i. 9, 11,  
12  
Descouye, Mdlle., ii. 399  
Desmoulins, Camille, i. xxx  
Despervelles, Mdlle., ii. 401  
du Dessond, Mde., ii. 8  
Dettingen, i. xxiv  
Devereux, Mr., ii. 169  
Devonshire, Duke of, i. 193, 270,  
305 ; ii. 85, 118, 120, 200, 209  
Devonshire, Georgina, Duchess of,  
i. 175, 187, 190-192, 269, 271 ;  
ii. 41, 209, 214, 277, 285  
Dews, Court, i. 328  
Dews, Mrs. Court, i. 328  
Dieppe, ii. 76  
Digby, Sir Kenelm, ii. 314, 325  
Dignum, Charles, i. 186  
Dillon, Alice, ii. 404  
Dillon, Hon. Arthur, i. xxiii, 254  
Dillon, Arthur, General, i. xxiv,  
xxvi-xxviii, xxx, 15, 24, 27, 30-  
32, 40, 44, 54, 57, 58, 65, 92,  
103, 112, 127, 222, 279 ; ii. 49, 60,  
84  
Dillon, Mrs. Arthur, i. xxiv, xxxi,  
24, 30, 36, 40, 110, 112, 163, 370 ;  
ii. 58, 110, 401, 406  
Dillon, Arthur Richard, Archbishop  
of Narbonne, i. xxiv, xxvi, xxxii-  
xxxiv, 22, 91, 143, 151, 168,  
186, 208, 253-255, 278-280, 282,  
288, 293  
Dillon of Belgarde, Alice, ii. 400  
Dillon, Captain, ii. 130, 150, 151  
Dillon, Charles, i. 321, 322, 368 ;  
ii. 39, 278  
Dillon, Charles, tenth Viscount,  
i. xxiv, xxxv  
Dillon, Charles, twelfth Viscount,  
i. xxvii, xxviii, xxxii, 43, 129,  
130, 135, 142, 143, 152, 175, 271,  
280, 293, 297, 322, 340, 363, 365 ;  
ii. 4, 6, 16, 23, 28, 29, 39  
Dillon, Charlotte, i. 145, 152, 368 ;  
ii. 28, 29, 68  
Dillon, Edward, i. xxvi, xxxii ;  
ii. 86  
Dillon family, the, i. xiii, xix, xxii,  
107  
Dillon, Frances, tenth Lady, i. xxiv,  
xxxv  
Dillon, Frances, Comtesse de Ber-  
trand, i. xxxi, 110-112, 125, 152,  
173, 370 ; ii. 14, 28, 48, 57-60,  
76-80, 84, 107, 110, 149, 197, 198,  
204, 205, 210-212, 260, 406  
Dillon, Frances Charlotte (Lady  
Webb), i. 71, 78, 89, 103, 126,  
129, 130, 139-141, 143-145, 151,  
152, 162, 172, 173, 283 ; ii. 40,  
41, 79, 80, 104, 110, 135  
Dillon, Frederick, i. 129, 244, 345,  
353, 355, 361, 368 ; ii. 56, 60, 67,  
70, 76, 77, 149, 150, 217, 278  
Dillon, Lady Frederick, ii. 39  
Dillon, F., i. 113 (error for H.  
Dillon)  
Dillon, Gerald, ii. 111  
Dillon, Gerald Normanby (Fitz-  
gibbon), ii. 287  
Dillon, Henry, eighth Viscount,  
i. xxiii, xxxv

- Dillon, Henry, eleventh Viscount, i. xxiv, xxvi, xxviii, xxxv, 254, 279
- Dillon, Colonel Henry, i. xxxi, 27, 28, 39, 70, 103, 113, 142, 145, 201, 204, 283, 318, 347; ii. 49, 54, 77
- Dillon, Mrs. Henry, i. 129, 142, 159, 160, 318, 368; ii. 16, 68, 212, 213, 216, 226, 238, 258, 278
- Dillon, Henry Augustus, thirteenth Viscount, i. xxxii, xxxiv, 70, 124, 142, 145, 152, 158, 297, 363; ii. 17, 20, 21, 22, 26, 39, 40, 41, 44, 57, 78, 106, 110, 111, 112, 132, 135, 221, 222, 223, 224, 238, 257, 265, 266, 287, 288, 291, 292, 342, 343
- Dillon, Henrietta. See Henrietta Browne
- Dillon, Henrietta Lucy (Comtesse de la Tour du Pin), i. xxxi, 22, 23, 54, 127, 132, 162, 197, 283; ii. 48, 50, 60, 62, 72, 77
- Dillon, Henrietta Maria (Phipps), Lady, i. 41, 43, 47, 124, 210; ii. 16, 28, 39, 41, 104
- Dillon, James, i. xxv. 141, 142
- Dillon, John, i. 152
- Dillon, seventeenth Lord, i. xix, xxxiv
- Dillon, Mdlle., i. 8, 9, 10, 122
- Dillon, Margaret, ii. 287
- Dillon, Maria, i. 102, 124, 159, 284, 368
- Dillon, Maria, Duchesse de Croy-Dulmen, ii. 68, 212, 213, 222, 226, 238, 258
- Dillon, Marie (de Girardin). See Mrs. Arthur Dillon
- Dillon, Mervin, i. 329; ii. 151
- Dillon, Miss Mervin, i. 329
- Dillon, Mrs. Mervin, i. 329
- Dillon, Richard, ninth Viscount, i. xxiv, xxxv
- Dillon, Robert, i. xxii
- Dillon, Theobald, seventh Viscount, i. xxii, xxix, xxxi, xxxii, 57, 70, 279
- Dillon, Thomas, fourth Viscount, i. xxii
- Dillon, Wentworth, i. xxxii
- de Dino, Duchesse, ii. 389
- Diss, i. 38
- Ditchley, i. xxv, 17, 18, 145, 241, 314
- Dixon, Colonel, ii. 185, 218, 219
- Dixon family, the, ii. 184, 218, 219
- Donnegal, Lady, i. 221
- Dormer family, the, i. 49
- Dormer, Miss, i. 49, 230
- Dormond, Mde., ii. 109
- Dossier, Mdlle., i. 64, 79, 82, 86
- Douai, i. xliii
- Douay, i. 350, 371; ii. 291
- Doughty, Mrs., ii. 329
- Douglas, Archibald, Earl of Angus ii. 123
- Douglas, Lady, ii. 26, 123
- Douglas, the Misses, ii. 305
- Douglas, Robert, Bishop of Dunblane, ii. 123
- Dourlians, the Abbé, i. 324, 326
- Douro, Marquis of, ii. 383
- Douvres. See Dover
- Dover, i. 15, 16, 45, 50, 216, 248
- Downes, i. 359
- Downshire, Lady, i. 290; ii. 43
- Doyle, Mrs., ii. 133
- Drake, Miss, i. 203
- Drumrany, i. xxi, xxii
- Drury Lane Theatre, i. 173, 336
- Dryden, i. 71, 275, 276
- Dublin, i. 130, 203, 320; ii. 88, 128, 130, 190, 200
- Dublin, Dr. Murray, Bishop of ii. 103
- Ducass, Miss, i. 341
- Dufaut, Mdlle., ii. 402
- Dulmen, ii. 212, 213, 216, 222
- Dulmen. See Croy-Dulmen
- Dumbarton Castle, ii. 77
- Dumerque, M., ii. 351
- Dumont, Abbé, i. 293
- Dumot, i. 281
- Dumouriez, Général, i. xxix, 58, 63, 65
- Dunbar, ii. 273
- Dunblane, Bishop of. See Robert Douglas
- Duncan, Lady Mary, i. 332
- Duncan, Miss, i. 330
- Dundas family, the, i. 12
- Dundonald, ninth Earl, ii. 142, 143, 200, 257
- Dundonald, Countess, ii. 143, 199, 257
- Dunkirk, ii. 29, 175, 176, 399
- Dunkirque. See Dunkirk
- Dunmore, Lady, i. 311
- Dunning, Mr., ii. 189
- de Duras, Duc, ii. 46

- de Duras, Duchesse, ii. 95, 96  
 Durham, i. 327  
 Dursley, Lord, i. 287  
 Dynevor, Lord, i. 228  
 Dysart, Lord, ii. 13
- East, Major, i. 345  
 East, Mrs., i. 345, 349  
 Easton, ii. 255  
 d'Ecars, Duc, ii. 95. See d'Escars  
 d'Ecars, Duchesse, ii. 95, 97  
 Eden family, the, i. 278  
 Eden, Miss, ii. 339  
 Eden, Mr., i. 277  
 Edgcombe, Lord Mount, ii. 11, 383  
 Edgcombe, Mr., i. 46  
 Edgworth, Miss, ii. 28  
 Edinburgh, i. 123; ii. 272, 273  
 Edward IV., i. xx, xlvii  
 Edward VI., i. xl, xlviii, 212  
 Edwards, Mrs., i. 159, 167  
 Edwin, i. 262  
 Effingham, Earl of. See Colonel Howard  
 Egra, ii. 279  
 Egypt, i. 133  
 Elba, i. 370; ii. 52, 57-59, 78, 109, 134, 211  
 Elgin, Lord, i. 227  
 Elis, General and Lady, ii. 133  
 Elisé, Père, i. 271, 367, 368; ii. 36, 37, 46  
 Elisée. See Elisé  
 Eliza, Miss, ii. 104  
 Elizabeth, Mde., i. 306  
 Elizabeth of Hesse, Princess, ii. 11, 113, 117-119, 121  
 Elizabeth, Princess, i. 172; ii. 187, 280, 282  
 Elizabeth, Queen, i. xlviii; ii. 17, 292, 309  
 Ellenborough, Lord, i. 273; ii. 114  
 Elliot, Mr., ii. 20, 22, 85  
 Ellis, Colonel Sir John, ii. 374  
 Elliston, Robert William, ii. 217  
 Elphinston, Lord, ii. 108  
 Ely, i. 102  
 Ely, Lady, ii. 339  
 Ems, ii. 138  
 d'Enghein, Duc, i. 238  
 Englefield, Sir Henry, i. 316  
 d'Eon, the Chevalier, i. 367  
 Epsom, ii. 362  
 Errol, Lady, ii. 355  
 Errol, Lord, ii. 356  
 Erskine, Lady Augusta Kennedy, ii. 355, 388  
 d'Escars, Comte François, i. 239; ii. 9. See d'Ecars  
 d'Este, Captain Sir Augustus Frederick, ii. 182, 183, 187  
 d'Este, Mdle., ii. 356  
 Esterhazy, Prince, ii. 210, 389, 390-392, 395  
 d'Estissac, Duc. See de Laroche-foucauld, Comte  
 Eterville, the Abbé, i. 342  
 Eton, ii. 265  
 Eustace, Mr., 150  
 Euston, ii. 87  
 Evelyn, John, ii. 140  
 Everett, Dr., Bishop of Cashel, ii. 103, 104  
 Evreux, i. 279  
 Evreux, Bishop of. See Arthur Richard Dillon  
 Exeter, i. 198  
 Exeter, Bishop of (Dr. Courtney), i. 151  
 Exeter, Marquis of, ii. 292  
 Eyre, Sister Agatha, ii. 400  
 Eyre, Charlotte, ii. 405  
 Eyre, Lady Dorothy, ii. 85, 136  
 Eyre, Lady Mary, i. 131  
 Eyre, Miss, i. 327; ii. 324  
 Eyre, Mr., i. 131, 327; ii. 113  
 Eyre, Mrs., i. 265, 327; ii. 324, 325  
 Eyre, Ursula, ii. 400  
 Eyre of Warkworth, Mr., i. 170
- Fagniani, Maria. See Lady Yarmouth [383, 396  
 Falkland, Lady, ii. 362, 363, 367,  
 Falkland, Lord, i. 22; ii. 186, 363, 364, 367, 372, 383. See Faulkland  
 Falmouth, Lord, ii. 272  
 Fane, Lady Augusta. See Lady Bovingdon.  
 Fanshawe, Mrs., i. 28  
 Farmen, Caroline, ii. 403  
 Fauconberg, Henry, Earl of, ii. 131  
 Faulkland, Lord, i. xxxi. See Falkland  
 Fawkenor, Mr., ii. 38  
 de la Fayette, M., ii. 125  
 de la Fayette, Mde., ii. 124  
 de la Fayette, Mdle., ii. 403  
 Fellbrigg, i. 55  
 Felfrig. See Fellbrig

- Felton, i. 372  
 de Feltre, Duc, ii. 61  
 Ferdinand I., King of Naples and Sicily, ii. 58, 61  
 Ferguson, Mrs. and Miss, i. 214  
 Fermer, Miss, i. 144  
 Fermin, Caroline, ii. 405  
 de la Feronaye, Mr. and Mde., ii. 9  
 Ferrari, i. 299  
 Ferrars, Captain, i. 334  
 Ferrars, Mrs., i. 328, 334, 399, 400, 407  
 Ferrers, Mr., ii. 151  
 Ferrers, Mrs. See Ferrars  
 de la Ferronays. See de la Feronaye  
 Findlater, Lady, ii. 3, 4, 6, 9, 11, 27, 173  
 Fingal. See Fingall  
 Fingall, Lord, i. 259, 309, 326, 334 ; ii. 104, 168, 206  
 Firman, Miss, i. 158  
 Fisher, Mrs., ii. 399, 402  
 FitzClarence, i. 291  
 FitzClarence, Captain, ii. 159, 342  
 FitzClarence, the Misses, ii. 119, 159  
 Fitzgerald, George Robert, i. 41  
 Fitzgerald, Lady, ii. 258  
 Fitzgerald, Lady C., ii. 284  
 Fitzgerald, Lady Mary, i. 41, 329  
 Fitzgerald, Mr., ii. 284  
 Fitzgerald, Miss, i. 42, 329  
 Fitzgerald, Mrs. G. R., i. 42  
 Fitzgerald, Lord Robert, i. 324 ; ii. 115  
 Fitzgibbon. See Gerald Normanby Dillon  
 Fitz-Herbert family, the, i. xx  
 Fitz-Herbert, Mrs., i. 33, 34, 49, 160, 188, 192, 274, 275, 285-290 ; ii. 22, 187, 287, 359  
 Fitzjames, Edward, Duke of, ii. 62, 63, 75, 86, 87, 95, 110  
 Fitzjames, Duchess of, ii. 403. See Mdle. de la Touche  
 de Fitzjames, Duc, i. 152, 161, 225  
 de Fitzjames, Madame, i. 160  
 de Fitzjames, Marquis, i. 152  
 Fitz Maurice, i. 163, 164  
 Fitzosbert family, the, i. xxxvii, 107  
 Fitzroy, Emily. See Lady Bagot  
 Fitzroy, General and Lady E., ii. 184, 186, 218, 219  
 Fitzroy, Lord, ii. 133  
 Fitzroy, Lord John, ii. 133  
 Fitzwalter, i. 231, 312 ; ii. 86  
 Fitzwalters, i. 229  
 Fitzwilliam, Lord, i. 266  
 Fitzwilliam, Earl, ii. 55  
 Flanders, ii. 67  
 Fleuri, the Abbé, i. 344, 355, 358  
 Fleury, Cardinal, ii. 185  
 Florence, ii. 111, 221, 238, 287, 292  
 Follaton, i. xv ; ii. 167  
 Fontainebleau, i. 227  
 Fontenay, ii. 124  
 Fontenoy, i. xxv  
 de la Force, Mde., i. 37  
 de la Force, Duchesse, ii. 95  
 Ford, Commodore, i. xxxi, 70  
 Forestier, Mdle., ii. 401  
 Forster, Mr. ii. 209  
 Forster. See Foster  
 Fortalura, Mdle., ii. 403  
 la Fosse, Mdle., ii. 402  
 Foster, Captain, ii. 218  
 Foster, Lady Elizabeth, ii. 120  
 Foster, Mr., i. 264  
 Foster. See Forster  
 Foucade, Miss, ii. 402  
 Fouché, ii. 76, 78, 81  
 Fountain. See Fontaine  
 Fontaine, Mr., i. 344, 350, 356 ; ii. 220  
 Fontaine, Mrs., i. 108  
 Fouquaire, Mr., i. 200  
 Fox, Mr., i. 170 ; ii. 178 [333  
 Fox, Charles James, i. 265, 266, 269,  
 Fox, General, i. 372  
 Fox, Henry, ii. 359  
 Fox, Lady Mary, ii. 356  
 Frampton, Mary, i. 311  
 France, Petty, ii. 150  
 Frankfort. See Frankfort  
 Francis, Emperor of Austria, ii. 225  
 Francis, St., i. 4  
 François, Comte, ii. 42, 95  
 Frankendal, i. 101  
 Frankfort, i. 63, 65, 102  
 Frankfürth, ii. 280  
 Fraser family, the, i. xx ; ii. 263  
 Fraser, Mrs., ii. 141  
 Fraser, Thomas Alexander. See Baron Lovat  
 Franzensbaumen, ii. 279  
 Frederick, Prince of Wales, ii. 4, 185  
 Freeman, i. 150  
 Freemantle, Lady, ii. 359, 392  
 Freemantle, Sir Wm., ii. 359, 373, 392  
 French, Mrs., i. 312

- French, Miss, i. 328  
 Fresnel, Lieut.-General Count, ii. 192  
 Friedland, i. 370  
 Frogmore, ii. 365, 376  
 de Front, Comtesse, ii. 136, 303  
 de Frotté, Comte, i. 11  
 Fryer, Mr., ii. 246  
 Fulton, i. 42
- Gabelous, i. 170  
 Gabrielle, Princesse, ii. 285  
 Gage, John, i. 341  
 Gage, Lord, ii. 6  
 Gage, Lady M. A. See Lady M. A. Browne  
 Gage, Mrs. Rookwood, ii. 105  
 Gage, Sir Thomas, i. 341  
 Galloway, Lady, ii. 85  
 Gand. See Ghent  
 Garcier, ii. 135  
 Gardiner family, the, i. 56  
 Garrick, David, ii. 259  
 Garrick, Mrs., ii. 258  
 Garron, Sir Wm., ii. 107  
 Gartride, Mrs. See Gartside  
 Gartrick, Mr., i. 328  
 Gartrick, Mrs., i. 328  
 Gartside, Mrs., ii. 401, 405  
 Gaway, Mr., i. 98  
 Gascoigne, Mary. See Mrs. Salvin  
 Gaunt, John of, ii. 186  
 Gay, Mr., i. 374  
 Gedge, i. 186  
 Gee, ii. 359  
 Geneva, ii. 104  
 de Genlis, Mde., i. 285  
 George III., i. xii, 31, 49, 75, 104, 125, 126, 137, 160, 166, 172, 176, 177, 179, 180, 182, 185, 187, 193, 226, 227, 240, 260, 266, 272, 296, 302, 309, 333, 341, 378; ii. 5, 11, 102, 118, 119, 140, 156, 157, 159, 170, 219, 223  
 George IV., i. xii, xlv, 31, 33, 49, 73, 75, 77, 177, 213, 258, 275, 285-289, 291, 296, 300, 367, 369, 378; ii. 5, 8, 17, 21, 22, 27, 30, 45, 52-54, 83, 85, 109, 112, 113, 116, 118, 122, 140, 155, 157, 168, 181, 187, 189, 197-199, 200-203, 206, 208, 209, 212-217, 267, 287, 293-295, 318, 319  
 Gerard, Sir William, ii. 284  
 Gerlain, Mdlle, ii. 401  
 Gertrude, Ste., i. 220
- Ghent, i. xlix, 1; ii. 74, 76, 91, 100, 102, 112, 120, 124, 132, 133, 140, 159, 162, 164, 166, 167, 175, 187, 192, 196, 201, 208, 209, 219, 224, 227, 238, 244, 245, 253, 255, 259, 261, 266, 277, 278, 286, 325, 327  
 Gibraltar, i. 103  
 Giffard, Mrs., ii. 400, 405  
 Gill, i. 244  
 Gillibrand, Mr., i. 219  
 Gillibrand, Mrs., i. 219  
 Girard, Mdlle., ii. 402  
 de Girardin, Mde., i. 30  
 de Girardin, Mdlle. See Mrs. Arthur Dillon  
 de Girardin, Marie. See Mrs. Arthur Dillon  
 Girdlestone, Dr., i. 270  
 Glenbervie, Silvester Douglas, Lord, ii. 123, 134, 135, 179, 181, 231  
 Gloucester, ii. 148, 293  
 Gloucester, the Bishop of, ii. 149  
 Gloucester, Mary, Duchess of, ii. 122, 347, 355-357, 362, 367, 375, 382  
 Gloucester, Princess Sophia of. See Sophia  
 Gloucester, William Frederick, second Duke of, ii. 126, 184, 208, 215, 217-219, 355, 382, 383  
 Glydden, ii. 68  
 Gobbet, Frances, ii. 402, 406  
 Gobbet, Dorothy, ii. 402, 406  
 Gobbet, Miss. See Mrs. Compton  
 Gobbett. See Gobbet  
 Golliard, i. 172  
 Gommoens, Colonel, ii. 327  
 de Gontaut, Mde., i. 123; ii. 99  
 Gonto, Mde. See Mde. de Gontaut  
 Gonzaga, Sister, ii. 240  
 Goodall, Mrs., i. 161  
 Goold. See Gould  
 Goold, Lady Charlotte. See Lady Charlotte Browne  
 Goold, Sir Francis, i. 190; ii. 212  
 Goold, Sir George, i. 190, 207, 208, 211; ii. 339, 340  
 Goold, Henry Michael, i. 209  
 Goold, Mrs. Henry Michael, i. 209  
 Gordon, Cosmo, i. 56  
 Gordon family, the, i., 233  
 Gordon, the Duchess of, i. 199, 225  
 Gordon, Lady Georgina, i. 209  
 Gordon, Lord George, ii. 189  
 Gore, Admiral, ii. 358

- Gore, Lady, ii. 339-341, 348, 349, 353, 358, 366  
 Gore, Miss, ii. 348, 351-353, 358, 366  
 Gormanston, Lady, i. 68  
 Gormanston, Lord, i. xxxii, 365  
 Gormanston, Edward, thirteenth Viscount, ii. 313  
 Gormanston, Viscountess, ii. 403  
 Gosfield, i. 320, 335, 376  
 Gouffier, Mdle. de Choiseul, ii. 403  
 Gough, Helen, ii. 407  
 Gough, Helena, ii. 402  
 Gough, Helen, ii. 399, 407  
 Gough, Mrs., ii. 400  
 Gould. See Goold  
 Gould, Colonel, i. 230, 234  
 Gould, Miss, i. 230  
 Gould, Mr. See Lord Grey of Ruthin  
 Gould, Mrs. See Miss Dormer  
 Gourgaud, General, ii. 122  
 Gournay, i. 6, 7  
 Gower, Earl, i. xli  
 Gower, Lady F., ii. 288  
 Gower, Lord, i. 62; ii. 264, 288  
 V. D. Gracht, Mde., ii. 327  
 Grafton, Duke of, i. 266; ii. 37, 87  
 Grammont, ii. 182  
 de Grammont, Comte, ii. 43  
 de Grammont, Elizabeth, Comtesse, i. xxxv  
 de Grammont, Duc, ii. 44, 200, 201  
 Grand, Sir William, ii. 288  
 Grandam, Charles, ii. 274  
 Grandison, i. xlviii  
 la Grange, ii. 125  
 Gransher, Mdle., ii. 402  
 Grant, Colonel, ii. 340  
 Grant, Commodore, ii. 278  
 Grant, Mrs., i. 350  
 Granville, Lord, i. 256-258; ii. 189  
 Grassini, i. 263, 288  
 Grattan, Mr., i. 266, 269, 365, 366; ii. 26, 104, 189  
 Grattan, Mrs., i. 365  
 Graves, Thomas North, second Lord, ii. 387  
 Green, Mother Bernard, ii. 400  
 Green, Elizabeth, ii. 400, 406  
 Green, Mrs., i. 159, 218  
 Gregory, Mrs. William, i. 120  
 Grenada, i. xxviii  
 Grenville, Henry, ii. 18  
 Grenville, Lady Mary. See Lady Mary Arundell  
 Grenville, Lord, i. 185, 265, 269  
 Grenville, Lord George, ii. 18  
 Greville, Henry, i. 209  
 Grey, Colonel, ii. 365  
 Grey, Lady, ii. 364, 365  
 Grey, Lady G., ii. 365  
 Grey, Lord, i. 366, 367; ii. 20, 354, 364, 365, 368, 369, 371  
 Grey of Ruthin, fourth Baron, i. 230  
 Griffin, the Abbé, i. 341  
 de Grignan, Mde., i. 172  
 de Grimaldi, M., i. 337, 382  
 Grossman, Mdle., i. 96  
 Grossini. See Grassini  
 Grosvenor, Lord, i. 295; ii. 135  
 Guadeloupe, ii. 81  
 Guest, Miss, i. 54  
 de Guiche, Duc, ii. 43  
 de Guiche, Mde., i. 239  
 Guilette, Miss, i. 341  
 Guillore, Mdle., ii. 401  
 Guiteri, i. 84  
 Guivard, the Abbé, i. 213  
 Gurdon, Mr., ii. 272  
 Gurney, Joseph John, i. 203  
 Gurney, Miss, i. 203  
 Gustavus IV. of Sweden, i. 381-383  
 Gwin. See Gwynne  
 Gwinn. See Gwynne  
 Gwydyr, Lord, ii. 21  
 Gwynne, Nell, ii. 185, 382  
 Gwynne, Mrs., ii. 389  
 H——, Miss Fanny, i. 139  
 Hadfield, i. 173  
 de Haeckel, M., ii. 9  
 de Haeckel, Mde., ii. 8  
 Haggerston, Sir Carnaby, i. 34  
 Haggerston, Miss, i. 196  
 Hague, the, i. 64; ii. 392  
 Hailes. See Hales  
 Hal, i. 58  
 Hale family, the, i. 208  
 Hales, Sir Edward, i. 30, 312  
 Hales, Sir John, i. 312  
 Hales, Lady, i. 312  
 Hales Place, i. 312  
 Halford, Sir Henry, ii. 10, 103, 110, 234, 245, 294, 364, 365  
 Halford, Dr., ii. 234, 245  
 Hamilton, i. 48  
 Hamilton, Count Anthony, i. xxxv  
 Hamilton, Miss D., i. 330  
 Hamilton, Lady Dalrymple, i. 330  
 Hamilton, Elizabeth. See Comtesse de Grammont



- Hamilton, Frances, i. xxxv  
 Hamilton, Count George, i. xxxv  
 Hamilton, Sir George, i. xxxv  
 Hamilton, Lady, i. 214  
 Hammersmith, i. l, li, 111, 369; ii. 16, 29, 253, 302, 334, 347, 363, 373, 398  
 Hammond, Mrs., ii. 96  
 Hampden, Lord, i. 177  
 Hampstead, i. 88  
 Hampton Court, i. 201; ii. 145  
 Hamstead, i. 88  
 d'Hane, M., ii. 327  
 Hanover, ii. 208  
 de Hanstein, Mdle., ii. 171, 173  
 Harbord, Miss, i. 214  
 Harberter, Lady, i. 126  
 Harcourt family, the, i. 296  
 d'Harcourt, Duc, i. 325  
 Harcourt, Lady, i. 166  
 Harcourt, Lord, i. 260, 296  
 Hardegg, Lieut.-General Count, ii. 126, 192, 208, 224  
 Hardinge, Mr., i. 264  
 Hardinge, Mrs., i. 264  
 Hardwick, Lady, i. 179, 182, 203  
 Hardwick, Lord, i. 176  
 Hardy, Mrs., i. 301  
 Harewood, Lady, i. 206  
 Hargrave, Francis, Q.C., i. 184, 300, 301  
 Harrington, Lady, ii. 127  
 Harrington, Lord, ii. 127  
 Harris, Rev. Mr., ii. 244  
 Harrow, i. 320  
 Harrowby, Lord, ii. 41, 126  
 Hartington, Lord, i. 193, 203.  
 Hartley, Mrs., ii. 400  
 Hartly. See Hartley  
 Hartwell, i. 320, 321, 335, 368, 379; ii. 42, 45  
 Harwich, ii. 203  
 Haselrigge, Lady Maynard, ii. 340  
 Hassop, ii. 114  
 Hastings, ii. 12  
 Hastings, Lord, ii. 238  
 Hastings, Mr., ii. 144  
 Haughley, i. 189, 261, 362  
 Hauleigh. See Haughley  
 d'Haussonville, Mde., i. 21, 22  
 de Hautefontaine, Curé, i. 152  
 Havant, i. 371  
 Havers, i. 9  
 Hawkesbury, Lord, i. 257  
 Hawkins, Mr., i. 36  
 Hawkins, Miss, i. 36  
 Hawleigh. See Haughley  
 Hay, William, i. 28  
 Headfort, Lady, ii. 311  
 Hearne, Mrs., ii. 400  
 Heartwell. See Hartwell  
 Heath, ii. 292  
 Heath, the Abbess of, ii. 62  
 Heathcote, Lady, ii. 35  
 Heeles, Lady, ii. 137  
 Heidelberg, ii. 280  
 Hemson, Sylvester, ii. 308  
 Heneage, Mr., i. 17, 278; ii. 263  
 Heneage, Mrs., i. 278  
 Heneage, Miss, ii. 263  
 Hengrave, i. 116, 117, 341; ii. 105  
 Henley, i. 152  
 Henneage. See Heneage  
 Henri IV., ii. 43  
 Henry II., i. xxi, xxxvii  
 Henry VIII., i. xl, 143  
 Herbert, C., i. 76  
 Herbert, Dr., ii. 230  
 Herbert, Lady Jane, i. 76  
 Herbert, Mrs., i. 76  
 Hertford, ii. 289  
 Hertford, Lady, ii. 17, 155, 156, 170  
 Hertford, Lord, i. 166; ii. 45, 395  
 Hertford, Marquess of. See Lord Yarmouth  
 Hervey, Colonel, ii. 103  
 Hervey, Lady Louisa, i. 211  
 Hervey, Miss, ii. 359  
 Hesse, Frederick, Prince of, ii. 118-121, 131, 132, 138  
 Hesse, Princess of. See Elizabeth  
 Hesse, Prince de, i. 63  
 Hesse-Philpstal, Prince of, ii. 133  
 Heythorpe, i. 145  
 Hicks, Sir R., ii. 150  
 Highlaker, Major, ii. 126  
 Hill, Mrs., i. 369; ii. 68  
 Hillisbery, i. 193  
 Hinchin, ii. 147  
 Hipplesley, Sir John Cox, i. 310  
 Hirling family, the, i. 107  
 Hobhouse, Mr., ii. 267  
 Hochspeyer, i. 101  
 Hohenlohe, Alexander, Prince, ii. 240, 241  
 Hohenlohe - Langenburg, Princesse Louise of, ii. 133  
 Hohenzollern family, the, i. 284  
 Holberg, Princess, i. 63  
 Holean, Miss Anne, i. 14  
 Holker, Mr., ii. 110  
 Holker, Mrs., ii. 110, 111



- Holker, Sir Martin, ii. 110  
 Holkham, i. 55; ii. 113, 142, 144, 184, 185, 284  
 Holland, the King of, i. 319  
 Holland, Dr., ii. 109, 127, 201  
 Holland, Lord, i. 372; ii. 12, 22, 104, 359  
 Holland, Lady, i. 372; ii. 203  
 Holstein Augustenburg, Prince of, i. 382  
 Holt, i. 108, 110  
 Holyhead, ii. 87, 89, 203  
 Holyrood, i. 123, 320  
 Homan, Sir William, i. 204  
 Homburg, ii. 280  
 Hone, ii. 114  
 Honingham, ii. 10  
 Hoo, the, ii. 29  
 Hood, Lord, i. 366  
 Hood, Thomas, i. 335  
 Hopkinson, i. 29  
 Hoppner, i. 188  
 Horingham, i. 254  
 Hornstein, i. 60, 94  
 Horrex, Mr., i. 113  
 Horsley, Bishop of St. Asaph, i. 266  
 Horton, Mrs., ii. 223  
 Houdonard, Adelaide, ii. 402  
 Houdonard, Julie, ii. 402  
 Howard family, the, ii. 33, 144  
 Howard, Catherine, ii. 401, 405  
 Howard, Colonel, i. 183, 190  
 Howard, Dr., i. 12  
 Howard, Mr., i. 283, 286, 328  
 Howard, Mrs., ii. 22. See also Miss Lampton  
 Howard, Miss, ii. 221  
 Howard, Agnes, i. 159  
 Howard, Mother Agnes, ii. 399  
 Howard, Anne, ii. 399, 404  
 Howard, Barney, i. 283  
 Howard, Bernard, twelfth Duke of Norfolk, i. 14, 159  
 Howard, Lady Charlotte, i. 183, 190  
 Howard, C.<sup>1</sup>M., ii. 119-121  
 Howard of Corby, Mr., i. 328  
 Howard of Corby, Miss, ii. 401, 405  
 Howard, Edward, ii. 23, 34  
 Howard, Frederick, ii. 69  
 Howard of Greystock, Miss, ii. 399  
 Howard of Greystock, Mary, ii. 401, 408  
 Howard, Henry, ii. 23  
 Howard, Hon. John Stafford, i. xxxviii  
 Howard, Juliana, i. 12, 14. See Lady Petre  
 Howard, Mary, i. 12, 14, 36, 37; ii. 399, 402, 407, 408  
 Howard, Mary Stafford, i. xxxix  
 Howard, Percy, i. 36, 55, 109  
 Howard, Philip, i. xx  
 Howard, Thomas. See twenty-third Earl of Arundel  
 Howard, Ven. William, Viscount Stafford, i. xx, xxxvii-xl, 5, 14, 50, 184, 267, 300, 301, 345  
 Howe, Lady Mary, i. 169  
 Howe, Lady, ii. 370  
 Howe, Admiral Lord, i. 67, 87, 169  
 Howe, Lord, ii. 342, 343, 345, 346, 354, 370, 371  
 Howell, Harriet, i. 348  
 Howell, Miss, ii. 189, 190, 191  
 Hubbuds, H., i. 55  
 Huddleston family, the, i. 203  
 Huddleston, Miss, i. 327  
 Huddleston, Mr., i. 182  
 Hudson family, the, i. 56  
 Hudson, Mr., ii. 356, 362  
 Hudson, Mrs., ii. 183  
 Hugh, Miss, ii. 156  
 d'Hulite, Comtesse. See Mde. Portalis  
 Humbert, i. 132; ii. 48  
 d'Hune, Demoiselles, ii. 318  
 Hunloke, Lady, i. 212; ii. 85, 118, [172]  
 Hunter, Mrs., i. 68  
 Huntingfield, Lady, ii. 29  
 Husenbeth, Rev. T. C., ii. 269  
 Hutchinson, Mr., i. 297  
 Hutchinson, Captain, ii. 83  
 Huy, i. 64  
 Hyde family, the, i. 327  
 Ince, i. 378  
 Inchbald, Mrs., i. 264  
 Ingatdesthorpe family, the, i. 107  
 Islington, i. 240  
 Ives, Jerry, i. 40  
 Ives, Mrs., i. 203  
 Jacquelin, La Roche. See Laroche-jacquelin  
 Jamaica, i. 163  
 James I., i. 261  
 James II., i. xxii-xxiv, xxxvii, 312, 333; ii. 20, 84, 169, 234  
 Jannet, i. 19  
 Jauven, Mdle., ii. 403

- Jefferies, i. 275  
 Jelf, Mr., ii. 385  
 Jelf, Mrs., ii. 389  
 Jelfe. See Jelf  
 Jemappes, i. 58, 62, 143  
 Jenner, Dr. Edward, i. 210  
 Jennings, Miss, i. 189  
 Jennings, Frances, i. xxxv  
 Jennings, Sarah. See Duchess of Marlborough  
 Jennington, Sir Wm., i. 305  
 Jenpore, Charlotte Sheldon, ii. 406  
 Jepherson, Lady. See Lady Gormanston  
 Jepherson, Mr., i. 68  
 Jernegan, Catherine, ii. 186  
 Jernegan, Sir John, ii. 186  
 Jernigan family, the, i. 107  
 Jerningham. See Jernegan  
 Jerningham family, the, i. xiii-xix, xxxvii, xlvii, 106, 107, 157, 274, 377; ii. 64, 89, 142, 182  
 Jerningham, Agnes, i. 138  
 Jerningham, Admiral Arthur, ii. 273, 274, 325, 334  
 Jerningham, Mrs. Arthur, ii. 327  
 Jerningham, Charles ('The Chevalier'), i. xxxvi, xlii, xlv, 3, 13, 15, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 33, 48, 55, 56, 67, 84, 90, 92, 111, 128, 131, 145, 150, 161, 163, 173, 176, 188, 197, 202, 204, 209, 214, 219, 224, 226, 227, 235, 282; ii. 50, 51, 54, 222, 237, 391  
 Jerningham, General Charles, i. 39, 144, 146  
 Jerningham, Charles Stuart. See Charles William Edward Jerningham  
 Jerningham, Charles William Edward, ii. 87, 167, 178, 184, 248-250, 252, 253, 255, 354, 355; ii. 274  
 Jerningham, Mrs. Charles, i. 147  
 Jerningham, Charlotte, ii. 178  
 Jerningham, Charlotte Georgina, i. 193, 261; ii. 110, 135-137, 163, 182, 184, 218, 219, 258, 262, 264, 268, 270, 272, 277, 286  
 Jerningham, Clementina, ii. 134, 217, 253, 254  
 Jerningham, Dr., ii. 122  
 Jerningham, Edmund, ii. 305, 306, 311, 313, 324, 325, 334, 335, 337, 339, 340, 347  
 Jerningham, Mrs. Edmund, ii. 306, 323-325, 340  
 Jerningham, Hon. Edward, ii. 200, 292  
 Jerningham, Edward ('The Dear'), i. xlv, xlix, 15, 17, 22, 28, 37, 39, 43, 55, 71, 85, 90, 93, 101, 102, 106, 109, 113, 122, 124, 126, 130, 131, 134, 139, 142, 145, 152, 157, 162, 183, 185, 194, 200, 211, 217, 219, 222, 223, 240, 241-243, 249, 251, 254, 258, 263, 265, 268, 270, 271, 277, 309, 313, 335, 343-345, 353, 358, 360, 361-363, 368, 371-376, 382; ii. 8, 11, 12, 16, 19, 22, 23, 30, 39, 40, 42-45, 47, 50, 53-56, 58-60, 63, 66, 68, 71, 80, 81, 87, 90, 97, 104, 107, 114, 128, 130, 131, 135, 144, 150, 155, 156, 167, 168, 170, 171, 175-177, 180, 186, 190, 199, 201, 205, 216, 218, 222, 233, 234, 238, 239, 243, 244, 247, 250, 251, 253, 254, 258, 261, 267, 281, 331, 355  
 Jerningham, Mrs. Edward (Emily Middleton), i. xlix, 241, 242, 244, 245, 251, 252, 255, 258, 263-265, 271, 287, 288, 290, 309, 344, 346, 361, 362, 374, 375, 382; ii. 8, 11, 18, 19, 22, 45, 47, 58, 69, 87, 95, 97, 127, 135, 155, 156, 171, 183, 199, 201, 230, 234, 239, 242-244, 246, 249-253, 261, 281, 331  
 Jerningham, Edward ('The Poet'), i. xxvii, xlii-xliv, 24-26, 40, 45, 51, 52, 65, 84, 110, 136, 142, 155, 224, 232, 253, 255, 256, 274, 295, 298, 302, 305, 314, 340, 341, 349, 350, 353, 358, 361, 382; ii. 1, 23-25, 237, 389  
 Jerningham, Eliza, i. 116  
 Jerningham, Fitzosbert Henry, Lord Stafford, i. xl  
 Jerningham, Frances, ii. 178, 275  
 Jerningham, Frances, Lady Stafford. See Frances Sulyarde  
 Jerningham, Francis Georgina, ii. 178, 275  
 Jerningham, Sir George, fifth Baronet, i. xxxvii, 3  
 Jerningham, George William, Lord Stafford, i. xxxix, xlv, 3, 13, 22, 23, 27, 31, 40, 45, 55, 57, 58, 66, 82, 84, 93, 121-123, 125, 127, 131, 139, 142, 152, 153, 157, 166, 171, 174, 188, 233, 261, 268, 343, 344, 346, 347, 356, 358, 361, 363-365, 368, 376, 377; ii. 10, 15, 19, 25

- 92, 95, 97, 98, 128, 133-135, 137, 142-144, 146, 150, 163, 172, 175, 176, 178, 179, 184, 185, 197, 207, 215-217, 221, 243, 244, 246-248, 254, 258, 259, 262, 264, 265, 267-269, 272, 274, 275, 277, 284, 292-297, 324, 325, 330, 332, 337, 338, 340, 343
- Jerningham, Gertrude, ii. 323, 329, 340
- Jerningham, Henry, i. xxxix, xlviii
- Jerningham, Henry, Lord Stafford, i. 261; ii. 45, 138, 154, 173, 189, 210, 216, 218, 220, 227, 254, 263, 264, 272, 274, 286
- Jerningham, Sir Hubert, i. xvi, xlii, xlv, 69; ii. 355
- Jerningham, Isabella, ii. 178, 275
- Jerningham, James Edward, ii. 114, 254
- Jerningham, John Edward, ii. 253, 275
- Jerningham, Laura, ii. 134, 178, 332, 333, 340
- Jerningham, Lucretia, ii. 264, 275, 276, 307, 310, 313, 329, 339, 340
- Jerningham, Lady Mary, i. xxxvii
- Jerningham, Mary Clementina (Marquise de Ripart Monclar), i. 374
- Jerningham, Miss, ii. 155
- Jerningham, Stafford, ii. 359
- Jerningham, Mrs. Stafford, ii. 359
- Jerningham, William Charles, i. xlv, xlix, 3, 13, 22, 23, 27, 31, 32, 40, 45, 54, 55, 57-61, 63, 65, 92, 93, 97, 99, 101, 121, 122, 124-126, 139, 142, 144, 146, 148, 149, 157, 160, 179, 186, 188, 200, 211, 231, 242, 277, 324, 332, 344, 358, 361; ii. 24, 44, 50, 60, 86, 175, 176-179, 192, 261, 306
- Jerningham, Mrs. William (Anne Moore), ii. 175
- Jerningham, Mrs. William (Ann Wright), i. xlix, 229, 231, 241, 277, 324, 332, 346, 349, 361; ii. 175, 177, 179
- Jerome, i. 64
- Jersey, Dowager Lady, ii. 140, 203
- Jersey, Lady, i. 49, 111, 137, 160, 193; ii. 37, 69, 197, 201-203
- Jersey, Lord, ii. 37
- Jerusalem, Archbishop of, ii. 128
- John of Gaunt, ii. 186
- John, Prince, i. xxi
- Johnson, Mr., ii. 393
- Johnson, Dr., i. 15
- Johnson, General, i. 28
- Johnston, Miss Hope, ii. 339, 362, 372, 390, 393
- de Joinville, the Prince, i. 371
- Jomini, i. 58, 65
- Jones, Dr., i. 109
- Jones, Inigo, ii. 186
- Jones, Miss, i. 309
- Jones, Mr., ii. 84
- Jones, Sir William and Lady, ii. 185
- Joseph, John, i. 292, 321; ii. 104, 279, 283
- Josephine, the Empress, i. xxxi, 370; ii. 82, 377
- Joubert, Mr., ii. 210
- Jourdan, General, i. 101
- Jourdan, Marshal, ii. 94
- Joyces. See Joyes
- Joyes, Agnes, ii. 399, 404
- Joyes, Juliana, ii. 407
- Juilly, i. 10, 20, 21, 222
- Juste, Baron, ii. 171
- Justete, Baron, ii. 281
- Jyrningham. See Jerningham
- Kaim, i. 60
- Kalkebrenner, ii. 127
- Keating, Mrs., i. 211
- Keith, Admiral Lord, ii. 78, 108
- Kelly, i. 350
- Kelvedon family, the, i. 107
- Kemble, i. 295; ii. 41
- de Kendal, Baron, i. 181
- Kendall, General, i. 142, 152
- Kenmare family, the, i. 228, 240, 259
- Kenmare, Frances, Lady, i. 60, 159, 160, 174, 182, 188, 197, 211, 216, 217, 259, 309, 399; ii. 406
- Kenmare, Lord, i. xxx, 5, 163, 188-190, 197, 201, 207, 208, 216, 304, 313, 334, 340, 341; ii. 212
- Kenmare, Viscountess, ii. 399
- Kennedy, Lady Augusta, ii. 394
- Kent, Edward, Duke of, i. 104, 291, 321, 382; ii. 138, 156, 157, 160
- Kent, Victoria, Duchess of, ii. 157, 160, 367, 368
- Kenyon, Mr., i. 210
- Keppel, Lady C., ii. 395
- Keppel, E., ii. 145, 183, 184
- Keppel, Mr. and Mrs., ii. 183, 184
- Kerry, Francis Thomas, third Earl of, i. 61
- Kerry, Lady, i. 61

- Kerverberg, Mr., ii. 137  
 Ketteringham, i. 9, 10  
 Kew, ii. 384  
 Kiddington, i. 145  
 Kilgory, i. 209  
 Killarney, i. 314  
 Kilmory, Lord, ii. 375  
 Kimberley, i. 276  
 King, Lord, i. 256  
 Kingstown, i. 43  
 Kinnaird Lady, ii. 113, 289  
 Kinnaird, Lord, ii. 85, 113, 288  
 Klattan, ii. 226  
 Knapp, Mr., i. 329  
 Knight, Mr., i. 49, 299; ii. 288  
 Knighton, Sir William, ii. 245, 249  
 Knop, Abbot, i. 371  
  
 Lacon, Miss, i. 328  
 Lade, Sir John, i. 286  
 Laecken, ii. 213  
 Lafayette, i. 57, 303  
 de Lafayette, Mde., i. 303  
 de Lagny, M., i. 9  
 Lainé, M., ii. 99  
 Laltham, ii. 381  
 de Lally, M., ii. 237  
 Lally, General Comte, i. xxxii, 221  
 Lamare. See La Marre  
 La Marre, Baron, ii. 192, 195, 196  
 Lamb, Lady Caroline, ii. 35  
 Lamb, Charles, ii. 7  
 Lamb (Mary), ii. 7  
 Lamb, Mrs., ii. 209  
 Lambe, Lady Charlotte, ii. 277  
 Lambert, Lady, ii. 402  
 Lambton. See Lampton  
 Lampton, Lady Anne, i. 111, 193  
 Lampton, Mr., i. 49, 111  
 Lampton, Miss, ii. 69, 70  
 Lamy, Adelaide, ii. 401  
 Lamy, Mdlle., ii. 401  
 Lancaster, ii. 266 [ii. 186  
 Lancaster, John of Gaunt, Duke of,  
 Lancaster, Mr., i. 307, 316, 348  
 Landau, i. 100  
 de Lande, Mdlle., ii. 403  
 Lane, Mr., ii. 25  
 Langdale, Sister Frances, ii. 399  
 Langdale, Margaret, ii. 399, 407  
 Langdon, Josephine, ii. 407  
 Langdon, Mary, ii. 408  
 Langley, Diana, i. 334  
 Langton family, the, ii. 232  
 Langton, Catherine, ii. 402  
 Langdon, Christina, ii. 405  
  
 Langton, Colonel Gore, ii. 3  
 Langton, Josephine, ii. 402, 407  
 Langton, Mr., i. 13  
 Langton, Mrs., i. 13  
 Langton, Miss, ii. 309, 341  
 Langton. See Langdon  
 de Lannoy, Comte, ii. 238  
 Lansdowne, Lady, i. 273  
 Lansdowne, Lord, ii. 189  
 Lapland, i. 311  
 de Larochevoucauld, Comte, ii. 51  
 de Larochevoucauld-Liancourt, Duc,  
 ii. 47, 48  
 Larochejacquelin, M., ii. 69  
 Latham, Dr., ii. 18  
 Laton, i. 29, 129  
 Laton, Mrs., i. 28, 203  
 de la Touche, Comtesse. See Mrs.  
 Arthur Dillon  
 de la Touche, Mdlle., i. 32, 110  
 de La Touche, Mr., ii. 15  
 La Tour. See Latour [61  
 de Latour, Baillet, Comte, i. 58, 60,  
 Latourdupin. See de la Tour du  
 Pin Gouvernet  
 Laufeldt, i. xxvi, xxxiii  
 Laurence, Sister, i. 98  
 Lautereck, i. 100  
 Layton. See Laton  
 Lawless, Mr., i. 262, 305  
 Leamington, ii. 146  
 Lebanon, Mount, ii. 129  
 Lee family, the, i. 223  
 Lee. See Henry Augustus, thirteenth  
 Viscount Dillon  
 Lee, Lady Anne, ii. 400, 404  
 Lee, Mother Benedict, ii. 400  
 Lee, Lady Charlotte, i. xx, xxv,  
 160, 223; ii. 4, 15  
 Lee, Lady Frances, ii. 400, 406  
 Lee, Lady Harriet. See Lady Bellew  
 Lee, Lady Henrietta, ii. 399  
 Lee, Mrs., i. 233, 234  
 Lee, Sir William, i. 321  
 Leeds, Duchess of, ii. 339  
 Le Gai, Mdlle., ii. 401  
 Leicester, ii. 316  
 Leigh, Mrs., i. 20  
 Lely, Sir Peter, i. 312, 313  
 Leneve, Miss, i. 55  
 Lennox, Augusta Gordon, ii. 283  
 Lenox, Lady Charlotte, i. 290  
 Lenox, Lady S., ii. 357  
 de Lens, Comtesse F., ii. 318  
 Lenora, i. 110  
 Leopold, i. 146

- Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, Prince, ii. 112  
 Le Sage, Abbé, i. 150  
 Leslie family, the, ii. 333  
 Leslie, Miss, ii. 263  
 de Levis, Mde., i. 110, 267  
 de Lezardiére, M., ii. 47  
 de Lezardiére, Mde., ii. 47  
 de Liancourt, Duc. See Laroche-foucauld-Liancourt  
 Lichtenstein, Prince, ii. 391  
 de Liederkerke, Comte, i. 127  
 Liège, i. 31, 63, 64, 328; ii. 408  
 Liège Nuns, the, i. 143  
 Lieven, Princess, ii. 365  
 de Ligne, 'Memoirs of the Princesse, i. 29  
 Lille, i. xxx, xxxi, 6, 7, 12, 57, 70, 116; ii. 61, 209, 405  
 de Lille, Mr., ii. 15  
 Lilly, i. 352  
 Limerick, i. xxiii, xxvi  
 Lindsay, Lady C., ii. 135  
 Linery, Amédée, i. 110  
 de Linery, Mde., i. 110  
 de Linery, Mdle., 110  
 de Linois, Admiral Comte Durand, ii. 80, 81, 84  
 Lintelo, Mde., i. 63  
 Linton, Lord, ii. 286  
 de Lion, Mde., i. 88  
 Lisbon, i. 284, 310 [154  
 Litchfield, Lady, i. 223, 312; ii. 84,  
 Litchfield, Henry, Earl of, i. xxv  
 Litchfield, Lord, i. 151  
 Livarot, i. 88, 191  
 Livermore, ii. 309  
 Liverpool, ii. 307, 311  
 Liverpool, Lord, ii. 20, 119, 143  
 Llandaff, the Bishop of, i. 266  
 Llangollen, ii. 14, 30, 33  
 Lloyd, i. 161  
 Lloyd, Anne, ii. 401, 405  
 Loen, Lieut.-Colonel Baron, ii. 192, 196, 208, 224, 226  
 Loftus, Miss. See Lady Charles Townshend  
 Lognau, Mr., ii. 141  
 Le Loir. See Le Loire  
 Le Loire, i. 356, 368, 371; ii. 45  
 Le Loire, Mde., i. 185  
 London, i. xix, xxv, xxxiv, 10, 15, 20, 24, 30, 60, 108, 128, 133, 157, 198, 217, 255, 298, 310, 332; ii. 42, 43, 45, 59, 68, 83, 102, 105, 110, 111, 120, 133, 154, 167, 173, 176, 183, 203, 205, 216, 232, 242, 244, 248, 253, 267, 291, 294, 297, 325, 331, 363, 383, 393, 399, 400, 404  
 London, the Bishop of, i. 180  
 Londonderry, Robert, second Marquess, ii. 59, 199, 209, 211, 213, 256  
 Londres. See London  
 Longwood, ii. 108, 198  
 Lonsdale, Lord, ii. 121  
 Lorraine, Mde., i. 152  
 de Lorrant (Serant), Duchesse, i. 321  
 de Lou. See Vise de Lou  
 Loughlin, ii. 131  
 Louis, Abbé, ii. 80  
 Louis XIV., i. xxiii, 254  
 Louis XV., i. xxv, xxxiii  
 Louis XVI., i. xxxiii, 57, 123, 219; ii. 48, 76, 81  
 Louis XVII., i. xxx  
 Louis XVIII., i. xix, 11, 127, 305, 320, 335, 337, 367, 371, 382; ii. 42, 43, 45, 47, 48, 50, 51, 54, 55, 57, 58, 60, 61, 63, 65, 69, 71, 75, 76, 80, 81, 90, 93, 94-98, 101, 125, 296, 297, 298-300  
 Louis Philippe, i. 202; ii. 365  
 Louisa, Princess, ii. 341  
 Louise, Princesse, ii. 62  
 Louise, Princesse, the Nun, ii. 153  
 Louis, Princesse, of Saxe-Weimar. See Saxe-Weimar  
 Louvain, i. 43, 60, 374  
 Louvel, ii. 157  
 Louvre, the, ii. 96, 97  
 Lovat, Lady. See Charlotte Georgina Jerningham  
 Lovat, Miss, ii. 351, 354  
 Lovat, Thomas Alexander Fraser, 14th Baron, ii. 182, 262, 268, 270, 273, 286  
 Lovendeghem, ii. 282  
 Lovett, Molly, ii. 16  
 Low, Sir Hudson, ii. 204, 210  
 de Lowendal, Mdle., ii. 403  
 Lowther, Colonel, ii. 121  
 Lowther, Lady Eleanor, ii. 121  
 Lowther, Lord, ii. 121  
 Lubbock, Sir John, ii. 10  
 Lucan, Elizabeth Belasyse, Countess of, ii. 131  
 Lucan, Dowager Lady, i. 214  
 Lucan, Lord, ii. 131  
 Ludovic, Prince, ii. 196  
 Luitry, Mde., i. 142, 152, 158

- Lumigny, ii. 124  
 Lumley, i. 111  
 de Lupé. See de Luppé  
 Lupon, ii. 114  
 de Luppé family, the, i. 163  
 de Luppé, Comtesse, ii. 400  
 de Luppé, Mde., ii. 44, 61, 76, 92,  
     95, 97, 98, 406  
 Luton, i. 302  
 Luton Hoo, ii. 29  
 Luxborough, Lord, i. 49  
 Luxembourg, i. 64, 92, 94  
 Luxemburg. See Luxembourg  
 de Luynes, Mde., i. 225  
 Lygon, Colonel, ii. 365  
 Lynch, Anne, ii. 401, 405  
 Lynn, i. 348  
 Lyons, i. 205; ii. 59, 65, 120  
  
 Macaulay, Lord, i. xlii  
 MacCormack, Mrs., i. 81  
 Macdonald, Major, ii. 86  
 Macdonald, Marshal, i. xxxii; ii. 58,  
     61, 94  
 Macdonald, Mary, ii. 402, 408  
 Macdonald, Miss, ii. 58, 61  
 Macdonnel, Miss, ii. 27, 67  
 Mackenzie, Frances. See Lady  
     Kenmare  
 Mackenzie, Lady Frances, ii. 399  
 Mackenzie, Mr., ii. 286  
 Macklin, i. 48  
 Mackvaw, ii. 273  
 Macleod, Miss Flora, ii. 340  
 Macmahon, Mde. de Chausigny,  
     ii. 401, 408  
 Macmahon, Mde. d'Equilly, ii. 401,  
     408  
 Macmahon, Mde. de Sully, ii. 401,  
     408  
 Macnamara family, the, i. 213  
 Macnamara, Miss, ii. 18  
 'Madame.' See Mdle. Adelaide  
 Madeira, i. 45  
 Madère. See Madeira  
 Madocks, Miss, ii. 322  
 Madrid, i. 133  
 Maestricht, i. 63  
 Maidenhead, i. 71  
 Maillor, Mdle., ii. 403  
 Main, Pauline, ii. 403  
 de Maintenon, Mde., i. 285  
 Mainz. See Mentz  
 Majendie, Captain, i. 28  
 Majendie, Mrs., i. 29  
 Malaga, i. 105  
  
 Malcolm, Lady, ii. 107, 108  
 Malcolm, Sir Pulteney, ii. 326  
 Malmaison, i. 370  
 Malmesbury, James Harris, first  
     Earl of, i. 76  
 Malmsbury. See Malmesbury  
 Malpas, Lord, ii. 17, 102  
 Malta, i. 3, 202, 306, 317; ii. 326, 334  
 Manby, Captain, i. 277  
 Manchester, Dowager Duchess of,  
     ii. 37  
 Manchester, Duchess of, ii. 37  
 Mandar, Père, i. 152  
 Manners, John, i. 292  
 Manners, Mrs., i. 273  
 Mannheim, i. 93, 100; ii. 280  
 Mannock, Sir F., ii. 404  
 Mannock, Lady, ii. 401, 404  
 Manock. See Mannock  
 Manuel, ii. 125  
 Maple Durham, ii. 86, 216  
 Marceau, General, i. 101  
 Marche, i. 64  
 Marchési, i. 283  
 Marest, Rev. Mr., ii. 241  
 Maria, Donna, of Portugal, ii. 365,  
     375-379, 381, 382  
 Maria Josepha of Savoy, 'the Queen  
     of France,' i. 335-338, 379  
 Maria Louisa, Empress, ii. 44  
 Marianne, Miss, ii. 362, 367, 391  
 Marie Antoinette, i. 10, 11, 219  
 Marlborough, John Churchill, Duke  
     of, i. 123  
 Marlborough, Sarah, Duchess of,  
     i. xxxv; ii. 123  
 Marmont, Marshal, ii. 61, 94  
 Marret, Mr., i. 20  
 Marseilles, i. 202  
 Marshal, ii. 235  
 de Martainville, ii. 85  
 Martin, Colonel, ii. 226  
 Martinez, Miss Jane, i. 339  
 Martinique, i. 32, 44; ii. 15  
 Martiny, Major, ii. 192  
 Martyn, Colonel, ii. 192  
 Mary Christine, Arch-Duchess, ii. 391  
 Mary of Modena, Queen, i. xxiv  
 Mary, Princess, ii. 27, 28, 208  
 Mary, Queen, i. xlviii; ii. 143  
 Mary Queen of Scots, i. 260  
 Mary Ursula, Sister. See Lady  
     Anastasia Stafford  
 Maryanne. See Marianne  
 Maryborough, Lord and Lady, ii.  
     359



- Maryland, ii. 103  
 Masson, Frédéric, ii. 211  
 Massimo, Countess, ii. 285  
 Mathieu, Mdle., ii. 402  
 Maurice, i. 67  
 Mauritius, i. xlv; ii. 140  
 Maximilian, Archduke, ii. 125, 126  
 Maxwell, Lady, ii. 136  
 Maxwell, Miss, ii. 136  
 Maxwell, Mr., ii. 285  
 Mayes, Miss, i. 348  
 Mayo, i. 72  
 Mayo, Lady, ii. 339, 343-346, 375, 376, 379, 381-384  
 Mayo, Lord, ii. 356, 379, 383  
 McCarthy, Anne, ii. 401, 405  
 McDonald, Mary, ii. 408  
 McDonald, Mr., i. 42  
 McGarret, Castle, i. 364  
 McMahon Chanoise, Mdle., ii. 408  
 McMahon, Colonel, i. 138  
 McMahon, Marshal, i. xxxii  
 Meade, Mr., i. 295  
 Meade, Miss, i. 295  
 Meckett, ii. 255  
 Meinhardt, Charlotte, ii. 400, 405  
 Meiningen, ii. 188  
 Melbourne, Lord, ii. 35  
 Mellish, John, i. 124, 286  
 Melville, Henry Dundas, Viscount, i. 272, 273, 274  
 Melville, Lord, ii. 325  
 Menteith, Rev. Mr., ii. 327  
 Menton, ii. 8  
 Mentz, i. 100  
 Meredith, Catherine (Kitty), ii. 402, 405  
 de Mérode, Comte, i. 63  
 de Mesnars, Comtesse, i. 380  
 Messenger, Mrs., i. 327; ii. 29  
 Metcalf. See Metcalfe  
 Metcalfe, i. 328  
 Metcalfe, Mrs., i. 328, 332  
 Methuen, Miss, i. 206  
 Metz, ii. 324, 333  
 de Meun. See de Mun  
 Michael, i. 7  
 Michaeli, i. 67  
 Michette, i. 342, 356, 360  
 Middleton, ii. 37  
 Middleton, Emily. See Mrs. Edward Jerningham  
 Middleton, Harriet, i. 243, 245  
 Middleton, Nathaniel, i. 242, 243  
 Middleton, Mr., ii. 183, 219  
 Mignard, ii. 234  
 Mildmay, Sir Henry, ii. 57, 156  
 Mildmay, Lady. See Miss Bouverie  
 Miles, Lieutenant, i. 284  
 Millar, Lady, i. xlii  
 Milner, General, ii. 133, 232, 322, 334  
 Milner, John, Bishop of Castabala, i. 266, 267, 268, 269, 309, 310, 358, 366, 367  
 Milner, Mrs., ii. 251-308, 318, 322, 334, 339, 340, 347  
 Milton, John, i. 314, 315  
 Minerva, ii. 14  
 de Mirepoix, M., ii. 8  
 Mitchell, Miss, ii. 339  
 Mittan, i. 306  
 Mobil, ii. 67  
 Modena, i. xxiv  
 Moira, Lady, i. 203  
 Moira, Lord, i. 69  
 Molière, i. 53  
 Mollineux, Lord, Earl of Sefton, ii. 127  
 Mollineux, Mrs., ii. 127  
 Molly, i. 14  
 Molyneux, Sir Francis, ii. 22  
 Molyneux-Seele. See Seele  
 Molyneux. See Mollineux  
 Money, Colonel, ii. 288  
 Money, General, ii. 52  
 Money, Major, i. 28  
 Monk, Lady Elizabeth, i. 308  
 Monmouth, Duke of, i. 333; ii. 185  
 Mons, i. 58, 61  
 'Monsieur.' See Comte d'Artois  
 de Monsoreau family, the, ii. 9  
 de Monsoreau, Mde., ii. 95  
 Montague, Lady Jane, ii. 37  
 Montague, Lord, ii. 6, 12  
 de Montagu, Marquis, ii. 124  
 Montargis, ii. 47, 401  
 Mont Cashel, i. xxiii  
 de Monte, the Marquis, ii. 83  
 de Montesquieu, Mde., i. 162  
 Montholon, Count, ii. 198, 204  
 de Montion. See de Montyon  
 Montmorency, Duc de Laval, ii. 285  
 de Montmorency, Chevalier, i. 193, 209  
 Montpellier, i. 22  
 Montpellier, the Bishop, i. 239  
 de Montpensier, Duc, i. 239, 302  
 Montremt, Mrs. Helen, ii. 407  
 de Montreuil, Mde., ii. 400, 407  
 Montrouge, i. 21



- de Montyon, M., i. 85; ii. 37  
 Moon, Mrs., i. 161  
 Moore family, the, i. 108, 150  
 Moore, i. 86, 274  
 Moore, Anne. See Mrs. William Jerningham  
 Moore, Sir John, i. 335  
 Moore, Mr., ii. 141  
 Moore, Mrs., ii. 175, 176, 232  
 Mora, Dame, ii. 310, 318, 324  
 More, Mrs., i. 117, 138, 140; ii. 402  
 Morian, Mdle., ii. 402  
 Morian, Victoire, ii. 402  
 Morpeth, Lord, ii. 264  
 Morris, Mr., ii. 248  
 Morris, S. J., Father, i. xix, xxi  
 Mortemar. See de Mortemart  
 de Mortemart, Duc, i. 284  
 de Mortemart, Mdle., i. 169  
 Morton, Lord, i. 169  
 Moscow, ii. 126  
 Moseley, Sir William, i. 297  
 Mostyn, i. 378  
 Mostyn family, the, i. xx  
 Mostyn, Lady, i. 159; ii. 400, 405  
 Mottalini, Mrs., i. 19  
 du Moulin, Mrs., ii. 401, 408  
 Mount Charles, Colonel Lord, ii. 359  
 Mount Charles, Lady, ii. 359  
 Mount Edgcomb. See Edgcombe  
 Mountmorris, Lord, i. 7  
 Mulgrave, Lord, i. xliii, 70-72, 142, 152, 179, 186, 188, 258; ii. 106  
 Mulgrave, Lady, i. 41, 143, 152  
 Mulgrave, Master, i. 143  
 Mullaloch, i. 201  
 de Mun, M., i. 225  
 de Mun, Marquis, ii. 125  
 Munich, ii. 193  
 Munster, Count, ii. 119  
 de Munster, Mdle. See Baronne de Beulwitz  
 Murphy, Frances, ii. 402, 407  
 Murray, Sir Archibald, ii. 184  
 Murray, C., ii. 341  
 Murray, Dr., Bishop of Dublin, ii. 103, 104  
 Murray, Dr., ii. 341  
 Murray, Lady Harriet, ii. 341  
 Murray, John, ii. 233  
 Musters, Mrs., i. 290  
  
 N——, Lord, ii. 371  
 Nagle, Mde., i. 21-23  
 Nagle, Mr., i. 328  
 Naldi, i. 302  
 Naldi, Mdle., ii. 135  
 Naldi, Signor, ii. 135  
 Namur, i. 59  
 de Nantouillet, Cte., i. 325  
 de Nantouillet, M., ii. 9  
 Naples, i. 67, 255; ii. 58, 192  
 Naples, King of. See Ferdinand I.  
 Napoleon. See Bonaparte  
 Napoleon II., ii. 44  
 Narbonne, Archbishop of. See Arthur Richard Dillon  
 de Narbonne, Mde., i. 321, 335, 336, 380, 381; ii. 44, 76  
 de Narbonne Pelet, Cte., i. 325  
 Neave, Mrs., ii. 264  
 Necker, Mde., i. 237  
 Needham, ii. 375  
 Neerwinden, i. 143  
 Negri, Mde., ii. 402  
 Nelson, Dr., ii. 242, 245, 249  
 Nelson, Lady, i. 228  
 Nelson, Lady Charlotte, i. 366  
 Nelson, Lord, i. 198, 199, 214  
 Nerwinden, i. 143  
 Netherlands, King of the, i. 127  
 Neuport, Mrs., ii. 141  
 Nevill, Anne, ii. 401, 405  
 Nevill, Frances, ii. 401, 406  
 Nevill, Lady Georgina, ii. 316  
 Nevill, Mary, ii. 400, 408  
 Nevill, Mr., i. 111, 175; ii. 136, 226  
 Nevill, Mrs., i. 175; ii. 316  
 Neville. See Nevill  
 Newbald, Dr., ii. 137  
 Newburgh, Countess of, i. 11  
 Newburgh, Lady, i. 141, 142, 152, 211, 372; ii. 282, 325  
 Newburgh, Lord, i. 141, 142, 152, 372  
 Newbury, ii. 186  
 Newfoundland, ii. 323  
 Newhall, ii. 240  
 Newport (Flanders), i. 4  
 Ney, Marshal, ii. 81, 82  
 Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, ii. 133, 262  
 Nicholson, ii. 35  
 Nigry, Mrs., ii. 406  
 Nikol, Dr., i. 183, 210  
 Nisibio, Archbishop of. See Cappelli  
 de Noailles, Duc, i. 141, 219, 303  
 ii. 124  
 Norfolk, twelfth Duke of, i. 14, 180, 184; ii. 17, 130, 131, 136, 168, 200, 267, 284, 312, 313, 347, 359

Norfolk, Earl of. See Arundel  
 Normanby, Lord, ii. 210  
 Norris, Henry, ii. 218  
 Norris, Miss, i. 9  
 Norris, Mr., i. 269; ii. 307, 335, 336  
 Norris, Mrs., i. 28, 150, 231, 269; ii. 335  
 Norris, Mrs. Thomas, ii. 249, 250, 254  
 Norris, Mrs., junr., i. 270  
 Norris, Sister Gertrude, ii. 309  
 North, Catherine (Lady Archibald Douglas), ii. 26, 123  
 North, Lord, ii. 123  
 Northampton, ii. 316  
 Northay, Mrs. See Mde. de Montesquieu  
 Norton, Mr., i. 107  
 Norwich, i. 4, 9, 12, 19, 37, 55, 65, 105, 129, 132, 162, 167, 169, 170, 203, 213, 239, 253, 323, 339, 342, 348, 350, 352, 354; ii. 110, 143, 182, 187, 216, 220, 255, 341  
 Norwich, Bishop of, i. 309, 376; ii. 15, 17, 269  
 Nouldy, Mde., ii. 349, 351-353, 356, 360  
 Nugent, Lord, ii. 6, 128  
 Nuns, the Blue. See 'Blue Nuns'  
 Nuremburgh, ii. 194  
 Nutford, Sir N., ii. 318  
  
 Oates, Titus, i. xxxix  
 Oatlands, ii. 173  
 O'Brian, Lord James, ii. 357  
 O'Brien family, the, i. xxiii, 329, 330  
 O'Callaghan, i. xxi  
 O'Callaghan, Donatt, i. 209  
 Oclerand, ii. 94  
 O'Flynn, Alice, ii. 403, 405  
 O'Grady family, the, i. 65, 230  
 O'Grady, Fanny, i. 65  
 O'Grady, Helen, i. 65  
 O'Grady, Lady, i. 126  
 Old Hall Green, i. 93, 95, 334, 371  
 O'Leary, Father, i. 209  
 Oliver, Mr., i. 117, 140  
 Olmutz, i. 303  
 O'Meara, ii. 204  
 Ompteda, M., ii. 395  
 Onslow, General Denzil, i. 109, 111  
 Onslow, Lord, i. 201  
 Opie, i. 194, 235  
 Opulston, Lady, ii. 201  
 Orange, the Prince of, ii. 52, 53, 188, 214

Orchies, i. 57, 58  
 O'Reilly family, the, i. 213  
 O'Reilly, Colonel, ii. 326, 336  
 O'Reilly, Miss, i. 212, 214; ii. 326, 335, 336  
 Orel, Mrs., ii. 401, 405  
 Orell, Mount, ii. 309  
 d'Orleans, Duc, i. 168, 201, 202, 239, 302  
 d'Orleans, Amélie, Duchesse, ii. 45, 57, 59, 61  
 d'Orleans, the Princes, i. 168, 201, 202, 239, 291, 292  
 d'Orleans, Princesse, i. 166  
 Ormonde, Duke of. See James Butler  
 Ormonde, seventeenth Earl of, ii. 14  
 O'Rourke, Mary, ii. 403, 408  
 O'Ryan, Frances, ii. 403, 407  
 O'Ryan, Phillis, ii. 403, 408  
 Oscott, ii. 274  
 d'Ossemond, M., ii. 128  
 Ostende, ii. 209  
 Otway, Admiral, ii. 359  
 Oudenarde, i. 225  
 Oudinot, Marshal, ii. 94  
 Owen, Colonel, i. 65  
 Oxborough. See Oxburgh  
 Oxburg. See Oxburgh  
 Oxburgh, i. xlvii, xlix, 55, 79, 84, 90, 93, 95, 100, 106, 108, 109, 112, 116, 120, 121, 129-134, 153, 167, 176, 180, 188, 235, 305, 352; ii. 87, 91, 142, 146, 147, 152, 154, 162, 164, 165, 167, 220, 272, 283, 329, 398  
 Oxford, i. 10; ii. 147, 223  
  
 P., Lord, i. 92  
 Page, Lady Georgina, ii. 359  
 Paget, Sir Arthur, i. 308, 310, 379  
 Paget, Mrs. Berkeley, ii. 339  
 Paget, Lady, i. 379  
 Paget, Lady Jane, ii. 85  
 Pagett, Miss, ii. 35, 85  
 Pagin, Mde., ii. 400  
 Paine, Thomas, ii. 154  
 Painswick, ii. 150  
 Palagrué, Mdle., ii. 403  
 Palmer, ii. 154  
 Palmer, Mr., i. 318  
 Palmerston, Lord, ii. 4, 388, 389, 395  
 Panthemont, i. 29  
 Paris, i. xliii, 2, 4, 5, 15, 23, 43, 51, 143, 205, 214, 227, 283, 372; ii.

- 45-47, 49, 53, 58, 59, 62, 65, 66,  
74, 75, 78, 82, 84-86, 89, 90, 93,  
102, 113, 115, 120, 121, 124, 125,  
129, 131, 135, 153, 156, 216, 237,  
250, 260, 321, 325, 334, 337, 399,  
401, 405, 407
- Paris, Archbishop of, ii. 299
- Parke, Judge, ii. 290
- Parke, Mrs., ii. 141, 152, 289, 333,  
334, 337, 363, 385, 393, 394
- Parker, Sister Bonaventure, ii. 400
- Parker, Dorothy, ii. 400, 406
- Parnell, Dr., i. 91, 119
- Parton, i. 12
- Passy, ii. 90, 91
- Paston, Miss, i. 16
- Paston, Mr., i. 44; ii. 329
- Patois, Mde., i. 63
- Patterson, Rev. Mr., i. 114, 116, 121
- Paul, i. 354, 356
- Payne, i. 15
- Pearce, Captain, ii. 60
- Pearce, Mrs., i. 171, 173
- Peel, Mr., ii. 189
- Pembroke family, the, i. 375
- Pembroke, Countess. See Miss  
Woronzow
- Pembroke, Earl, i. 375
- Pembroke, Lady, i. 15
- Penn, Miss. See Mrs. Stewart
- Penshurst, i. 212
- Perceval, Mr., ii. 11, 17, 21
- Perceval, Mrs., ii. 11, 21
- Percival. See Perceval
- Petre family, the, i. xx; ii. 64, 66,  
85, 239, 253, 263
- Petre, the tenth Baron, i. 268
- Petre, Anna Maria, ii. 136, 241,  
242
- Petre, Miss Ann Catherine, i. 7, 8,  
21, 25, 36, 49, 109, 111
- Petre, Barbara, ii. 400, 405
- Petre, Mrs., ii. 408
- Petre, Miss Catherine, ii. 332, 333
- Petre, Edward, ii. 168
- Petre, Mrs. Edward. See Laura  
Jerningham
- Petre, Frances Charlotte, Lady. See  
Frances Charlotte Bedingfeld
- Petre, Mrs. George, i. 158
- Petre, Lady, i. 17, 20-22, 36, 50,  
158; ii. 23, 402, 408
- Petre, the Lord, ii. 333
- Petre, Mary, ii. 227, 230, 235, 239,  
408
- Petre, Julia, ii. 202
- Petre, Julia, Lady, ii. 359
- Petre, Juliana (Mrs. Weld), ii. 400,  
407
- Petre, Mary Juliana, i. 257, 268
- Petre, May, ii. 306
- Petre, Mr., i. 21
- Petre, Hon. Mrs., ii. 402
- Petre, Robert Edward, ninth Baron,  
i. 14, 17, 36, 50, 109, 111, 158
- Petre, William Henry Francis,  
eleventh Lord, i. 102; ii. 61, 63,  
64, 66, 68, 104, 113, 132, 135,  
146, 205-207, 227, 228, 235, 239,  
241, 253, 306, 359
- Peyton, ii. 185
- Phillips, Stephen, i. 267, 268
- Phillips, Mrs. See Petre, Mary  
Juliana
- Phips. See Phipps
- Phipps, Catherine, ii. 400, 406
- Phipps, Colonel, i. 103, 142, 152
- Pichegru, General, i. 101
- Pickering, Catherine, ii. 400, 405
- Picton, General, ii. 69
- de Pienne, Duchesse, i. 380
- de Pierre (Pienne), Duchesse, i. 234
- Pigott, Sir Arthur, ii. 128
- Pinfold, Lady Maria. See Lady  
Maria Stuart
- Pinfold, Mr., i. 204
- Pitchford, Dr., i. 12, 17
- Pitchford, Miss, i. 24
- Pitt, William, i. 16, 104, 259, 265,  
322
- Pius VII. See Pope
- Plantagenet, Margaret. See Salis-  
bury, Countess of
- Plasnewydd, ii. 14
- Plessis, i. 255, 333
- Plombières, ii. 54
- Plowden family, the, i. 108, 163, 164
- Plowden, Abbé, i. 40
- Plowden, F., i. 163
- Plowden, Francis, i. xxxvii; ii. 4
- Plowden, Mary, i. xxxvii-xxxix, 3,  
50, 323
- Plowden, Miss (Lady Cochrane),  
ii. 142, 199
- Plowden, Miss, ii. 137, 200
- Plunket, Mr., i. 144, 210, 326;  
ii. 188, 189
- Plymouth, i. 198, 311
- Pocklington, Mr., i. 28
- de Polastron, Mde., i. 239
- Pole, Sir Richard, i. xl
- Pole, Lady Ursula, i. xl

- Polidori, ii. **111**  
 de Polignac, Duchesse, ii. 282  
 de Polignac, Prince, ii. 282, 286, 292, 296, 297  
 de Polignac, Princesse, ii. 296, 297  
 Pollonitz, Major, i. 59, 60  
 Pomeroy, Lady, i. 126  
 Pondicherry, i. xxxii  
 Poniatowsky, Princess, ii. 223  
 Ponsonby, Miss Sarah, ii. 14, 30  
 du Pont, M., ii. 49  
 Pope, ii. 185  
 Pope, Dr., i. 367  
 Pope Pius VII., i. 168, 205, 311  
 Portalis, ii. 63  
 Portalis, Mde. (Comtesse d'Hulite), i. 223  
 Portalis, Mr., i. 223  
 Portchester, Lord, i. 76  
 Porter, Mrs., i. 159, 199; ii. 400, 408  
 Portland, Duke of, i. 177  
 Porton, Mr., i. 254  
 Port Royal, i. 163  
 Portsea, i. 372  
 Portsmouth, i. 371-373; ii. 76, 150, 151, 201, 202, 215, 254, 381  
 Portsmouth, Duchess of, i. 333  
 Pouché, Mde., ii. 61  
 Poynte, Miss, ii. 264  
 Poynter, Bishop, ii. 136  
 Poynter, Mr. and Mrs., ii. 334  
 Poyntz, Mr., ii. 134  
 Poyntz, Mrs., ii. 292  
 Poysets, Miss. See Mrs. Fred. Spencer  
 Poysets, Mrs., ii. 307  
 Prague, ii. 197  
 Pratt, Colonel, ii. 365, 373, 383  
 Preston family, the, i. xx  
 Prevost, Mdle., ii. 402  
 Price, Joseph, i. 208  
 Price, Mrs., ii. 107  
 Primrose, Lady Mary, i. 183, 307  
 Primrose, Lady Charlotte. See Lady Charlotte Howard  
 Primrose, Lord and Lady, i. 352  
 Pritchard, Dr., i. 210  
 Proserpine, Comtesse, i. 91  
 de Provence, Comte. See Louis XVIII.  
 de Puiséguir, Chevalier, ii. 9  
 de Pujols, the Baron, i. 293  
 Purcell, i. 107  
 Pureville, Abbé, i. 338  
 Pym, ii. 185  
 Queensberry, Duke of, i. 226, 374  
 Queensberry, Duchess of, i. 374  
 Queensberry, Lord, ii. 359  
 Queensbury. See Queensberry  
 Quiberon, i. 93  
 Quilly. See Quilty  
 Quilty, Josephina, ii. 403, 407  
 Quilty, Rosa, ii. 403  
 Quilty, Teresa, ii. 400  
 Quintin, Sir George, ii. 388  
 Quintin, Lady, ii. 388  
 Quitty. See Quilty  
 Racquin, Abbé, i. 253-255, 280, 293, 294  
 Radcliffe. See Ratcliffe  
 Raincliffe, Lord, ii. 297  
 Rainham, ii. 184, 185, 218-220  
 Rambouillet, ii. 44  
 Ramsey, Mr., ii. 273  
 Raper, Dr., ii. 365  
 Rapstochin, Comte and Comtesse, ii. 126  
 Raquin. See Racquin  
 Ratcliffe, Lady Barbara, ii. 399, 405  
 Ratcliffe, Lady Charlotte, i. 9, 11, 12; ii. 399, 405  
 Ratcliffe, Mr., ii. 214  
 Ratisbonne, ii. 194  
 Reading, i. 102, 103  
 Reeve, Mr., i. 267, 376  
 Regent, the. See George IV.  
 Renting family, the, i. 341  
 de Retz, Cardinal, ii. 182, 298  
 de Reuilly, Mde., i. 336  
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, ii. 389  
 Rheims, Archbishop of, i. 380; ii. 46  
 Rice, Spring, ii. 396, 397  
 Richardson, Mr., ii. 296  
 Richebois, Mdle., ii. 404  
 de Richelieu, Mde., i. 37  
 de Richelieu, Maréchal, i. 37; ii. 94  
 Richmond, i. 132; ii. 50, 171  
 Richmond, Duke of, ii. 283, 395  
 Richmond, Duchess of, i. 68  
 Rieman, Mrs., ii. 303, 336  
 Rievnan, Mrs., ii. 313. See Rieman  
 Rigby, Dr., ii. 216  
 de Ripert Monclar. See Mary C. Jerningham  
 Ripley, i. 250  
 Rippel, Miss, ii. 393  
 Rivarot, i. 234. See Livarot  
 de la Rivière, Comte, ii. 282  
 Robert, i. 114  
 Roberts and Plowman, i. 186

- Robertson, ii. 178  
 Robespierre, i. 303  
 de Robiano, Mde., ii. 194, 195  
 Robinson, Henry Crabbe, i. xlii  
 Robinson, Mr., 122, 123, 144  
 Robson, Mr., i. 26  
 de Rocca, M., ii. 41  
 Rochefort, ii. 77, 212  
 de la Rochefoucauld. See de Larochehoucauld  
 Rock, Mr., ii. 308  
 Rockingham, the Marquis of, ii. 55  
 Rocksavage, Lord. See Lord Malpas  
 Rodez, the Bishop of, i. 294  
 de Rodoan, Mde., i. 186  
 de Rohan, Princesse, i. 237  
 de Rolle, Baron, i. 234; ii. 36  
 de Rolle, Mde., ii. 37  
 Rome, i. 255; ii. 103, 121, 206, 284, 285, 287, 305, 312, 402  
 Romily, Sir T., i. 274  
 de Roos, Lady Aug., ii. 394  
 de Roos, Colonel, ii. 394  
 Roper, i. 28  
 Roper, Mr., ii. 291  
 'Roscius, the Young' (Mr. H. W. Betty), i. 258, 295  
 Roscommon, ii. 130  
 Roscommon, Earl of. See Wentworth Dillon  
 Roseberry. See Rosebery  
 Rosebery, Lady. See Miss Bouverie  
 Rosebery, Lord, i. 190, 307; ii. 57  
 Rosières, i. 263  
 Ross, General, ii. 56  
 Roth. See Rothe  
 Rothe, Lady, ii. 341  
 de Rothe, Lucy, i. xxxi; ii. 401  
 de Rothe, Mde., i. 13, 22, 123, 152  
 Rothe, Mary, ii. 401  
 Rothe, Mary Joseph, ii. 408  
 Roths. See Rothe  
 Rouen, i. 5; ii. 55, 114  
 Roulier, Mdle., ii. 401  
 de Roumillac, Mdle., ii. 402  
 Rourke, Miss, ii. 305  
 Rowan, Hamilton, i. 73  
 Rowley, Admiral Sir C. H., ii. 378  
 Roxburgh, Duchess of, i. 292; ii. 326, 336  
 Roxburgh, Duke of, i. 292, 310  
 Roye, i. 7  
 Rumball, Mr., ii. 308  
 Rumbolt, Lady, ii. 297  
 Rupert, i. 67  
 Russell, Lady William, ii. 127, 183, 357, 359  
 Russell, Lord William, ii. 359  
 Russia, Emperor of. See Alexander  
 Rutland, Duke and Duchess of, i. 229  
 Ruypen, i. 142  
 Sacchini, i. 52  
 Sache, i. 319  
 St. Alban's, Duke of, ii. 382  
 St. Ann of Bavaria, Comtesse, ii. 100  
 St. Antonio, Countess, ii. 359  
 St. Asaph, Horsley, Bishop of, i. 266  
 St. Barbe, College of, ii. 260  
 St. Basile, Mde., ii. 62  
 St. Bavon, ii. 141  
 St. Christopher, i. xxviii  
 St. Christopher's, i. 31  
 St. Cyr, Marshal, ii. 94  
 St. David's, Bishop of, ii. 242  
 St. Denis, ii. 300  
 St. Denis, M., ii. 204  
 St. Denis, Mde., ii. 204  
 St. Eustace, i. xxviii  
 St. George, Chevalier, i. 64  
 St. Germain-en-Laye, i. 279  
 St. Germain's, i. xxiii, 9, 10; ii. 234  
 St. Helena, i. 370, 371; ii. 77-79, 81, 84, 107, 108, 122, 130, 132, 134, 149, 197, 204, 206, 210-212  
 St. Helens, Lord, ii. 121  
 Ste. Hermine, i. 182  
 de St. Hermine, Marquis, i. 239  
 St. Malo, the Bishop of, ii. 94  
 St. Omer, i. 6, 13, 44  
 St. Sulpice, Curé de, ii. 81, 82  
 St. Vincent, Lord, i. 197, 198, 204  
 Saiseval. See Saisseval  
 de Saisseval, Mde., i. 95, 141, 152, 158; ii. 82  
 de Saisseval, Mdle., i. 79, 81, 89, 117, 118  
 Saisvalle. See Saisseval  
 Salisbury, i. 374, 375  
 Salisbury, Lady, i. 166  
 Salisbury, Lord, i. 176  
 Salisbury, Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of, i. xx, xxi, xxv, xxxvi, xl  
 de Salm family, the, i. 56  
 de Salm, Emanuel, i. 215  
 Salt Hill, i. 302  
 Salvin, Mr., i. 196  
 Salvin, Mrs., i. 196; ii. 400, 407  
 Salzburg, ii. 280

- Sanderson. See Saunderson  
 San Domingo, i. xxxi, 70  
 Sanson, i. xxx  
 Sardica, Bishop of. See Prince Hohenlohe  
 Saunders, Dr., i. 280, 293  
 Saunderson, Mr., i. 121, 150, 155, 244  
 Sauvage, Abbé, i. 151  
 Savile, Sir George, ii. 189  
 Savoy, i. 379  
 Saxe-Meiningen, Duke of, ii. 133, 355-357  
 Saxe-Weimar, Charles Bernard, Duke of, ii. 133, 187, 188, 279  
 Saxe-Weimar, Prince Edward of, ii. 353  
 Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, Grand Duke of, ii. 133, 137  
 Saxe-Weimar, Ida, Duchess of, i. 1; ii. 133, 137, 159, 167, 169, 172-174, 187, 188, 279, 283, 342-349, 354, 357  
 Saxe-Weimar, Princess Louise of, i. 1, 346-361  
 Saxe-Weimar, Maria Paulovna, Grand Duchess of, ii. 187, 261  
 Saxe-Weimar, William August Edward of, ii. 283, 354  
 Sayer, Captain, i. 14  
 Scheerding, ii. 195  
 Scheld, the river, i. 64  
 Schleig, Abbé, ii. 264  
 Schwetzingen, i. 93  
 Scotia, ii. 274  
 Scott, Miss, i. 72  
 Scott, Mr., i. 107; ii. 171, 250, 251, 254, 264, 274, 334, 335  
 Scott, Sir Walter, i. 315  
 Scroop family, the, i. 107  
 Sedgeley Park, ii. 147  
 Seel family, the, i. xx; ii. 209  
 Seel, Molyneux, i. 129; ii. 262-266, 276, 277, 279, 284, 285, 301, 307, 325  
 Seel, Mrs. Molyneux. See Agnes Bedingfield  
 Seele. See Seel  
 Sefton, Earl. See Lord Mollineux  
 Sefton, Isabella Stanhope, Dowager Lady, ii. 127  
 Selby, Miss, ii. 302-311, 313-320, 322-324, 326-331, 334-336  
 Selby, Miss C., ii. 322  
 Selby, Walter, ii. 303, 307, 313  
 Selwyn, George, i. 226  
 Semmow, Mrs., ii. 334  
 Serant, i. 182  
 de Serant, Duchesse, ii. 76, 95  
 Serant (Miss Walsh), ii. 403, 405  
 Serrant. See Serant and Cerant  
 Serrilly, Mdle., ii. 404  
 Sevenoaks, ii. 11  
 de Sévigné, Mde., i. xlv, 202, 252, 349; ii. 28, 198  
 Sewell, Miss, i. 348, 349  
 Seymour, Lord Henry, i. 226  
 Seymour, Colonel Horace, ii. 362, 393-395  
 Seymour, Miss, i. 289, 291; ii. 85, 287  
 de Sezonsac, Mde., ii. 400  
 Shaftesbury, Earl, i. 43, 283, 305  
 Shaftesbury, Lord, ii. 296  
 Shaftesbury, Barbara (Webb), Lady, i. 43, 283, 300  
 Shakespeare, i. 315  
 Sharrock, Bishop, i. 326  
 Sheakery, Mrs., ii. 405  
 Sheffield family, the, ii. 233  
 Sheffield, Lord, i. 57  
 Sheldon, Catherine. See Mrs. Arthur Dillon  
 Sheldon, Charlotte, ii. 404  
 Sheldon, Dr., ii. 336, 337  
 Sheldon, Margaret, ii. 404, 408  
 Sheldon, Mr., i. 135  
 Sheldon, Mrs., ii. 40  
 Sheldon, Ralph, i. xxiv  
 Shelley, Father, i. 98, 169  
 Shelley, Sir John, i. 286  
 Shelly. See Shelley  
 Shepherd, Lady Mary. See Lady Mary Primrose  
 Shepherd, Mr., i. 307  
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, i. 177, 217, 320, 350; ii. 23, 24  
 Shewbridge, Mr., ii. 220  
 Shiffnal, i. 154, 277; ii. 55, 130  
 Shifnall. See Shiffnal  
 Shoemach, Mrs., ii. 391  
 Shrewsbury, Lord, i. 166, 328, 329, 378  
 Shrewsbury, Earl, ii. 22, 30  
 Shrewsbury, Lady, i. 306  
 de Shulenberg, Comtesse, ii. 3  
 Sicily, ii. 22, 62  
 Siddons, Mrs., i. 16; ii. 41  
 Sidmouth, Lord, ii. 107  
 Sidney, Algernon, i. 212  
 Sidney, Lady Dorothy, i. 212  
 Sidney, Mr., i. 212, 213



- Sidney, Mrs., i. 212  
 Sidney, Sir Philip, i. 212  
 Sidney. See also Sydney  
 Sillery, Mde. de, i. 54  
 Simplon, Mount, ii. 120  
 Sims, ii. 112  
 Singleton, Lady Mary, i. 373  
 Singleton, Mrs., i. 373  
 Skeffington, Sir William, i. 110  
 Skully, Mr., i. 203  
 Skully, Mrs., i. 203  
 Slater, Bishop, ii. 130  
 Slindon, i. 372  
 Smith. See Smythe  
 Smith, Miss, i. 34  
 Smythe family, the, i. 262; ii. 275  
 Smythe, George, ii. 156  
 Smythe, Mrs. H., ii. 323, 330, 332  
 Smythe, Miss, ii. 359  
 Smythe, Sir Sidney, i. 277  
 Snettisham, ii. 186  
 Sneyd family, the, i. 288, 291; ii. 28  
 Sneyd, Bishop, i. 36, 288  
 Sneyd, Miss, i. 28, 36  
 Sneyde. See Sneyd  
 Snowdon, ii. 88  
 Somerleton, ii. 186  
 Somerset, Lady, i. 178  
 Somerville, Mr., ii. 273  
 de Sommerie, Mde., i. 325  
 Sophia, i. 224  
 Sophia, of Gloucester, Princess, ii. 26, 27, 361, 364  
 de Souches, Mde., ii. 86  
 Southampton, i. 72, 373  
 Southey, i. 315, 347  
 Southwark, i. 307  
 Southwell, Hon. Miss, ii. 403  
 Southwell, Margaret, ii. 408  
 Southworth, Mr., i. 371  
 Spa, i. 48, 54, 57, 63; ii. 120, 125, 192, 208, 209, 214, 403  
 Spanish Town, i. 163  
 Spelsbury, i. 151  
 Spencer, Captain Fred., ii. 307  
 Spencer, Mrs. Fred., ii. 307  
 Spencer, Hon. and Rev. George, ii. 307, 311-313, 316  
 Spencer, John, Earl, i. 269  
 Spencer, Lord, ii. 307, 311, 312  
 Spetisbury, i. 374  
 Spiegel, Major-General Baron, ii. 208  
 Spiegel, Princess, ii. 208  
 Spinet, i. 124  
 Staader, Lieut.-General, i. 100  
 de Staël, Mde., i. 52, 54; ii. 40, 41, 62  
 de Staël-Holstein, Baron, ii. 41  
 Stafford, i. 40, 345; ii. 71, 107, 156, 167, 234, 268  
 Stafford family, the, i. xx, xxxvii  
 Stafford, Appolonia Scholastica, ii. 404  
 Stafford, Lady Anne, ii. 399, 404  
 Stafford, Lady Anastasia, i. 4, 13, 14, 18, 19, 38, 50, 97, 106, 167, 215, 216, 220; ii. 399, 404  
 Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, ii. 293  
 Stafford, Fitzosbert Henry Jerningham, Lord, i. xl  
 Stafford, Henry, Lord, i. xl  
 Stafford, Henry, twelfth Baron. See Henry Jerningham  
 Stafford, Humphrey, i. xl  
 Stafford, Lady, i. 299  
 Stafford, Mary, ii. 404  
 Stafford, Mother Louisa, Abbess, i. 14  
 Stafford, Mary, Baroness, i. xxxix, xl  
 Stafford, Lady Mary, i. xxxix, 5, 300; ii. 399  
 Stafford, Sister Mary, ii. 399  
 Stafford, Millicent, i. 301  
 Stafford, Roger, thirteenth Earl, i. xxxix  
 Stafford, Mother Ursula, ii. 399  
 Stafford, Viscount. See Ven. William Howard  
 Stafford, William Howard, Earl of. See Howard, Ven. William  
 Standish, Mrs., ii. 284  
 Stanhope, Colonel, ii. 392  
 Stanhope, Isabella. See Dowager Lady Sefton  
 Stanhope, Lord, i. 257  
 Stanley, Lady, ii. 22, 34, 85  
 Stanley, Lord, ii. 266  
 Stanley, Mr., ii. 395  
 Stanley, Mrs., ii. 343, 395  
 Stapleton, Anne, ii. 400, 404  
 Stapleton, Helen, ii. 400, 407  
 de Startemberg, i. 124, 125  
 Staunbelt, Mr., ii. 179  
 Stein, Octavia, Baroness, ii. 261  
 Stephenson, Mr., ii. 145, 284  
 Stephenson, Sir Benjamin, ii. 386, 389, 395  
 Sterne, ii. 180



- Stewart, Mrs. (Miss Penn), ii. 242  
 Stewarts, the, i. 333  
 Stoddart, Sir John, ii. 180  
 Stoke, i. 89  
 Stonor, i. 191  
 Stonor, Mrs., i. 378  
 Stonyhurst, ii. 132, 264  
 Stourton, Charles Philip, sixteenth Baron, i. 111, 182  
 Stourton, Charlotte, i. 196, 201  
 Stourton, Lady, i. 38, 110, 173, 196; ii. 292  
 Stourton, Mary, i. 108, 110, 111, 173, 196, 201  
 Stourton, Mr., i. 126, 127  
 Stow. See Stowe  
 Stowe, i. 288, 374, 375; ii. 18  
 Stracey, ii. 296  
 Strasburg, the Dean of, i. 234  
 Strichan, ii. 268, 273  
 Stricken. See Strichan  
 Strickland, Mr., ii. 130, 222, 257  
 Strickland, Mrs., ii. 257  
 Stuart, Captain, ii. 60  
 Stuart, Sir Charles, ii. 91, 93, 97, 126  
 Stuart, Lady, ii. 96, 126  
 Stuart, Lady Lucy, ii. 58, 254  
 Stuart, Lady Maria, ii. 69, 73, 111, 204  
 Sturgeon, John, ii. 55, 56  
 Sturgeon (Midshipman), ii. 55, 56  
 Stuttgardt, ii. 280  
 Sudbury, i. 136; ii. 112  
 Sudermania, Duke of. See Charles, King of Sweden.  
 Suffield family, the, i. 12, 19, 214  
 Suffield, Lady, i. 214; ii. 13  
 Suffield, Robert, i. 121  
 Suffield, Thomas, i. 118, 197  
 Suffolk, Lord, i. 257  
 Sulyard. See Sulyarde  
 Sulyarde, Edward, i. 152, 154  
 Sulyarde, Frances Henrietta, i. xlv, 134, 136, 152-154, 157, 171-174, 176, 178, 179, 181, 182, 184, 187-189, 191, 193, 233, 239, 254, 261, 346, 347, 349, 357, 358, 361, 376; ii. 92-94, 135, 136, 162, 177, 182, 183, 197, 206, 207, 218, 219, 243, 247, 258, 263, 265, 268, 270, 272, 274, 284, 295, 324, 340, 373  
 Sulyarde, Lucy, i. 162, 171, 174  
 Sulyarde, Mrs., i. 155, 194, 262; ii. 216  
 Sunstatt family, the, i. 327  
 Supretini, i. 56  
 Surrey, Earl of, i. xxxviii  
 Surrey, Lady, ii. 359  
 Surrey, Lord, ii. 131, 359  
 Sussex, Lady Augusta de Ameland, ii. 184  
 Sussex, Augustus, Duke of, i. 291, 292, 321, 382; ii. 22, 142, 143, 145, 151, 182, 184, 284  
 Sussex, Lord, i. 230  
 Sutherland, first Duke of, i. xli  
 Sutton, Charles Manners. See Canterbury, Archbishop of  
 Sutton, Lady, ii. 290  
 Sutton, Mrs., ii. 3  
 Sutton Place, i. 250  
 Swaffam, ii. 218, 220  
 Sweden, i. 381-383  
 Swinburne, Elenora, ii. 400, 406  
 Swinburne, Mary, ii. 402, 408  
 Swinfin, Mrs., ii. 134  
 Sydney, Lady Sophia, ii. 348, 355, 361, 362, 383, 392  
 Sydney, Sir Philip, ii. 356  
 Sydney. See also Sidney  
 Taillard, Mde. Henriette, i. 235  
 Tailleyrand. See Talleyrand  
 Talbot family, the, ii. 285  
 Talbot, Elizabeth, ii. 403, 406  
 Talbot, Frances, ii. 403, 407  
 Talbot, General, ii. 133  
 Talbot, Lady Lucy, ii. 400  
 Talbot, Maria, i. 218, 241, 328; ii. 404, 408  
 Talbot, Miss, i. 241  
 Talbot, Mr., i. 378; ii. 22, 209  
 Talbot, Mrs., ii. 401  
 Talbot, Lady Sophia, ii. 400  
 Talleyrand, Prince, ii. 76, 341, 342, 389  
 Talmont, Prince, i. 68  
 Talton, ii. 153  
 Taltoni, i. 170  
 Tancred, Sir —, i. 327  
 Taylor family, the, i. 203, 327  
 Taylor, Dr., ii. 354  
 Taylor, Sir Brook, ii. 391  
 Taylor, Sir Henry, ii. 392  
 Taylor, Sir Herbert, ii. 278, 354, 356, 362, 368, 369  
 Taylor, Lady, ii. 354, 356, 362, 367, 396  
 Taylor, Lady Mary, ii. 356, 357  
 Taylor, Rev. Mr., i. 327  
 Taylor, Sir Robert, ii. 391

- Taunton, i. 369; ii. 264  
 de Tausiat, M., ii. 43  
 Tegernsee, ii. 280  
 de la Teille, Abbé, i. 239  
 Tempayo, Comte, ii. 378, 379  
 Tempest, Mr., ii. 209  
 Tempest, Mrs., i. 378  
 Temple, Lady, i. 111  
 de Tepe, Comtesse, i. 219  
 de Terbragen, Mde., ii. 401, 408  
 Terrafort, i. xxii  
 Terrant (Serant), Count Walsh, i. 152  
 Tessé, i. xxiii  
 Texier, M. le, i. 18  
 Teynham, Lord, ii. 291  
 Thackeray, Mrs., ii. 401  
 Thackery, Dr., ii. 117  
 Thackery, Mrs., ii. 116  
 Thérèse, M., i. 147  
 Theresienstadt, i. 95  
 Thetford, i. 150, 253  
 Theux, i. 56, 57  
 de Thiennes, Comte François, ii. 134  
     327  
 Thomas, Captain, i. 136  
 Thompson, Edward, i. 66  
 Thompson, Mrs., ii. 29  
 Thorndon, i. 17; ii. 117, 146, 167,  
     175, 176, 207, 215, 227, 289  
 Thornton, Sir Charles, ii. 367  
 Thornton. See also Thorndon  
 Thoulouse. See Toulouse  
 Thrale, Mrs., i. xliii  
 Throckmorton family, the, i. xxxvii,  
     108  
 Throckmorton, Lady, i. 267; ii. 128  
 Throckmorton, Sir John, i. 328, 332  
 Throckmorton, Mrs., i. 133  
 Throckmorton's Knights, ii. 285  
 Throckmorton. See Throckmorton  
 de Thuisy, Commander, i. 325;  
     ii. 134  
 de Thuisy, Marquis, ii. 134  
 Thurloe. See Thurlow  
 Thurlow, Lord, i. 30, 287, 289-291;  
     ii. 36  
 Thurlow, Prebendary, ii. 143  
 Thurtell, ii. 289  
 Thurtle. See Thurtell  
 Thynne, Lady F., ii. 357  
 Thynne, Lady John, ii. 119  
 Tichborne. See Tichbourne  
 Tichbourne family, the, ii. 51  
 Tichbourne, Anastasia, ii. 404  
 Tichbourne, Miss, ii. 399  
 Tierney, Sir M., ii. 351  
 Tilney. See Tylney  
 Timb. See Timbs  
 Timbs, John, i. 41  
*Times*, the, ii. 180  
 Tixall, i. 219, 277; ii. 100  
 Tixhall. See Tixall  
 Tobago, i. xxviii, xxix  
 Tobias, i. 170  
 Tollendal, Lally, i. 57  
 Torbay, ii. 76  
 Torr Abbey, ii. 186  
 Torrens, Colonel, ii. 50  
 Torrington, Lady, i. 186  
 de Tott, M., ii. 51  
 de Tott, Mde., i. 218, 219; ii. 51  
 Touche, Charles, ii. 191  
 de la Touche, Comte Alexandre, ii.  
     110  
 de la Touche, Mde. See Mrs.  
     Arthur Dillon  
 Toulon, i. xxiii  
 Toulouse, i. 279; ii. 46, 52, 53  
 Toulouse, Archbishop of. See  
     Arthur Richard Dillon  
 de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet,  
     Charlotte, i. 127, 128  
 de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet, Comte,  
     i. 127, 128, 132; ii. 48, 62, 74, 75,  
     128, 156  
 de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet, Com-  
     tesse. See Henrietta Dillon  
 de la Tour Maubourg, Comtesse, ii.  
     403  
 de la Tour Maubourg, Marquis, ii.  
     128  
 Tournai, i. 55, 59, 60; ii. 209  
 Tournay. See Tournai  
 le Tourneur family, the, i. 68, 182  
 le Tourneur, Miss, i. 178, 301  
 le Tourneur, Mr., i. 239  
 Townhill, Herts, i. 242  
 Townley, Mr., i. 161  
 Townsend. See Townshend  
 Townshend, Henry, ii. 272  
 Townshend, Lady, i. 76  
 Townshend, Lady Charles, ii. 184  
 Townshend, Lord, i. 266  
 Townshend, Lord John, ii. 186  
 Townshend, Lord Charles, ii. 184-  
     186  
 Townshend, Miss, i. 136  
 Townshend, Marquess, ii. 185  
 Townshend, Sir Roger, ii. 185  
 Trafford, i. 190  
 Trafford family, the, i. 174  
 Trant, Mr., i. 159, 318, 369; ii. 68

Trapps, Miss, i. 327  
 Trapps, Mr., i. 327  
 Trapps, Mrs., i. 327  
 Traquair House, ii. 286  
 Traquair, Lord, ii. 254, 313  
 Trehern, Abbé, i. 229  
 de la Trémouille, Duchesse, i. 284  
 de la Trémouille, Prince Louis, ii. 46  
 Trevor, Mrs., i. 201  
 Triand, Mde., ii. 156  
 Trieste, i. 168, 255  
 Triest, Chanoine, ii. 318  
 Trimlestown, Lord, i. 222, 280; ii. 87, 104, 130, 135  
 Trottier, Abbé, ii. 27  
 Troyes, Bishop of, i. 84  
 de Truchess, Comte, i. 234  
 Tuddenham, i. 107  
 Tuddenham, Margaret, i. xlvii  
 Tuddenham, Sir Robert, i. xlvii  
 Tuileries, the, ii. 89, 93, 95-98  
 Tuleau, Miss, ii. 403  
 Tunbridge, i. 212, 213, 231, 240, 274, 277, 285; ii. 11, 41  
 Tunstall, Mr., i. 327  
 Turin, i. 127; ii. 120, 156  
 Turnerelli, ii. 131  
 Turnerelly. See Turnerelli  
 Tylney, the first Earl, i. 335  
 Tylney House, i. 335  
 Tynt, Mr., i. 76  
 Tyrlaney, i. 297  
 Tyrwhitt, Sir Thomas, ii. 214  
 Ugbrooke, i. 198, 223; ii. 125, 264  
 Ulm, ii. 280  
 Unsworth, Mrs., ii. 276  
 d'Ursell, Dowager Duchesse, ii. 125  
 Usher, Captain, ii. 157, 159, 171, 173, 281  
 Usscher. See Usher  
 Uxbridge, ii. 18  
 Uxbridge, Lord, ii. 69, 359  
 de Vaernewyck, Mde., ii. 318, 319, 327  
 de Valence, Mde., i. 54  
 de la Valette, Comte, ii. 81-83  
 de la Valette, Comtesse. See Mdle. de Beauharnais  
 Vallabrègue, M., i. 283, 329, 331  
 Vallabrègue, Mde. See Catalani  
 Valletort, Lady, i. 49  
 Vanderbergen, Mr., ii. 197  
 Vanderbergen, Mde., ii. 198

Vandike. See Vandyke  
 Vandyke, i. 375; ii. 185  
 Van Gorcum, Mde., ii. 327  
 Vansittart, Mr., i. 304  
 Varennes, ii. 48  
 Vauban, i. 285  
 de Vaudreuil, Comte, ii. 46, 96  
 de Vaudreuil, Comtesse, ii. 95, 96  
 de Vaudreuil, Viscountess, i. 193  
 Vaughan, Baron, ii. 364, 365  
 de Vence, Mde., i. 54  
 la Vendée, i. 68, 94; ii. 43, 47, 125  
 Vendôme, i. xxiii  
 Venice, ii. 156  
 de Verac, Mde., ii. 62  
 Verdun, i. 284  
 de Vere, ii. 185  
 Vermandois, Count of, ii. 185  
 Verron, Cary, i. 234  
 Versailles, i. xxix, xxxiii, 219, 336  
 Vesoul, ii. 42  
 de Vicence, Duc. See Louis de Caulincourt  
 Vichy, ii. 54  
 Victor, Marshal, ii. 94  
 Victor, Sister, i. 378  
 Victoria, Queen, ii. 160, 367, 368  
 de la Vie, Mdle., ii. 403  
 Vienna, i. xxxvi, 144; ii. 38, 62, 66, 74, 193, 195-197, 224, 225, 389, 391  
 Villars. See Villiers  
 Villiers, i. xxiii  
 Villiers, Lady Ann. See Lady Anne Lampton  
 Villiers, Lady C., i. 92  
 Villiers, Lady Elizabeth, i. 193  
 Vincennes, ii. 63  
 de Vingtimille, Comtesse, ii. 62, 400  
 de Vingtimille, Prince, ii. 62  
 de Vintemille. See Vingtimille  
 Violetta, Mdle. See Mrs. Garrick  
 Virginia Water, ii. 379  
 Vise de Lou family, the, i. 107, 108  
 Vivifoy, Miss, ii. 46  
 Voltaire, i. xxi; ii. 1  
 Wagram, i. 370  
 Waldegrave, Lord, i. 334  
 Waldegrave, Lady, i. 334  
 Waldhütter, Captain, ii. 224  
 Wales, ii. 88, 89  
 Wales, Prince of. See Frederick, Prince of Wales  
 Wales, Prince of. See George IV.  
 Wales, Princess of. See Augusta, Princess of Wales

- Wales, Princess of. See Charlotte,  
Princess of Wales
- Walford, i. xl
- Walker, Mr., i. 239
- Wall, Mr., i. 46
- Wall, Mde., i. 52
- Wallace, Lady, i. 63, 199
- Waller, i. 212
- Walpole, Captain, i. 284
- Walpole, Charlotte, i. 10
- Walpole, Horace, i. xlv
- Walpole, Mrs., i. 286, 290
- Walsh, Anne, ii. 403, 405
- Walsh, Miss, i. 193
- Walsh, Modestus, ii. 403, 408
- Walsh, Sophia, ii. 403
- Walton, i. 106
- Wanstead, i. 320, 335
- Warburton, Miss (Mrs. Charles  
Bedingfeld), ii. 325
- Ward, Mr., ii., 41, 180
- Wardle, Colonel, ii. 3
- Wardour, i. 375
- Warkworth, i. 170
- Warley, ii. 86
- Warre, Mr., i. 301
- Warren, Admiral, ii. 81
- Wartensleben, i. 101
- Warwick, Earl of, ii. 223
- Washington, ii. 57
- Waterloo, ii. 69, 70
- Waterton, Agnes, ii. 340
- Waterton, George, ii. 340
- Waterton, Matilda. See Mrs. Ed-  
mund Jerningham
- Waterton, Miss, i. 106
- Waterton, Mr., i. 106
- Waterton, Mrs., i. 106
- Watson, Sir Fred., ii. 356, 362
- Watson, Rev. Mr., ii. 15
- Wayland, Mr., i. 313
- Webb, Miss Barbara. See Lady  
Shaftesbury
- Webb, Henry, ii. 135, 136
- Webb, Sir H., ii. 325
- Webb, Sir John, i. 43
- Webb, Lady. See Frances Char-  
lotte Dillon
- Webb, Lady, wife of Sir John  
Webb, i. 43
- Webb, Sir Thomas, i. 129, 131, 135,  
140, 141, 143, 145, 151, 152, 283;  
ii. 110, 135, 136
- Webb Weston family, the, i. 326
- Weber, Colonel Baron, ii. 126
- Webster family, the, ii. 12
- Webster, Sir Godfrey, ii. 12
- Weimar. See Saxe-Weimar
- Weld, Dr., ii. 327, 330
- Weld, George, ii. 209
- Weld of Lulworth, Mrs., i. 329
- Weld, Miss, ii. 125
- Weld, Mr., ii. 125, 250
- Weld, Mrs., ii. 400, 407
- Weld, Mrs. See Mrs. Fitzherbert
- Weld, Cardinal Thomas, and  
family, i. 329
- Welde. See Weld
- Wellesley, Lady, ii. 340, 393
- Wellesley, Lord, ii. 20, 366, 393
- Wellington, the Duke of, ii. 47,  
53, 58, 69, 70, 75, 80, 103, 201,  
209, 364, 383
- Wellington, the Duchess of, ii. 58
- Welsh. See Walsh
- Wendischgraetz. See Windish-  
gratz
- Wenham, Lord, ii. 118
- Wentworth, Lady Charlotte, ii. 55
- Wentworth, Lady Harriet, ii. 55
- de Wessenberg, Mr., ii. 392, 395
- Westmeath, Lady, ii. 339
- Westmoreland, Lord, i. 258, 365
- Westphalie, i. 284
- Wharton, Mr., i. 161
- Wheatley, Sir Henry, ii. 374
- Wheatley, Sir N., ii. 383
- Wheele, Mr., i. 218, 241
- Wheele, Mrs. See Maria Talbot
- Wheeler, Mrs., i. 176, 178
- Wheler. See Wheeler
- Whitbread, Mr., ii. 26, 70, 276
- White, Anne, ii. 402
- White, Joseph, ii. 245, 246, 252, 253
- White, Miss, ii. 393
- White, Sophia, ii. 402
- Whitshed, Sir James, ii. 202
- Whitshed, Lady, ii. 202
- Whitworth, Lord, i. 206, 224, 226
- Whyte, Anne, ii. 405
- Wieland, i. 260
- Wilberforce, William, ii. 102, 170
- Wilde, Rev. Mr., i. 340; ii. 316,  
317
- de Wilfort, Mde., i. 240
- Wilhelmsthal, ii. 279
- Wilkes, Miss, i. 206, 208
- Wilkes, Mr., i. 285
- Wilkinson, i. 12
- Wilks. See Wilkes
- William IV., i. 1, 75, 180, 291; ii.  
118, 119, 155, 159, 161, 170, 171,

- 342, 355, 356, 361-376, 378-384,  
386-391, 393, 394, 396, 397  
Williams, Mr., ii. 38, 39, 213  
Willoughby family, the, i. 328  
Willoughby, Lady, ii. 21  
Willoughby, Mary, ii. 400, 406  
Wilmot, Miss, ii. 223  
Wilmot, Rev. Dr., ii. 223  
Wilson, Dr., ii. 114  
Wilson, Miss, ii. 339, 344, 362-364,  
367, 390  
Wilson, General Sir Robert, ii. 83  
Wilton, i. 375  
Wimbledon, i. 278, 382; ii. 11, 45  
Wimpole, ii. 123  
Winchester, i. 369, 373  
Windebank, Sir Francis, i. 312  
Windermere, i. 347  
Windham, Mr., i. 55, 61, 105, 160,  
369  
Windham, Mrs., i. 61  
Windishgratz, Colonel Prince, ii.  
192, 208  
Windsor, i. 1, 77; ii. 70, 112, 122,  
319, 326, 327, 343, 344, 353, 361,  
362, 364, 366, 387, 396, 398  
Wingham, ii. 68  
Wisbech, i. 114  
de Witton, '*Revenant*,' i. 200  
Wodehouse, Sir John, i. 28, 36, 47,  
200, 266, 269, 276, 313  
Wodehouse, Lady, i. 29, 36, 47,  
124, 269, 277, 313  
Wodehouse, Miss, i. 28, 29, 36, 48,  
124, 276, 313, 340; ii. 182  
Wodehouse, Mr., i. 29; ii. 272, 285,  
288  
Wodehouse, Mrs., i. 20  
Wodehouse, Prebendary, ii. 143  
Wodehouse, Mrs. William, i. 313  
Wogan, Mrs., ii. 399, 407  
Wolsey, Cardinal, i. xl  
Wolverhampton, ii. 107  
Wood, i. 188  
Wood, Alderman, ii. 168, 174  
Wood, Lady Caroline, ii. 339, 340,  
357, 363  
Wood, Rev. Mr., ii., 356, 362, 386  
Woolpit, i. 262  
Worcester, i. 40  
Woronzow, Miss, i. 375  
Worthing, i. 371, 373  
Wrekin, the, ii. 88  
Wright, Ann. See Mrs. William  
Jerningham  
Wright, John, ii. 265, 303  
Wright, Messrs., ii. 324  
Wright, Miss, i. 267  
Wright, Mr., i. 144; ii. 252  
Wright, Mrs., ii. 264  
Wright, Thomas, i. 229; ii. 60  
Wright's, i. 113  
Wroughton, Miss, i. 331  
Würmser, Field-Marshal, i. 93, 100,  
101  
Württemberg, the King of, i. 311  
Würzburg, ii. 194, 280  
Wyatt, Mr., ii. 46  
Wyatville, Sir Jeffrey, ii. 365, 386  
Wyckham, ii. 118  
Wyn. See Wynne  
Wyndham. See Windham  
Wynne, the Misses, i. 170, 178  
Wynne, Mde., i. 91  
Wynyard, Miss, ii. 357  
Yarmouth, i. 28, 230, 235, 262, 317,  
338, 345, 348, 350, 376, 377; ii.  
10, 175, 178, 286  
Yarmouth, Lady, i. 225, 227  
Yarmouth, Lord, i. 225, 227; ii. 20  
Yelverton, Lady Barbara, i. 230  
York, i. 38, 195  
York, Cardinal, ii. 185  
York, Frederick, Duke of, i. 67, 92,  
160, 291; ii. 49, 50, 122, 159, 173,  
190, 234, 278, 292  
York, Frederica, Duchess of, i. 273;  
ii. 173, 174  
Young, Lady, i. 72  
Young, Sir William, i. 72  
Younger, Miss, i. 9  
Ypres, ii. 63

THE END.

## ERRATA

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Vol. i., p. xlviii, line 29, *for* 'sixth' *read* 'fifth' baronet.

- |   |      |   |  |
|---|------|---|--|
| " | 17,  | " | 15, <i>for</i> 'to' <i>read</i> 'it.'                |
| " | 41,  | " | 10, <i>for</i> 'Brookes' <i>read</i> 'Brooks's.'     |
| " | 41,  | " | 10, <i>for</i> 'John Timb' <i>read</i> 'John Timbs.' |
| " | 55,  | " | 11, <i>for</i> 'Felfrig' <i>read</i> 'Fellbrig.'     |
| " | 96,  | " | 21, <i>for</i> 'that' <i>read</i> 'than.'            |
| " | 113, | " | 11, <i>for</i> 'F. Dillon' <i>read</i> 'H. Dillon.'  |
| " | 152, | " | 6, <i>for</i> 'Terrant' <i>read</i> 'Serant.'        |
| " | 158, | " | 12, <i>for</i> 'Listry' <i>read</i> 'Liutry.'        |
| " | 166, | " | 4, 'du matin' repeated.                              |
| " | 210, | " | 11, <i>for</i> 'Pritchard' <i>read</i> 'Pitchford.'  |
| " | 231, | " | 15, <i>for</i> 'were' <i>read</i> 'was.'             |
| " | 321, | " | 19, <i>for</i> 'Lorrant' <i>read</i> 'Serant.'       |

Vol. ii., p. 48, line 24, *for* 'Larohcefoucauld' *read* 'Larochefoucauld.'

- |   |      |                  |  |
|---|------|------------------|--|
| " | 89,  | "                | 13, <i>for</i> 'earnt' <i>read</i> 'learnt.'                         |
| " | 89,  | "                | 15, <i>for</i> 'in' <i>read</i> 'into.'                              |
| " | 155, | lines 2 and 5,   | <i>for</i> 'Beking' <i>read</i> 'Bealing.'                           |
| " | 167, | line 15,         | <i>for</i> 'Carey' <i>read</i> 'Cary.'                               |
| " | 182, | "                | 5, <i>for</i> 'Oxford' <i>read</i> 'Orford.'                         |
| " | 261  | is mispaged 216. |  |
| " | 269  | "                | 26.  |
| " | 290, | line 15,         | <i>for</i> 'Charles Edward' <i>read</i> 'Edward Richard.'            |
| " | 355, | "                | 8, <i>for</i> 'Charles Stuart' <i>read</i> 'Charles William Edward.' |
| " | 390, | "                | 18, <i>for</i> 'stepped' <i>read</i> 'stopped.'                      |





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